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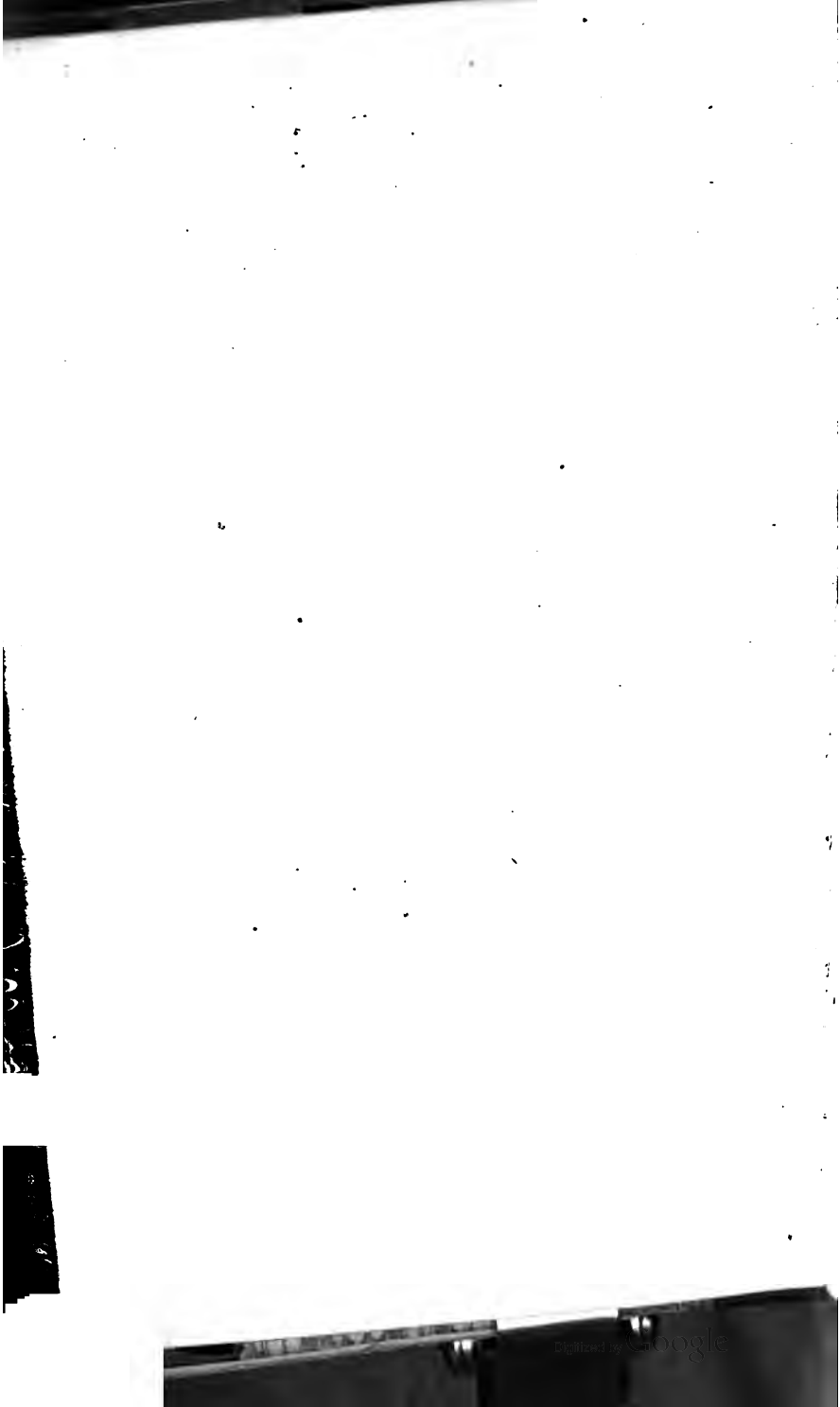
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THE

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS;

OR,

MYTH AND MARVELS

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, L.L.D.

(REVISED BY RICHARD JERVIS BARHAM).

WITH a Memoir of the Author.

PRINTED FROM THE TENNESSEE EDITION.

COMPILED IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES H. INGOLDSBY.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

W. J. WIDDLETON, PUBLISHER.

1855.



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PREFACE.



SOME few words are necessary by way of explanation, in submitting the present volume to the reader. It is enough to state, as regards its object, that a wish was conveyed to his family by certain of the late Mr. Barham's friends, and through them by many also who knew him only from his writings, that a collection should be made of the remaining "INGOLDSBY LEGENDS," and printed uniformly with the first and second Series, and that at the same time a more complete Memoir of his Life should be prefixed, than any that had hitherto appeared in the public prints. Such a request was of course entitled to every attention; the more so, as it came strongly backed by the judgment of the gentleman who proposed to undertake the publication in question.

It may perhaps be questioned, whether, under any circumstances, a very near relative is a fit person to fill the office of Biographer: independently of the prepossession by which he must almost necessarily be swayed, and of the restraint which a consciousness of its existence

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induces, expressions both of eulogy and the reverse seem to fall ungracefully from his pen. The writer has no immunity to plead in the present instance from the effects of this law. There were considerations, however, which precluded his entrusting the task to another; among the most weighty of which was an unwillingness to submit correspondence and memoranda, written with that unguarded openness for which Mr. Barham was remarkable, to the eye of a third person; the unavoidable exposure indeed of matters of confidence, of which he was the depository, would have rendered it highly improper to do so.

There are two classes of readers, in particular, to whom this imperfect sketch will doubtless prove unsatisfactory; those who may take it up in the expectation of finding a budget of confidential letters, and private anecdotes of the gifted individuals still living, with whom it was the lot of its subject to be associated; and those who may desire a more regular and detailed biography, and who may be apt to consider the following pages of too unconnected and too light a character to answer to the title which they bear. For the first of these we have no answer; but we would entreat the second to bear in mind, that it is only in a literary point of view — only as a poet, whose wit and originality attracted no ordinary notice — only, in short, as “Thomas Ingoldsby,” that Mr. Barham is brought before the public at all; and it

is to these traits of character that we have been mainly confined, as being alone of sufficient general interest to demand or bear illustration.

On the other hand, should it be urged that the poetical trifles here appended are not of a quality to advance the author's reputation, we must reply, at the risk of being taxed with a tendency to argue in a circle, that a reputation of the kind was not an object of his ambition. To say that he was indifferent to applause and censure, would be to invest him with a degree of stoicism which he was among the last either to profess or feel; but the fact of all his productions having appeared either anonymously or pseudonymously, is sufficient to show that he possessed no inordinate craving after fame. Writing, in a word, was to him an amusement, the more agreeable if it chanced to conduce to that of others. It is in a similar spirit that the present collection is laid before the public: and a hope is entertained that it may not altogether do discredit to the partiality of those at whose suggestion it has been made.

Most of these poems have been previously published in various periodicals; some few are now printed for the first time. In the selection of the former, which are of an evanescent character, for the most part bearing upon the gossip of the day, attention has almost of necessity been paid more to the comparative notoriety of the subject than to the degree of humour evinced in the performance.

There remains, in conclusion, but to express a hope that no one will feel aggrieved by the appearance of any of the historiettes, &c., which have been inserted; the great variety of amusing matter of this kind contained in Mr. Barham's memoranda, furnished perpetual temptations to transgress; how they have been resisted it is for others to decide. The anecdotes recorded of living persons are few in number, and refer principally to men raised by their genius above the common level of society, and who, as a necessary condition to the eminence they enjoy, must be content to dispense with much of that privilege of privacy which their less distinguished brethren have a right to claim; it is a kind of quit-rent of popularity which they are doubtless not indisposed to pay.

R. H. D. BARHAM

LOLWORTH.

MEMOIR
OF
REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Barham's Family — Reginald Fitzurse and Thomas à Becket — Tappington — Serious Accident — Strange Conduct of the "Next of Kin" — St. Paul's School — Dr. and Mrs. Roberts — Poetical Criticism — Brazenose College — Theodore Hook's Matriculation — Regular Habits — Determination to enter Holy Orders — Melancholy Death of an Undergraduate — "My Cousin Nicholas" — Mr. Barham presented to the Curacy of Westwell — Anecdote of one of his Parishioners — His Marriage — Inducted to the Living of Snargate — Smugglers — Romney Marsh and its Clergy — Anecdote — Ghost Story — "Baldwin" — Journey to London — Elected Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is hardly to be denied that, though sought after with considerable avidity, memoirs of literary men form the least satisfactory portion of biography; either being, for the most part, deficient in point of incident, or exciting a painful interest by disclosures of a melancholy and forbidding cast. We shall here find no exception to the general rule: if the subject of the present sketch was removed from the daily struggles and temptations of those unfortunate or improvident sons of genius whose necessities compel them to "forestall the blighted produce of the brain," his career, on the other hand, was unmarked by

events of a more animating and romantic turn. His course, indeed, resembled one of those unnumbered, nameless streams, which pass from the spring-head into ocean without a "rapid" and without a check. To this easy flow of life, his sacred calling naturally contributed; but, as the grave details of his professional experience could not with propriety be introduced in a work of this description, the reader must, once for all, be requested to bear in mind that it is intended in the following pages simply to throw together some slight records of his leisure hours and recreative pursuits.

Richard Harris Barham was born on Dec. 6, 1788, in Canterbury, where his family had for many generations resided, having derived its name from, or given it to, certain lands and lordships in the vicinity. He, indeed, in his love of antiquarian lore, was wont to trace its arduous ascent to one Ursus or Urso, a knight of worship in the days of the Conqueror; and if an occasional "*hiatus valde defendus*" yawned in the way, there was generally found some "horseman armed," some spare Sir Richard or Sir Ralph, ready, like another Curtius, to fill up the gulf. A son of the worthy Norman alluded to, styled Reginald Fitzurse, obtained an unenviable notoriety by his share in the murder of Thomas à Becket, who appears, by the way, to have been not only the Sovereign's opponent, but (a curious coincidence, to say the least of it) the knight's landlord also. After the perpetration of this, doubtless, disinterested act, Sir Reginald, not unnaturally, retired to Ireland, where he assumed the name of Mac Mahon, of the same import with his own. Subsequently he proceeded to Rome, obtained dispensation from the Pope, and ended his days, as became a gallant warrior and respectable Catholic, in the Holy Land. His brother Robert, on succeeding to the estates, the manor of Barham among the rest, again metamorphosed his patronymic, still with an eye to its original signification, into De Berham, which, modestly clipped and modernised, has been retained to the present day.

Mr. Barham's father, who was certainly not to be ranked among the purblind class, *qui propter patrimonia vivunt*, possessed much of that cheerfulness of disposition and peculiar

turn of humour which were afterwards so fully developed in his son: in point of activity, both of mind and body, he was by much inferior to the latter, as, perhaps, may be inferred from the fact of his having attained to the enormous weight of seven-and-twenty stone before he completed his forty-eighth year.

Dying in 1795, he bequeathed a moderate estate, somewhat encumbered indeed and shorn of its fair proportions, to his only son, then about five or six years of age. A portion of this property consisted of the manor known as Tappington, or Tapton Wood, so often alluded to in the "Ingoldsby Legends;" and, albeit the description of the mansion therein is rather of what it might, could, would, or should be, than of what it actually and truly is, many of the particulars are, nevertheless, perfectly correct. Dismissing, then, the "shaded avenue, terminating in a lodge, whose gates support the Ingoldsby device," together with Mrs. Bothërby and the secret passage, as pardonable myths, a very comfortable and picturesque manor-house still remains, boasting its "gable ends, stone stanchions, and tortuous chimneys," and, above all, its blood-stained stair, the scene of the remarkable fratricide, which is a genuine tradition, and the sanguinary evidence of which is pointed out with enviable faith by the present tenants.

An accident, however, occurred about the year 1802, which had well nigh led to the transfer of Tappington and all thereunto appertaining, to the hands of strangers, and which exercised a lasting influence over the future life of its proprietor. This was no other than the mutilation of his right arm, occasioned by the upsetting of the Dover mail, in which he was travelling on his way to St. Paul's School. Bewildered by the terrific pace of the horses, who had taken fright, he thrust his hand from the window, for the purpose of opening the door; at that moment the vehicle turned upon its side, pinning the exposed limb to the ground, and dragging it a considerable distance along a recently-repaired road. On being released from his situation, his shattered arm was hastily bound up, and he was despatched alone in a hackney-coach—for the accident occurred at the Bricklayers' Arms—to his destination.

As may be supposed, the effects of so dreadful a laceration, aggravated by neglect in the first instance, and acting upon a frame at that time far from robust, soon brought the sufferer to the very verge of the grave. So certain did his speedy death appear in the eyes of those whose wish, may be, was "father to that thought," that, to obviate any disagreeable delay in the disposal of the expected property, they sent their surveyor (somewhat prematurely, perhaps), with instructions to report on the state of the farm buildings, to look to the repair of fences, mark out timber for felling, &c.

It was, under God's blessing, mainly owing to the unwearied care of Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the worthy head-master, that these gentlemen were gratified in respect of little but their curiosity, for, contrary to the expectations of all, more especially of the surgeons, who only refrained from amputation from a fear of hastening the catastrophe, not only did the patient begin to mend, but the appearance of the wounded limb induced a hope that it might eventually be restored in some measure to the exercise of its proper functions. Mrs. Roberts, meanwhile, was far from confining her kindness to the sick-bed; "as we plant a twig, and water it because we have planted it," so a similar feeling seems to have taken possession of the lady in question; certain it is she began to regard her young charge with an unusual degree of interest, and, on becoming convalescent, he was frequently permitted to be present at certain *réunions* of a literary character which were held at her house. Here, as most of the *habitués* were of the softer sex, his first attempts at composition met with every encouragement, and he stood in no small peril of being "forced," under their fostering, into a kind of premature and poetical phenomenon. Even the irrefragable Doctor contributed in no small degree to fan the flame, by employing him to write speeches for himself and the younger boys.

One of these poems, which had for its subject the battle of Trafalgar, bears remarkable testimony to the taste of the worthy head-master himself. Towards the conclusion occurred the following stanza:—

"Presumptuous thought!" Britannia's genius cries.
 "Rise, my loved sons, my brave defenders, rise;
 Tell them, while each with emulation strives—
 Though Nelson falls, a Collingwood survives!"

This, however, was not only found wanting in emphasis, but was also pronounced to be an unpardonably familiar mode of introducing a nobleman, and one not even demanded by the exigence of metre. The last line was accordingly desired to be both printed and spoken,

"Though Nelson falls, *Lord Collingwood survives.*"

A stroke of criticism not unworthy of a Greek commentator, and only to be surpassed by that of a gallant captain of militia, who returned a volume of Campbell's poems with the happy emendation —

"Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge—with all thy *cavalry*!"

At St. Paul's School, Mr. Barham formed friendships with many of his fellows, Dr. Roberts (no relation of the above), Mr Bentley, Sir Charles Clark, and the present chief Baron among the number, which, outlasting the common run of boyish intimacies, closed only with his life. From the first of these early companions he received, in seasons of sickness and bereavement, such constant counsel and assistance, as could scarcely have been expected at the hands of the nearest relative; and whose advice, had it been strictly and promptly carried out, would, in all human probability, have brought his last illness to a very different result; while his connection with Mr. Bentley, composed of far stronger ties than serve to unite author and publisher, the existence of which it preceded and outlived, led to the production of those remarkable articles upon which his literary reputation chiefly rests.

Having continued, in consequence of his youth, for two years "Captain" of St. Paul's, he entered at nineteen as a gentleman commoner at Brazenose College, and was speedily elected a member of the well-known Phoenix Common Room, at that time one of the "Crack" University Clubs. Here he found a kindred

spirit in the gay and gifted Lora George Grenville (now Lord Nugent). Here, too, he was again thrown into contact with one whom he had known in earlier days, Cecil Tattersall, the friend of Shelley and Lord Byron, and, like most of that misguided party, but too well known by his abused talents and melancholy end. And here also his intimacy with Theodore Hook took rise, whose residence, however, did not extend beyond a couple of terms, and who, at first, was well nigh refused matriculation by Dr. Parsons, for professing a too accommodating readiness to subscribe not only to thirty-nine, but forty articles, if required.

College life, more especially at that day, was likely to present numerous and sore temptations to one who was overflowing with good-nature and high spirits, and whose early loss had not only placed a perilous abundance of funds at his disposal, but left him utterly unchecked by parental counsel and authority. It was scarcely to be expected that he should pass through this ordeal unscathed. His reply to Mr. Hodson, his tutor, afterwards principal of Brazenose, will convey some notion of the hours he was wont to keep. This gentleman, who, doubtless discerning, spite of an apparent levity, much that was amiable and high-minded in his pupil, had treated him with marked indulgence, sent, on one occasion, to demand an explanation of his continued absence from morning chapel.

"The fact is, sir," urged his pupil, "you are too *late* for me."

"Too late!" repeated the tutor, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning: I am a man of regular habits; and unless I get to bed by four or five at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

An impertinence better rebuked by the "look more of scrow than of anger" which it drew forth, than by any amount of punishment that could have been inflicted. All affectation was cast aside at the instant—an apology sincerely offered, and silently accepted.

Whatever amendment in point of college discipline might

have resulted from this conversation, the habit which gave rise to it was one for "time to strengthen, not efface." No one might have quoted the old Scotch ballad with greater feeling and sincerity :—

"Up in the morning's nae for me,
Up in the morning airly :
I'd rather watch a winter's night
Than up in the morning airly."

Most men have their seasons of late hours; and, among undergraduates especially, there are not wanting those who, after an evening's dissipation, esteem it passing "fast" to sit up half the night nodding over their books with wet towels tied round their heads: such feats at least, if not reduced to common practice, are spoken of among a certain class, as those fearful and mysterious ceremonies, yecept "Collections," "Little Go," and "The Great" draw nigh, — as mere matters of course and elementary indications of spirit. It was far otherwise with Mr. Barham; with him a strong natural bent supplied the place of caprice or love of singularity, and he sat up, because he found, as the morning advanced, his ideas flowed more freely, and his mental energies became in every way more active than at any other period of the twenty-four hours. It could hardly fail of exciting a considerable degree of astonishment, to mark how, after a day spent without one moment's rest or relaxation, in the intricacies of business, often of a harassing and momentous nature, his eye would light up and his spirits overflow, as the chimes of midnight were approaching; an entirely new set of faculties seemed to come into play, and if there was no one at hand to benefit by his conversation—to listen to his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation, he would devote himself to the investigation of some obscure genealogical point, or the perusal of some treasured volume in black letter, with a freshness and vigour not to be surpassed by the most orderly of mortals. At these times, too, his powers of composition reached their culminating point, and he wrote with a facility which not only surprised himself, but which he actually viewed with distrust; and he would not unfrequently

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lay down his pen, from an apprehension that what was so fluent must of necessity be feeble also. Indeed, he was no adept in the art of cudgelling the brain, and, in respect of poetry, at all events, he wrote easily or not at all. The slightest check would often delay the publication of an article of this kind for months, and there are numbers of manuscripts of numerous dates now in possession of the writer, whose unfinished state is to be attributed to some trifling stumbling-block, which a little labour might have levelled or avoided.

Of artificial aid to composition, he thus speaks in a letter addressed to an old friend, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter: — “You ask me if I think locomotion favourable to composition. I answer, decidedly ‘yes,’ the best thing in the world for it. Others prefer gin-and-water; the latter taken hot on the box of the Worcester Mail, I certainly have found efficacious, perhaps as containing both the grand requisites.

“‘The force of genius will no farther go;
To make the third she joins the other two.’

“Byron loved gin-and-water and galloping. Your friend Tom C—— drinks gin-and-water, and rolls in the gutter. Hook likes brandy better, but despiseth not ‘toddy’ with the easy motion of a cabriolet. M—— runs up and down stairs at Bowood and Holland House, and though restricted to coffee, sighs in his heart and soul for *poteen*. That his mind has been less prolific of late, I attribute solely to the deprivation.”

It was during the course of a short, but severe illness, not inopportunately sent, that Mr. Barham first entertained the notion of becoming a candidate for holy orders; and though he so far prosecuted his original design of preparing for the bar as to become a pupil of an eminent conveyancer, he soon relinquished the profession of law, in favor of one, for which a disposition abounding in goodwill towards men, and imbued with a spirit of active though unostentatious piety, assuredly qualified him. It would be too much, perhaps, to assume that he was in any degree influenced in his determination by an occurrence which took place during the latter part of his residence at Brazenose—

no other than the death, under most distressing circumstances, of a young man, with whom he was more than slightly acquainted; but he was beyond question most seriously and permanently affected by it.

A death at the University, at least among the junior members, always seems to produce an effect more solemn and appalling than elsewhere. Much of this may be attributed to the youth and parity of age in the circle that is broken; much to the course of folly, if not sin, in which too often the victim is arrested; but most of all, perhaps, to the comparative rarity of the event, and to its being in general of a sudden, if not violent nature. A gloom, however, unusually heavy, hung round the fate of the individual in question. He was the only son of a gentleman of respectable standing, but straitened means. Regardless, and probably not altogether aware, of the difficulty his parent experienced in supplying him with the means of qualifying for a liberal profession, he launched into the expensive gaieties of College life. His demands upon his father's purse becoming larger and more frequent, the latter at length, on inclosing a considerable sum which he could ill spare, positively refused to make any further sacrifices on his behalf.

It is, however, by no means an easy matter for a young man to stop short in a career of extravagance, without possessing the means of discharging debts already incurred. At the Universities, in particular, his resources are gauged with the nicest accuracy, and the unhappy victim is allowed no peace till all are exhausted. It may be a hazardous matter to lay the hand of legislation upon so delicate a fabric as that of credit; but some restriction is urgently demanded with regard to the disastrous system pursued at Oxford, and, though to a less extent, at Cambridge also. To many, the accumulated liabilities incurred in that residence of a year and a half (for in point of fact it amounts to no more), if not of weight to crush them at once, form the nucleus of an incumbrance which presses upon and impedes them through life. Some modification of the Statute of Limitations might, perhaps, be brought to bear upon

the case; and, at all events, the iniquities of the Vice-Chancellor's court might be abolished.

To return to —. Having availed himself to the utmost of the usual expedients, such as increasing his orders, borrowing of his companions, and raising money upon accommodation bills, in a fit of utter desperation he again applied to his father, laid his case fully and fairly before him, — pledged himself to a thorough change of life in the event of being released from his embarrassments, and concluded by stating that his very existence depended upon the reply which he should look for by return of post.

There was no mistaking the intimation conveyed in the latter portion of the letter; and the fond parent, in an agony of alarm at the bare possibility of losing his child, hastily penned an answer, forgiving all, and undertaking that the sums necessary to set him once more in an independent position should be forthwith placed at his disposal. Fearful of trusting so important a missive to the chances of the post-office, he unfortunately gave it into the custody of the mail-guard, feeling the man with a sovereign on his engaging to deliver it with his own hands as soon as the College gates should be opened. Eagerly on the following morning did poor — rush towards the porter, who was going his usual round with the letters — fruitlessly he searched the packet again and again — there was not one for him. He returned to his rooms, whither the guard, reeling drunk, made his way late in the afternoon, only to find a coroner's inquest being held over the body of their former occupant. His head was shattered to atoms by a pistol-ball.

Much of the scene of "My Cousin Nicholas" is laid at Oxford, and many of the incidents introduced have foundation in fact; the hero's denial of his father, for example, subsequently introduced with great propriety of illustration in the popular comedy of "London Assurance," is no fiction, but owes its origin to a similar event in the life of the celebrated Bonhill Thornton. The burlesque personification of the tutor, also, is recorded to have been actually perpetrated by the father of the present Lord L——.

Having passed his examination with sufficient credit to entitle him to a place in the "Second Class," Mr. Barham was in due time admitted to the curacy of Ashford, in Kent. Thence he proceeded to Westwell, a small parish some few miles distant. In this cure he was succeeded by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, the talented author of "The Subaltern," "The Country Curate," &c., who drew many of his sketches in the latter work, among which may be numbered "The Poacher" and "The Smuggler," from living originals in that vicinity. One of the desperate characters, with which the neighbourhood was infested, having been shot through the body, in an affray with the Custom-House officers, actually confessed, while lying on what he believed to be his death-bed, that there was not a crime in all the dark catalogue of human guilt that he had not committed. The man recovered for the time, to afford another testimony to the truth of the old saw respecting the effect sickness is supposed to have upon a certain individual and his followers, but fell dead upon his face, after the lapse of a few years, while in the act of planting vegetables in his garden.

In 1814 Mr. Barham married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart, of the Royal Engineers, and shortly afterwards, on being presented by the Archbishop to the living of Snargate, he removed to Warehorn, the curacy of which was at the same time offered him. These parishes were about two miles apart, and situated, the former in, the latter on the verge of Romney Marsh; and, as may be expected, they abounded, even more than the spot he had just quitted, in desperadoes, engaged in what by technical euphemism is termed "The Free Trade."

But, notwithstanding the reckless character of these men, the new rector met with nothing of outrage or incivility at their hands. Many a time and oft indeed, on returning homewards late at night, has he been challenged by some half-seen horseman, who looked in the heavy gloom like some misty condensation, but a little more substantial than ordinary fog; but on making known his name and office, he was invariably allowed to pass on with a "Good night—it's only parson!" while a long

and shadowy line of mounted smugglers, each with his led horse laden with tubs, filed silently by. Nay, they even extended their familiarity so far, as to make the church itself a dépôt for contraband goods; and on one occasion, a large seizure of tobacco had been made in the Snargate belfry—calumny contended for the discovery of a keg of hollands under the vestry-table. When we add, that the nightly wages, paid whether a cargo was run or not, were at the rate of seven and sixpence to an unarmed man, and fifteen shillings to one who carried his outlass and pistols, little surprise can be felt if nearly the whole population pursued more or less so profitable an avocation.

The district, moreover, appears up to a late period to have been utterly neglected in point of religious instruction and superintendence. It seems to have been one of the last strongholds of the Trullibers. Will it be credited, that in the nineteenth century one of the reverend gentlemen in question has been known on a Sabbath day to cart a load of bricks, *in propria persona*, to the church-yard, for the purpose of repairing the chancel? Such was the fact. It is recorded of the same individual that even during divine service it was not unfrequent for him to mingle secular matters with divine, in a manner no less ludicrous than indecent: leaning, for example, over his churchwarden's pew as he passed from the reading-desk to the pulpit, and observing, as the result of long and recently concluded deliberation, "Well, Smithers, I'll have that pig."

We may here introduce a somewhat singular occurrence which took place at the residence of another clergyman in this neighbourhood; one, however, we are bound to say, in every respect the opposite of the gentleman just alluded to. He had lost a beloved daughter under circumstances peculiarly affecting. She was playing in the garden in high spirits and apparent health, when, suddenly approaching her father, she looked up in his face, and saying "Father, take care of my fowls!" without another word, laid her head upon his knees and died. The blow was stunning, and Mr. — never entirely recovered from its effect. For some months his reason was despaired of, and

though afterwards restored to cope in full vigour with ordinary subjects, it sank into monomania, on the approach of one—his daughter.

A belief took full possession of his mind that he was constantly subject to the visits of his lost child; he intimated, moreover, that the spirit spoke of poison having been administered, and urgently pressed upon him the avenging of the murder. In the earlier stages of the disease, his friends entertained hopes of reasoning or rallying him out of so distressing a delusion. Mr. Barham, among the rest, being present at his table, ventured some sceptical remarks on the theory of apparitions.

"I sincerely hope, sir," replied his host, "you may never have occasion to change your opinion; but, unless I greatly err, your unbelief will meet with a check in the course of this very night."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the party was startled by a loud noise, as of a falling body, proceeding from the hall. Mr. ——— looked round with an air of calm triumph, while his guest, not altogether convinced that the interruption was necessarily to be attributed to spiritual agency, opened the door to ascertain its cause. He returned with his own hat, which had been forced, probably by the wind, which happened to be unusually high, from the wall.

"You see, gentlemen, I am no false prophet," said the host, quietly.

"Well," urged Mr. Barham, half annoyed at the aptitude of the accident, "if that be the handiwork of your familiar, I should take it as a favour if you would represent to him or her, as the case may be, that, as the hat happens to be my best"—"Oh!" interrupted the seer, "if you are still disposed to treat the subject with levity, we will drop it at once." Dropped accordingly it was, leaving the unfortunate gentleman more confirmed than ever in his visionary creed.

To return to "The Marsh."—It was scarcely to be expected that the pursuit of literature should flourish in so uncongenial

an atmosphere, however favourable it might prove for the development of that "holy vegetation" of which Mr. Peter Plymley pleasantly discourses. It was reserved for a second accident, no other than the breaking of one leg, and the spraining its fellow, occasioned by the overturn of a gig, to bring a taste into play which might otherwise have lain dormant for years, or died for lack of exercise. A novel, entitled "*Baldwin*,"* rapidly thrown off in a few weeks, was the result; a work faulty perhaps in style, but by no means destitute of merit, as regards plot and delineation of character, but which fell still-born from the Minerva-press, under the management of the matrons of that establishment.

Scarcely was his restoration to health complete, when a third time illness, though on this occasion exhibited in the person of one of his children, proved indirectly the cause of a thorough change in Mr. Barham's life, and served to usher him into a field of action, affording full scope for his talents and industry—a field wherein, upon the whole, the day went prosperously with him, and from which he retired at last with cheerfulness and resignation, as one who had not proved altogether barren and unprofitable in his generation.

He had undertaken a journey to London for the purpose of consulting Abernethy in the case alluded to, when he chanced to encounter an old friend who was on the point of posting a letter. It contained an invitation, he said, to a young clergyman, to come up and stand for a minor canonry then vacant at St. Paul's. Simultaneously the idea struck both that Mr. Barham himself should become the candidate. The letter was forthwith scattered to the winds; and having resigned curacy and living, the latter immediately took the field under the auspices of Mr. —, the only one in the body to whom he was personally known.

* The price he received for this work was twenty pounds, with additional advantages dependent on certain of those bookselling "contingencies," which Theodore Hook used to describe as *things that never happen*. The definition was not violated in the present instance.

His friends, according to the diversity of their gifts, ~~un-~~blamed, or condoled with him on the step he had taken; to all, failure appeared certain. It befell otherwise; and, in spite of knowledge, in spite of prophecy, in spite of the *utter impossibility of the thing*, (an objection, by-the-by, which throughout life never daunted him, provided, as he observed, it stood alone,) he was duly elected, and in 1821 received his first piece of metropolitan preferment.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Barham appointed Priest of the Chapel Royal — Presented to the Living of St Gregory — The Rev. E. Cannon — His History — His Offence to the Prince Regent — Anecdote of Lord Thurlow — Subsequent Kindness of George IV. to Mr. Cannon — Anecdote — His Legacy and Death.

It has been quaintly said that literature is "an excellent walking-stick, although a bad crutch;" doubtless at this period of his life it proved a serviceable auxiliary to Mr. Barham, who found his income diminished at a time when an increasing family and a residence in London would admit of no curtailment of expenditure. Accordingly, while articles of the lighter sort, mostly bearing on the events of the day, were struck off in rapid succession, he devoted considerable time and industry towards the completion of a book then in progress, called "Gorton's Biographical Dictionary," and about one-third of which was contributed by him. His professional duties, however, which were extending gradually but considerably, soon precluded his continuing any regular literary engagement, or undertaking any work of importance. Poetical trifles, indeed, fell as usual from his pen, and together with an occasional review, &c., made their appearance in "Blackwood," "The John Bull," "The Globe and Traveller," and sundry other periodicals. We find, for example, the following passage in his diary, entered about

this time: — “My wife goes to bed at ten to rise at eight, and look after the children, and other matrimonial duties; I sit up till three in the morning working at rubbish for ‘Blackwood,’ — she is the slave of the ring, and I of the lamp.”

In 1824 he received the appointment of a priest in ordinary of His Majesty’s Chapel Royal, and was shortly afterwards presented, — by one of those chances with which every man’s life abounds, and which serve to show how slight and seemingly insignificant are the pivots on which the wheels of human fortune turn, — to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul.

At the time of his application there happened to be two livings vacant in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul’s: as the junior minor canon, Mr. Barham had naturally asked for that which was the less eligible in point of emolument and position, and which, situated in the marshes of Essex, rejoiced in the euphonious and characteristic name of Mucking. His application was favorably received, and the presentation papers of both benefices were, we believe, actually signed, sealed, and all but delivered, when the sudden and inexplicable commission of a grave offence led to the removal of his fellow-candidate from the body, and the forfeited preferment was offered to him.

On admission he found the “united parishes” in a state of most admired disorder. A loud, if not large party, altogether hostile to the discipline and interests of the Church, held entire possession of the vestry-room, and rendered it the scene of ceaseless and indecent squabbling. As the more quietly disposed of the inhabitants had for some time withdrawn themselves from these displays of party feeling, few were found prepared to support the new rector, and it is to be taken as no slight evidence of his peculiar tact and conciliatory art, that, in the course of a few months, he not only succeeded in restoring peace and propriety to these meetings, but carried such measures as were essential to the interests committed to his care, and effected much towards promoting a cordial and lasting unanimity among his parishioners.

With regard to himself, as he became more generally known, but one feeling seems to have prevailed, that of affectionate esteem—a testimonial the more worthy as it was won by no assumption of manner or pliability of principle, but simply by the exercise of those stable qualities of head and heart which rendered him not only most earnest, but commonly most successful in the discharge of his duties.

In the pulpit he was not remarkable, less, perhaps, from the want of power, than from a rooted disapproval of anything like oratorical display in such a place,—anything, in short, that might seem calculated to convert the house of prayer into a mere theatre for intellectual exhibition. It was not, then, as a popular preacher, “pleasant to sit under,” that he was beloved, still less as a party one; he published no pamphlets, got up no petitions, nor was his voice to be heard at Exeter Hall; but he was ever watchful over the welfare of his people, temporal and eternal; to the poorer portion of his brethren more especially did he commend himself by the kindness and assiduity with which he relieved their necessities and furthered their views; he would bestow as much time and attention in conducting the cause of one of the meanest of these, as though the interests of those nearest and dearest to him were involved in the result. Most fortunate, too, was he in the companionship of one who, as a Christian clergyman’s wife, fulfilled with exemplary zeal those numerous and nameless offices of charity which fall more peculiarly within the province of woman’s superintendence.

But his exertions on the behalf of others were by no means confined to the limits of his own parish—from every quarter, from every rank of society, and bearing reference to well nigh every object, came applications for assistance and advice; the piles of letters that he left, consisting, with comparatively few exceptions, of alternacies of request and acknowledgment, bear ample testimony to the wide circle through which his influence extended. And herein he found his pleasure—this was his delight; never was he so completely at home, never so happy as when engaged in promoting the happiness of others; verily

he had his reward; for it has probably fallen to the lot of few in his station of life to have enjoyed so many and ample opportunities of tasting "the luxury of doing good."

His appointment in the Chapel Royal led to an acquaintance which quickly ripened into a warm friendship, with the late Rev. Edward Cannon, also one of the priests of the household, and who for many years had been on intimate terms with the family of Mrs. Barham. This singular being, introduced to the world under the name of Godfrey Moss, in Theodore Hook's celebrated novel "Maxwell," claims some slight notice, the more so as he has scarcely met with justice at the hands of his facetious friend.

For a general idea of what may be termed his mannerism, we can but refer to the striking portrait alluded to, one of the most perfect ever committed to paper. As he is there depicted, so precisely did he live and move in daily life,—not an eccentricity is exaggerated, not an absurdity heightened! It is, however, to be regretted, that the great master restricted himself to the delineating the less worthy features of the outward and visible man, and touched but lightly those high and noble traits of character which had gone far to relieve the mass of cynicism and selfishness but too correctly drawn.

Mr. Cannon was, in fact, both a spoiled and a disappointed man. Brought up under the immediate care of Lord Thurlow, his brilliant wit, his manifold accomplishments, and, as may be hardly credited by those who knew him only in his decline, his fascinating manners, procured him a host of distinguished admirers, and proved an introduction to the table of royalty itself. A welcome guest at Carlton House, Stowe, and other mansions of the nobility,—patronised by the Lord Chancellor, courted and caressed by men, to say nothing of women, of the highest rank and influence,—he might possibly have become too extravagant or too impatient in his expectations; while more reasonable views would scarcely have been met by a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales, and a lectureship at St. George's, Hanover Square. This neglect, as he esteemed it, was especially calcu-

lated to work evil on a disposition naturally independent to a fault, and associated, as it was, with a humour tinctured overmuch with bitterness. His caprices indulged and fostered, and his hope delayed, he fell gradually into utter disregard of all the amenities and conventional laws of society. The extreme liberties he began to take, and the bursts of sarcasm,* which he took the less heed to restrain as he advanced in years, deprived him betimes of all his powerful patrons, and at the last alienated most of his more attached friends. As regards the circumstances which led immediately to his dismissal from the palace, his conduct was certainly not chargeable with blame, but was the natural working of an unbending spirit, which scorned to flatter even princes.

His great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procuring him the honour of accompanying his royal master on the piano-forte; on one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the Prince inquired, "Well, Cannon, how did I sing that?"

The latter continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply.

"I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer," repeated the Prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent.

"I think, sir," said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, "I have heard your royal highness succeed better."

* At one of the annual dinners of the members of the Chapel Royal, a gentleman had been plaguing Mr. Barham with a somewhat dry disquisition on the noble art of fencing. Wishing to relieve himself of his tormentor, the latter observed that his crippled hand had precluded him from indulging in that amusement; but pointing to Cannon, who sat opposite, he added, "That gentleman will better appreciate you; he was an enthusiastic admirer of fencing in his youth." After a few minutes the disciple of Angelo contrived to slip round the table, and commenced a similar attack upon Cannon; for some time he endured it with patience, till at length, on his friend's remarking that Sir George D—— was a great fencer, Cannon, who disliked the man, replied, "I don't know whether Sir George D—— is a great fencer, but Sir George D—— is a great fool." A little startled, the other rejoined, "Possibly he is; but then you know, a man may be both." "So I see, sir," said Cannon, turning away.

"Sale and Attwood," observed the latter, sharply, "tell me I sing that as well as any man in England."

"They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be," replied Cannon.

George the Fourth was too well bred, as well as too wise a man, to manifest any open displeasure at the candour of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favour which had been unhesitatingly accorded an hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon's hand, and turned abruptly away. A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time, that it would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment.

Cannon, at first, refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present.

"The *creetur* gave it me with his own hand," he urged; "if he wants it back let him come and say so himself."

It was represented, however, that the Prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it—the box was immediately returned without further hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time from the precincts of Carlton House.

He was, however, not a man to permit a single affront to obliterate from his memory all traces of former kindness, and accordingly, when the trial of Queen Caroline had excited so much of popular clamour against the Sovereign, Cannon was the first, on the termination of that affair, to get up and present an address from the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to his royal master. Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favourite, the King was all-courtesy and condescension.

"You are not looking well," he observed at length.

"I am not so well, Sire, as I have been," replied Cannon with a smile.

"Well, well! I must send H—— to prescribe for you," said

the King; nor did this prove to be an idle compliment; in due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the same time to intimate that he might expect to be admitted again to the royal parties. This honour Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined; on being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered,

"I have been early taught when I want to say no and can say no, to say no, but never give a reason," — a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow; and a neglect of which, the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late Majesty, George III.

Thus it was; he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother, for a certain post, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he bowed and was about to retire, when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, "Anything else I shall be happy to bestow upon your relative, but this unfortunately is an office never held but by a man of high rank and family."

"Then, Sire," returned Lord Thurlow, "I must persist in my request — I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England."

The Chancellor was firm, and the King was compelled to yield.

"He gave me his reasons," said the former, "and I beat him."

With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanation at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions.

"The creature," he said, "has turned me out of his house once; he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again."

Whatever version of this interview reached the royal ear, one circumstance deserves to be recorded, as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling, which have been so lavishly directed against the illustrious personage alluded to.

Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who, though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money and almost ignorant of its value, and who generally carried all he received loose in his waistcoat-pocket, giving it away to any one who seemed to need it—was himself severely suffering from the effects of ill health and his improvident liberality—the King, who accidentally heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made inquiries, with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision; but ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in his profession inexpedient—he, entirely unsolicited, forwarded him an hundred pounds from his privy purse.

This assistance proved most opportune, and served to supply his immediate necessities. He was staying at the time at a small hotel on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, from which he was unable, or rather unwilling, to depart, till his bill, which had swollen to a somewhat formidable size, was discharged. Mr. Barham, therefore, and another friend hastened down to release him from a position which most people would have deemed embarrassing in the extreme. They found him, however, perfectly happy in his retirement; clothed from head to foot in mine host's habiliments, and, altogether, appearing so much better in health and spirits than could have been anticipated, that Mr. Barham was led to address some compliments to the landlady on the good looks of her guest.

"Well, Sir, to be sure," replied that worthy personage, "we have done our best to keep him tidy and comfortable, and if you had only seen him last Sunday, when he was *washed and shaved*, you really might have said he *was* looking well."

He had formed, it appeared, a close intimacy with a monkey belonging to the establishment, and spent the principal portion of his time in his society, exchanging it occasionally for that of adventurous bipeds whom the steam-boats, then "few and far between," landed at the Eyot, according as he found them more or less intelligent than his quadrupedal companion.

Like his friend, Cannon was one of those who gave full assent to the poet's doctrine:

"The best of all ways,
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from night," &c.

And so resolutely did he at times carry it out in practice, as to be productive of no little inconvenience to his entertainers. After a dinner, for example, given by Mr. Stephen Price of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests, with the exception of Cannon and Theodore Hook, having long since retired, the host, who was suffering from a severe attack of gout, was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness of the hour; no notice, however, was taken of the hint, and unable to endure any longer the pain of sitting up, Mr. Price, at length, slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning, he inquired of his servant — "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?"

"Go, Sir?" replied John; "they are not gone, Sir: they have just rung for coffee."

It was not to be supposed that these eccentricities should altogether escape episcopal observation, and although they met with considerable indulgence, a rebuke was sometimes unavoidable. Cannon, however, resented the slightest attempt at interference with a warmth and jealousy, ill-advised, to say the least of it. His hostility, indeed, to his diocesan, he attributed to no private feeling; and certainly it could not have been warranted by any treatment he experienced at his hands. Many, however, of the bitter satires that appeared in the periodicals, directed against certain proceedings of this eminent individual, were from his pen. More than one of the more powerful and personal of these, Mr. Barham was fortunate enough to save from publication. He borrowed the copy, and that once in his possession, he knew that Cannon was too indolent a man to write another, or to persevere in demanding the restoration of the original. Those, however, who have read the "Dives and Lazarus," and lines written on the exclusion of ill-dressed persons from certain seats in the Chapel Royal, though they can

scarcely fail to admit that nothing Byron or Churchill have produced has excelled them in pungency of wit, will, nevertheless, consider their suppression justifiable, even by an act of friendly felony.

That much of this caustic spirit sprang from blighted prospects, and was nurtured by the frequent supplies of his favourite "ginnums and water," there can be little doubt; his natural disposition was most amiable, and the kindness of his heart, and his complete freedom from selfishness in matters of importance, exhibited themselves in numberless instances, and never more conspicuously than in a case of self-denial which graced his declining days. He was summoned to the bedside of an old and valued friend. The lady (for a lady it was; like his "double," Godfrey Moss, he had been a lady-killer in his time) announced to him, that, believing her health to be rapidly giving way, she had made her will, by which, at her demise, the whole of a considerable fortune was to be placed at his disposal. Cannon looked at her doubtfully.

"I don't believe it," he said, at length.

The lady re-assured him that she was incapable of trifling on such a subject, and at such a moment; and added, that the document itself was lying in an escritoire in the room.

"I won't believe it," persisted the other, "unless I see it."

Smiling at such incredulity, the lady placed the will in his hands. Cannon took it, and read it.

"Well," said he, "if I had not seen it in your own handwriting, I would not have believed you could have been such an unnatural brute;" and he deliberately thrust the paper between the bars of the grate. "What!" he continued, "have you no one more nearly connected with you than I am, to leave your money to? No one who has better reason to expect to be your heir, and who has a right to be provided for first and best? Pooh! you don't know how to make a will. I must send down Mr. —, a very respectable man in his way — red tape and parchment, and all that — he shall make your will; you may leave

me a legacy—there's no harm in that. I am a poor man, and want it; but I am not a-going to be d—— to please you."

A new will was accordingly drawn up on Cannon's suggestion, bequeathing to him merely a sum of four thousand pounds. It will scarcely be credited, that, on the death of the testatrix, advantage was taken of some technical informality (in ignorance, it is to be hoped, of previous circumstances), to resist his claim even to this. The point, however, after the delay of more than a year, was eventually decided in his favour, and the remainder of his life relieved from further apprehension on the score of pecuniary distress. He withdrew, shortly afterwards, to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, taking his accustomed seat on the pier, with a pertinacity that gained for him among the boatmen the *sobriquet* of the *Pier Gun*. Want of exercise, at length, and the slow poison he became a slave to, did their work. As with Swift,—to whom, in the general structure of his mind, in the power of his reasoning, and in the peculiar bent of his humour, he bore no little resemblance—his last hours were such as might well have roused

"The bitter pangs of humbled genius;"

they were those of one,

"Marked above the rest,
For qualities most dear, plunged from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night."

He died forgotten, and almost alone; and it was left for a comparative stranger to raise the simple tablet that pleads for the memory of Edward Cannon.

CHAPTER III.

Lines on the Death of Mr. Barham's Daughter — Diary — Anecdotes — "Hot, Sir, Hot" — Cannon's Handbill — Mr. Barham's first connection with "Blackwood" — Anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott — "Too late" — Mr. Theodore Hook and Lord Byron at Harrow — Anecdotes — An extemporaneous Burletta by Hook.

MR. BARHAM had been but a few years in town when he was visited by the first of a series of domestic afflictions, which proved the only troubled passages in a course, otherwise, fair and uniform. Devoted, too fondly perhaps, to his family, he felt most keenly the chastening of that hand which withdrew from him, at intervals, five of his children. For a time he was unmanned and prostrated by the blow; the natural elasticity, however, of his mind, aided by that faith which bids us "not sorrow as men without hope," rapidly restored him to a cheerfulness not more constitutional than the result of a thankful appreciation of the many blessings he was still permitted to enjoy. In the year 1825 he lost his eldest daughter, after a lingering disease, which from the first rendered recovery not only hopeless, but almost to be deprecated. The following touching lines, which appeared shortly after in "Blackwood's Magazine," bear reference to that event: —

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er — in that long sigh she past —
The enfranchised spirit soars at last!

And now I gaze with tearless eye,
On what to view was agony.
That panting heart is tranquil now,
And heavenly calm that ruffled brow;
And those pale lips which feebly strove
To force one parting smile of love,
Retain it yet — soft, placid, mild,
As when it graced my living child.

Oh! I have watched with fondest care
 To see my opening floweret blow,
 And felt the joy which parents share,
 The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,
 And marked that tender flower decay,
 Not torn abruptly from the sight,
 But slowly, sadly, waste away.

The spoiler came, yet paused, as though
 So nigh a victim checked his arm,
 Half gave and half withheld the blow,
 As forced to strike, yet loth to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom
 The ceaseless canker-worm consume,
 And gazed on hopelessly;
 Till the mute suffering pictured there,
 Wrung from a father's lip a prayer;
 Oh, God! the prayer his child might die!
 Ay, from his lip — the rebel heart
 E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past — 'tis o'er,
 That gentle bosom throbs no more!
 The spirit's freed; — through realms of light
 Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight
 To other worlds, to happier skies —
 Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth;
 No mortal sound the voice which cries,
 "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

About this period (1826) Mr. Barham, in place of the miscellaneous and unconnected notes he was wont to throw together in any memorandum-book that came to hand, commenced a diary, which for some time he continued with considerable spirit and regularity: it is to be regretted that it was not carried through with equal care, the more so as the *hiatus* occurs the more frequently, and is of wider extent, during that portion of his life which was spent in constant and intimate intercourse with eminent men, of whom every record is valuable. We shall avail ourselves of such passages in his Journal as may seem to bear a general interest, without trespassing, it is to be hoped,

in the slightest degree upon that social confidence, which every man is bound in common honesty to preserve inviolate.

"July 26. — Dined with Lord W——, L——.

"Cannon, who was present, and in most entertaining mood, told, among other things, his story of a general officer, who, having passed many years of his life in India, was taken by a friend, on his return, to dine with their mutual relation. All parties being anxious to conciliate the nabob, who was rich, old, and a bachelor, every attention was shown him during dinner time. The General, however, either from paucity of ideas, or from his regards being riveted upon the good things before him, was invincibly taciturn.

"‘Pray, General,’ said a female cousin on his left, ‘how did you like India?’

"‘Hot, Ma’am,’ said the commander, scarcely raising his eyes from his basin of mulligatawney, — ‘hot, very hot!’

"Another pause ensued, which was broken by her brother on his right:

"‘General, we have heard much in England lately of the increase of Suttees in India; may I ask if the burning of an Hindoo widow ever came under your personal notice?’

"‘Widow! — burning! — Oh, ay, it was very hot, Sir, devilish hot, never so hot in my life!’

"An excellent curry had now engaged his attention, when the General was again addressed by a tall, thin, antiquarian-looking personage, from the lower end of the table.

"‘Pray, General, during the many years you spent in Asia, did duty or inclination ever carry you into the neighbourhood of the celebrated caves of Elephanta?’

"‘Elephanta! Oh, ah, Elephanta — the caves — of course. Why, Sir, it was very hot, devilish hot; hot all the time I was there; never was so hot in my life; Sir, it was as hot as h——!’

"This climax, delivered with the only spark of energy which the worthy officer had as yet exhibited, completely precluded any further attempt to engage him in conversation, and the

observant veteran was permitted to relapse into silence: several of the party, however, declared the next morning that they had derived much pleasure from their relation, the General's interesting description of the state of our Oriental empire.

"Repeated as much as I could recollect of the hand-bill respecting Cannon. The latter having gone off into the Isle of Wight with Vaughan, last Lent, without making any arrangement for the performance of his duty at St. George's, Hanover-square, a placard was, a few mornings after his arrival, affixed nearly opposite his window at the 'Bugle Horn' hotel, near the bottom of Ryde pier, to the following effect:—

‘STOLEN OR STRAYED.’

‘A Stout Black Horse, of the Punch breed. Face tan, with a brown mark under the nostrils, coat rough, with brown spots, aged, but has the teeth of a young one. Fore feet blacker than the hind. Is a little hard in the mouth, but gentle, having been ridden by a lady; goes a little lame on one leg, from having been ill-driven in a buggy, and *shies a Church bell*; supposed to have been carried off in Passion-week, by some itinerant musicians, who have been traced into Hampshire. Whoever will give information, &c.’”

“August 16th.—Received a letter from Blackwood, with a copy of numbers 115 and 116 of his Magazine, thanking me for ‘The Ghost, a Canterbury Tale,’ which appeared in the first of the two numbers, and which Mr. John Hughes (son of our Residentiary) had transmitted to him from me, informing him, at the same time, of the fact of their having appeared in sections, in three successive numbers of the ‘London Chronicle,’ just before that paper was merged in the ‘St. James’s Chronicle.’ Of this journal Dr. Johnson was the first editor, and I the last. The causes of its decline may be inferred.”

“November 26th.—Dined at Doctor Hughes’s. Sir Walter Scott had been there the day before: and the Dr. told me the following anecdote, which he had just heard from the ‘Great Unknown.’—A Scottish clergyman, whose name was not mentioned, had some years since been cited before the Ecclesiastical Assembly at Edinburgh, to answer to a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter

was employed by him to arrange his defence. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted, in a letter which was produced, that 'he considered Pontius Pilate to be a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all the *other nine apostles* put together.' The fact was proved, and suspension followed."

"1827. May 18th. — Henry S—— (of the Treasury), Canon, Tom Hill, Sir A. B——, and myself, went up to Twickenham by the steamboat; on the road we talked all sorts of nonsense, and laughed at everything, and everybody. A queer-looking old gentleman served especially to amuse S——, who took a delight in quizzing him.

"‘What is this bridge we’re coming to?’ asked the old gentleman of the skipper.

"‘Kew, Sir,’ returned the man.

"‘How dare you insult a respectable individual,’ cried S——, ‘by insinuating that he is a *Kew comer*?’

"One of the company asserting that he had seen a pike caught, which weighed thirty-six pounds, and was four feet in length,

"‘Had it been a sole,’ said Henry, ‘it would have surprised me less, as Shakspeare tells us,

All the *souls* that are, were *four feet* (forfeit) once.’"

"October 6th. — Mr. Attwood, who had set to music my lines entitled ‘Too Late,’ and published them in ‘The Harmonicon’ last year, gave me to-day some verses, written, on perusing them, by a lady, a friend of his."

The song in question, which we append, was elicited by an expression in a letter, from a dear and near relative. He was in the army, and had struggled on, many a weary year, unnoticed and a subaltern, happy, however, in the cheering companionship of an affectionate wife; at length the partner of his toils and hopes sank by the way, and was taken from him; then, in quick succession, came wealth, honours, promotion; but they had been "delayed till he was indifferent, and did not

care for them, till he was solitary, and could not impart them"
—in his own words, it was—

TOO LATE.

Too late! though flowerets around me blow
And clearing skies shine bright and fair;
Their genial warmth avails not now —
Thou art not here the beam to share.

Through many a dark and dreary day,
We journeyed on 'midst grief and gloom :
And now at length the cheering ray
Breaks forth, it only gilds thy tomb.

Our days of hope and youth are past,
Our short-lived joys for ever flown;
And now when Fortune smiles at last,
She finds me cheerless, chilled — alone!

Ah! no; too late the boon is given,
Alike the frowns and smiles of Fate;
The broken heart by sorrow riv'n,
But murmurs now, "Too late! Too late!"

About this time Mr. Barham found opportunities of renewing his acquaintance with one who, in many respects, was to be ranked among the most extraordinary men of his age, the late Mr. Theodore Hook. To say nothing of this gentleman's unequalled happiness in impromptu versification, conveying, as he not unfrequently did, a perfect epigram in every stanza—a talent, by the way, which sundry rivals have affected to consider mere knack, and one of whom still bears in his side the *lethalis arundo* of James Smith, for his bungling effort at imitation; to pass by that particular province of practical humour*

* Much as Mr. Barham, with all reasonable and right-thinking people, condemned this practice of playing practical jokes, there was something so original and irresistibly ludicrous in the positions brought about by Theodore Hook's humour, as to draw a smile from the most unbending. The only thing of the kind in which Mr. B. was ever personally engaged was as a boy at Canterbury, when, with a schoolfellow, now a gallant major, "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a Quakers' meeting-house: looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly, "Who-

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with which his name is so commonly associated, and in which he was *facile princeps*, Mr. Hook yet possessed depth and originality of mind, little dreamed of, probably, by those who were content to bask in the sunshine of his wit, and to gaze with wonder at the superficial talents which he exhibited at table, but sufficient, nevertheless, to place him far beyond the station of a mere sayer of good things, or "diner-out of the first water." To those indeed who have never been fortunate enough to witness those extraordinary displays, no description can convey even a faint idea of the brilliancy of his conversational powers, of the inexhaustible prodigality with which he showered around puns, bon mots, apt quotations, and every variety of anecdote; throwing life and humour into all by the exquisite adaptation of eye, tone, and gesture to his subject. His writings fail to impress one in any way commensurate with his society.

Of the few sketches of him that have been given in novels, not one can claim the merit of being more than a most shadowy resemblance. It needs a graphic skill, surpassing his own, to draw his portrait with any approach to correctness: indeed, it were well nigh as easy to depict on canvass the diamond's blaze, as to portray that intensity of genius, that dazzling vivacity of spirit which distinguished him even among the peers of intellect. Nowhere, perhaps, is failure more conspicuous than in the miserable and meagre attempt in "Coningsby." Not the faintest glow of humour, not one flash of wit, not an ebullition of merriment breaks forth from first to last; the author, in utter incapacity for the task, contents himself with simply observing, "Here Mr. Lucian Gay (the name under which Hook is introduced) was vastly amusing—there he made the table roar," &c., much in the manner of the provident artist, who, to obviate mistake, affixed the notice to his painting: "This is the

ever speaks first shall have this pie."—"Go thy way," commenced a drab-coloured gentleman, rising,— "go thy way, and"— "The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed D—, placing it before the astounded speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.

lion—this is the dog.” Of the moral portraiture, we will venture to say that it is as unjust as the material is weak. For a more accurate estimate of his character and position, and for an account of the main incidents of his life, we may refer the reader to an able, though not over indulgent article in “The Quarterly Review.”

As regards the great calamity (the defalcation at the Mauritius) which befell him in his youth, and which darkened the remainder of his career, shutting out hope, paralysing his best energies, and by consequence inducing much of that recklessness of living which served to embitter his privacy and hasten his end, it may almost be unnecessary to say, that one who continued to regard him with the feelings of affection which Mr. Barham entertained, must have had full reason for believing him free from every imputation save that of carelessness, not very inexcusable in one so young, so inexperienced, and, at the time, so constitutionally giddy.

The writer in the “Quarterly” observes, “Born in the same year with Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, he was their school-fellow at Harrow, but not in the same memorable form, nor do we see any trace of his having been personally acquainted with either of them, though he often alluded to the coincidence of dates with an obvious mixture of pride and regret—perhaps we ought to say remorse.” That he was not, however, altogether a stranger to one at least of these eminent individuals, may be seen from the following extract from the Diary before us:—

“Hook mentioned several anecdotes of his early life; among others, he said that the day on which he was first sent down to Harrow School, Lord Byron, who was there at the time, took him into the square, showed him a window at which Mrs. Drury was undressing, gave him a stone, and bid him ‘knock her eye out with it.’ Hook threw the stone, and broke the window. Next morning there was a great ‘row’ about it, and Byron coming up to him, said:

“‘Well, my fine fellow, you’ve done it! She had but one

eye (the truth), and it's gone!' Hook's *fun*k was indescribable.

"He said that my old friend Cecil Tattersall, whom he knew at Canterbury and at Christ Church, was at that time there. He was very intimate with Byron, and had the *soubriquet* of 'Punch Tattersall.'

"He spoke in the course of the evening of his two eldest daughters, of whom Mary, the senior, had just turned twenty-one; the name of the second was Louisa, and he designated them accordingly as 'Vingt-un' and 'Loo!' He read us a letter also from his eldest son, in India, who had just got his commission, there, at the age of seventeen. It was full of fun, and showed much of his father's talent, together with a great deal of good feeling. Hook gave me on this occasion the proofs of all he ever wrote of his last novel, 'Peregrine Bunce,' which I brought away with me."

The concluding chapters of this story, the design of which was, we believe, in the first instance, suggested by Mr. Barham, and which is founded on the matrimonial speculations of a common acquaintance, are, as is intimated by the writer before alluded to, by a different hand. The work itself, manifestly the weakest of Hook's productions, was written during the intervals allowed by increasing sickness, and labours under the additional disadvantages of never having undergone the author's revision, and of having the catastrophe wound up by one who could not have been in the secret of the plot. As was not unfrequently the case with Mr. Hook's writings, the earlier portions of this novel were forwarded to his friend for inspection, previous to publication; the following note accompanied the proofs of the second volume:—

"Monday.

"DEAR CARDINAL,—When you have run through 'Peregrine,' will you send him in *pacquet* to me at the Athenæum. I have no other 'document' wherewith to refresh my memory as to his progress. If you like it, put on it (a.); if you don't, put (b.);

if mediocre (T.). If none of these should express your opinion, I shall expect to see (D. B.) or (V. G.) as the case may be.

“Yours most truly, T. E. H.”

The address here refers to the senior cardinal's stall, a relic of the *ancien régime*, which Mr. Barham had for some time held in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Of what occurred, at that which appears to have been the the latter's first interview with his old companion after their separation at college, we have a somewhat detailed account:—

“November 6th.—Passed one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent at Lord ——'s. The company, beside the host and hostess, consisted of Mr. Cannon, Mr. C. Walpole, Mr. Hill, generally known as ‘Tom Hill,’ Theodore Hook, and myself. It was Hook's first visit there, and none of the party but myself, Cannon, and Hill, who were old friends of his, had ever seen him before. While at dinner, he began to be excessively amusing. The subject of conversation was an absurdly bombastic prologue, which had been given to C——, of D. L. T., to get by heart, as a hoax, beginning—

‘When first the drama's muse by freedom reared,
In Grecian splendour unadorned appeared,’ &c.

“Gattie, whose vanity is proverbial, was included in the joke. The stage-manager, who had the arranging of it, offered him also some equally ridiculous lines, which he said the author of the new comedy had written for himself, but that he had not sufficient nerve to deliver them.

“‘No man on the stage has such nerve as I,’ interrupted Gattie.

“‘Then it must be spoken in five characters; the dresses to be thrown off one after the other.’

“‘No performer can change his dress so quickly as I can,’ quoth Gattie.

“‘Then I am afraid of the French dialect and the Irish brogue.’

“‘I'm the only Frenchman and Irishman on the stage,’ roared Gattie.

"The hoax was complete, and poor Gattie sat up the whole night to learn the epilogue; went through three rehearsals with five dresses on, one over the other, as a Lady, a Dutchman, a Highlander, a Teague, and, lastly, as 'Monsieur Tonson come again.' All sorts of impediments were thrown in his way, such as sticking his breeches to his kilt, &c. The time at length arrived, when the stage-manager informed him with a long face, that Colman, the licenser, instigated, no doubt, by Mathews, who trembled for his reputation, had refused to license the epilogue: and poor Gattie, after waiting during the whole of the interlude, in hopes that the license might yet come down, was obliged to retire most reluctantly and disrobe.

"Hook took occasion from this story to repeat part of a prologue which he once spoke as an amateur, before a country audience, without one word being intelligible from the beginning to the end. He afterwards preached part of a sermon in the style of the Rev. ———, of Norwich, of whom he gave a very humorous account; not one sentence of the harangue could be understood, and yet you could not help, all through, straining your attention to catch the meaning. He then gave us many absurd particulars of the Berners-street hoax, which he admitted was contrived by himself and Henry H——, who was formerly contemporary with me at Brazenose, and whom I knew there, now a popular preacher. He also mentioned another of a similar character, but previous in point of time, of which he had been the sole originator. The object of it was a Quaker who lived in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Among other things brought to his house were the dresses of a punch and nine blue devils, and the body of a man from Lambeth bone-house, who had the day before been found drowned in the Thames.

"In the evening, after Lady ——— had sung 'I've been roaming,' Hook placed himself at the pianoforte, and gave a most extraordinary display of his powers, both as a musician and an improvisatore. His assumed object was to give a specimen of the burlettas formerly produced at Sadlers' Wells, and he went

through the whole of one which he composed upon the spot. He commenced with the tuning of the instruments, the prompter's bell, the rapping of the fiddlestick by the leader of the band, and the overture, till, the curtain being supposed to rise, he proceeded to describe:—

“The first scene.—A country village—cottage (O. P.)—church (P. S.) Large tree near wing. Bridge over a river occupying the centre of the background. Music.—Little men in red coats seen riding over bridge. Enter—Gaffer from cottage, to the symphony usually played on introducing old folks on such occasions. Gaffer, in recitative, intimates that he is aware that the purpose of the Squire in thus early

‘A crossing over the water,
Is to hunt not the stag, but my lovely daughter.

Sings a song and retires, to observe Squire's motions, expressing a determination to balk his intentions;

‘For a peasant's a man and a squire's no more,
And a father has feelings, though never so poor.’

‘Enter Squire with his train.—Grand chorus of huntsmen—‘Merry toned horn, Blythe is the morn,’ ‘Hark forward, away, Glorious day,’ ‘Bright Phœbus,’ ‘Aurora,’ &c., &c.

“The Squire dismisses all save Confidant, to whom, in recitative, he avows his design of carrying off the old man's daughter, then sings under her window. The casement up one pair of stairs opens. Susan appears at it, and sings—asking whether the voice which has been serenading her is that of her ‘true blue William, who on the seas,—is blown about by every breeze.’ The Squire hiding behind the tree she descends to satisfy herself; is accosted by him, and refuses his offer: he attempts force. The old man interferes, lectures the Squire, locks up his daughter, and exit (P. S.) Squire sings a song expressive of rage and his determination to obtain the girl, and exit (P. S.)

“Whistle—Scene changes with a slap.—Public-house door; sailors carousing, with long pig-tails, checked shirts, glazed hats, and blue trousers. Chorus—‘Jolly tars, Plough the

main,—Kiss the girls, Sea again.' William, in recitative, states that he has been 'With brave Rodney,' and has got 'Gold galore;' tells his messmates he has heard a land-lubber means to run away with his sweetheart, and asks their assistance. They promise it.

'Tip us your fin! We'll stick t'ye, my hearty,
And beat him! Haven't we beat Boneyparty?'

Solo, by William, 'Girl of my heart, Never part.' Chorus of sailors—'Shiver my timbers,' 'Smoke, and fire, d—n the Squire,' &c. &c. (Whistle—scene closes—slap.)

"Scene—the village as before. Enter Squire; reconnoitres in recitative; beckons on gipsies, headed by Confidant in red. Chorus of gipsies entering—'Hark! hark! Butchers' dogs bark! Bow, wow, wow. Not now, not now.' 'Silence, hush! Behind the bush. Hush, hush, hush.' 'Bow, wow, wow.' 'Hush, hush.' 'Bow, wow.' 'Hush! hush! hush!!' Enter Susan from cottage. Recitative,

'What can keep father so long at market?
The sun has set, although it's not quite dark yet.
— Butter and eggs,
— Weary legs,'

"Gipsies rush on and seize her; she screams; Squire comes forward. Recitative *affettuoso*—'She scornful, imploring, furious, frightened!' Squire offers to seize her; True Blue rushes down and interposes; Music *agitato*; Sailors in pig-tails beat off gipsies; Confidant runs up the tree; True Blue collars Squire. Enter Gaffer:—

'Hey-day! what's all this clatter;
William ashore?—why what's the matter?'

"William releases Squire, turns to Sue; she screams and runs to him; embrace; 'Lovely Sue; Own. True Blue;' faints; Gaffer goes for gin; she recovers, and refuses it; Gaffer winks, and drinks it himself; Squire, Recitative—'Never knew, about True Blue; constant Sue;' 'Devilish glad, here, my lad; what says dad?' William, recitative—'Thank ye, Squire; heart's

desire; roam no more; moored ashore.' Squire joins lovers—
 'Take her hand; house, and bit of land; my own ground;

'And for a portion here's two hundred pound!'

Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, and sailors with pig-tails;
 Solo, Susan—'Constant Sue; own True Blue.' Chorus; Solo,
 William—'Dearest wife, laid up for life.' Chorus; Solo,
 Squire—'Happy lovers, truth discovers.' Chorus; Solo, Gaffer—
 'Curtain draws, your applause.' Grand chorus; huntsmen,
 gipsies, sailors in pig-tails; William and Susan in centre;
 Gaffer (O. P.), Squire (P. S.), retires singing,

'Blythe and gay—Hark away!
 Merry, merry May
 Bill and Susan's wedding day.'

Such is a brief sketch, or skeleton, thrown together from memory, of one of those extemporaneous melo-dramas with which Hook, when in the vein, would keep his audience in convulsions for the best part of an hour. Perhaps, had his *improvisating* powers been restricted to that particular class of composition, the impromptu might have been questioned; but he more generally took for subjects of his drollery the company present, never succeeding better than when he had been kept in ignorance of the names of those he was about to meet; but, at all times, the facility with which he wrought in what had occurred at table, and the points he made bearing upon circumstances impossible to have been foreseen, afforded sufficient proof that the whole was unpremeditated. Neither in this, nor in any other of his conversational triumphs, was there anything of trickery or effort. No abruptness was apparent in the introduction of an anecdote; no eager looking for an opportunity to fire off a pun, and no anxiety touching the fate of what he had said. In fact, he had none of the artifice of the professional wit about him, and none of that assumption and caprice which minor 'Lions' exhibit so liberally to their admirers. It may be fairly said, as he knew no rival, so he has left no successor:

"Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Thomas Hill — Origin of the American Sea Serpent — A Paradox — Charades — History of a Literary Adventurer — Young Norval — Cannon and Theodore Hook — Literary Fund — Portrait of Sir John Soane — Epigram — Hoax of Theodore Hook's Martha the Gipsy — Hook at Lord Melville's trial — The Dowager Peereesses, and Cardinal Wolsey.

It can be hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Mr. Hill mentioned in the preceding chapter, is the Mr. Hull of "Gilbert Gurney," and also that this good-humoured and good-hearted, albeit somewhat inquisitive personage, furnished the idea of Mr. Poole's admirable "Paul Pry." "Pooh pooh! he must happen to know that." It may not, however, be so generally known that to his spirit of inquiry was owing the discovery of the celebrated American sea serpent. He was in the constant habit of visiting Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane, at his room in the theatre, and the latter soon found, to his surprise, that much that fell from him in conversation relating to the receipts, &c., of "the house," together with portions that he might have communicated of his American correspondence, appeared the following morning in one of the papers.

"When I discovered this, Sir," said Price, "I gave my friend a lie a day;" and accordingly the public were soon treated with the most extraordinary specimens of Transatlantic intelligence; among the rest, with the first falling in with the body of the sea monster, somewhere about the Bermudas, and the subsequent appearance of his tail, some hundred miles to the north-east.

"Well, my dear boy," used to exclaim the credulous visitor, on entering the manager's sanctum, "any news; any fresh letters from America?"

"Why, Sir," would reply Price, with the utmost gravity, "I have been just reading an extract, sent under cover, from Captain Lobcock's log; they've seen, Sir, that d—d long sea-serpent again; they came upon his head off Cape Clear, Sir."

And so the hoax continued, till the proprietors of the journal which was made the vehicle for these interesting accounts, finding they were not received with the most implicit faith, unkindly put a stop to any further insertions of the kind.

T: recur to the Diary:—

"Nov. 18. — Coming home in the evening from the Chapel Royal, where I had been doing duty, I overtook in the Strand two lads, having much the appearance of linendrapers' shopmen and endeavouring to smoke certain abominations under the semblance of cigars; both of them very tipsy. The obliquity of their motions, which resembled that sort of progress called by sailors 'tack and half tack,' rendered it difficult to pass them, and while thus kept, half voluntary, half compulsory, following in their wake, I heard the following conundrum put by the shorter one to his friend.

"'I say, Tom, do you know where that place is in the world where two friends, let them be ever so intimate, as good friends as you and me, Tom, can't be half-an-hour together without quarrelling? Now that is a *paradox* for you!'

"'A what? a Paradise?'

"'No, you fool, a *paradox*.'

"'A paradox is it? very well, and what's that?'

"'What, don't you know what a *paradox* is? Why, a paradox is a—what a fool you must be not to know what's a paradox; it's a sort of—oh, it's no good talking to a chap that don't know what a paradox is!'

"Here the speaker relapsed into an indignant silence, which he maintained till I was obliged to pass them, and I remain to this hour as ignorant of the meaning, or rather solution (for meaning it may have none) of the conundrum as his antiparadoxical ally."

Mr Barham, perhaps, was more fortunate in the weaving

than in the disentangling knots of this description. We will venture to subjoin a couple of specimens from the same page:—

CHARADE.

My first on a schoolboy, your bounty bestows,
Though 'tis commonly seen at the end of his nose;
My second you'll say, when my whole you explore,
Which once upon two legs walked proud at Mysore,
Now in town, less majestic, it capers on four.

Ans.—“Tippoo,” an Italian greyhound.

ENIGMA.

To be called by my name you would highly disdain,
Though with titles of honour I rank in the list;
By law and by custom I single remain,
Though unless I am double I cannot exist.

Ans. “A Fellow.”

On his first arrival in London, Mr. Barham had become acquainted with a young man named G——, who may be remembered as moving some years ago in respectable literary circles; he was possessed of considerable intellectual attainments, a prepossessing appearance, and very pleasing manners. The history of his career, detailed in the following extract, is not without interest, presenting, as it does, the melancholy spectacle of one endowed with high gifts, all blighted and rendered barren through want of principle.

“Dec. 2. — Dined with Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. * * * Had some conversation with him respecting W. G——, late editor of ‘The Literary Museum,’ whom I knew well, when he filled that situation. He was a tall, slight, gentlemanly young man; rather, but not offensively dandified, and with abilities and information which might have made him anything he chose to be. He was, I found, on comparing notes with Price, an American by birth, and at the age of seventeen had committed a forgery on a person of high respectability at Philadelphia. He was detected, but pardoned by the gentleman whom he had attempted to defraud, on account of his youth,

and out of regard to his family, but on the express condition that he should leave the country. G—— went, at first, no further than New York, where Mr. Price was then practising at the American Bar. The latter received a letter from the gentleman alluded to, requesting him to call on the young man, and either compel him to quit America forthwith, or send him back in custody to Philadelphia. This commission Price executed to the letter, allowing him four days for departure, and G—— sailing for England, landed at Plymouth. Here he was for a short time in the company of Mr. Foote, then manager of the Plymouth Theatre, and father to the (subsequently) celebrated Miss Foote, of Covent Garden Theatre, to whose Juliet, I have heard him say, he played Romeo; he also performed the part of Frederick in 'The School of Reform,' she playing the heroine. With Miss Foote he was, according to his own account, much 'smitten' at the time, and to this early attachment was owing several of his rhyming effusions later in life; one I recollect ran the round of the newspapers, and was attributed to others, but I have heard G—— claim it; the only verse I can call to mind runs:—

'Had I the land that's in the Strand,—
Gentles, I beg your pardon,—
I'd give each Foot, and more to boot,
For one of Covent Garden.'

"An opportunity occurring for a literary engagement in London, G—— came to town, when he distinguished himself as a contributor to the magazines and other periodicals. It was about this time I first knew him. A gentleman with whom he had become acquainted in the course of business, had, I understood, taken a great fancy to him, had sent him for a while to Cambridge, and at his death bequeathed him an annuity of 300*l*. This, however, was soon disposed of, and the sum raised was, according to some accounts, lost in speculation, while others said it was spent in debauchery—of this I know nothing; the only reason I ever had for suspecting he was of a dissipated turn, was an account he himself once gave me, when we met

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accidentally — that a young woman had that evening called at his lodgings in a hackney-coach, and (I think on his declining to see her) had cut her throat on the spot. She was not dead at the time he mentioned this, and the result I never learned. The nature of this circumstance, and the want of feeling exhibited in the recital, were, of course, sufficient to check any favourable opinion I might have formed of him, and to replace our acquaintance on the most distant footing.

“When Mr. Price first came to London, with the view of taking a lease of Drury Lane Theatre, he was walking one evening with a friend in the lobby of that house, when he met G——, but without recognising him; the latter, however, watched his opportunity, and drawing him aside, inquired if he did not recollect him.

“‘Why, Sir,’ said Price, ‘I have certainly seen you before, but where, and under what circumstances, I cannot at present call to mind; the impression I feel, however, respecting you, is a painful one; and it strikes me that either in my professional capacity, or otherwise, I have seen you involved in some disgrace.’

“G—— did not hesitate to prompt a memory, which further reflection might render less treacherous, but avowed himself at once, adding that he was now prospering, and filling a respectable situation in the world, and begging Price not to betray that they had ever met before. This Price promised. Some short time after, the latter was called to dine with Mr. R——, to whom he had been recently introduced; G—— was also asked for the same day, and had unhesitatingly accepted the invitation, but happening afterwards to hear that he would meet his countryman, Mr. Price, he at once recollected ‘a previous engagement at Chelsea,’ and that in so marked a manner, that his friend perceived it was a strong disinclination to meet the person he had just named which occasioned his retracting. He of course said no more to G——; but having a very slight acquaintance at the time with Mr. Price, actually went to a mu-

tual friend to ask 'if he were quite sure of Mr. Price's respectability, as G—— evidently would not meet him.'

"The real state of the case he did not learn for a long time after, when G——, having run through all he possessed or could borrow, drew several forged bills on Mr. C. Knight, Mr. Whitaker, &c., and absconded with the money. He succeeded in returning to America, and there became sub-editor of a periodical paper, when a quarrel arising between him and a young man at a dinner party, G—— struck him; a challenge was the consequence, and the assailant being shot through the body at the first fire, died almost immediately. This happened in the autumn of 1827."

"March 18, 1828.—Lord ——, Sir A. B——, Theodore Hook, Stephen Price, and Cannon dined here. Cannon told a story of a manager at a country theatre, who, having given out the play of 'Douglas,' found the whole entertainment nearly put to a stop, by the arrest of 'Young Norval' as he was entering the theatre. In this dilemma, no other performer of the company being able to take the part, he dressed up a tall, gawkey lad who snuffed the candles, in a plaid and philabeg, and pushing him on the stage, advanced himself to the footlights, with the book in his hand, and addressed the audience with, 'Ladies and Gentlemen—

This young gentleman's name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
His father feeds his flock, a frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son (this young gentleman) at home.
For this young gentleman had heard,' &c.

And so on through the whole of the play, much to the delectation of the audience.*

"In the evening Hook went to the piano, and played and sang a long extempore song, principally levelled against Cannon, who had gone up earlier than the rest, and fallen asleep on the

* In this anecdote, which rests on the authority of a celebrated singer, who told it to Cannon as having been herself present at the representation, will be recognised the subject of one of the late Mr. Mathews's most successful scenes; it was introduced by him in his "Comic Annual" for 1831.

sofa in the drawing-room. Sir A. B——, who now met the former for the first time, expressed a wish to witness more of his talent as an improvisatore, and gave him Sir Christopher Wren* as a subject, on which he immediately commenced and sang, without a moment's hesitation, twenty or thirty stanzas to a different air, all replete with humour.

"March 23. — Dined at Sir A. B——'s, who was summoned away to attend the King. * * * In the meantime an unpleasant altercation took place between Cannon and Hook, owing to an allusion, somewhat ill-timed, made by the former to 'treasury defaulters.' This circumstance interrupted the harmony of the evening, and threw a damp upon the party. Hook made but one pun: on Walpole's remarking that, of two paintings mentioned, one was 'a shade above the other in point of merit,' he replied, 'I presume you mean to say it was a *shade over* (*chef d'œuvre*).'

"May 14. — Acted as one of the stewards to the Literary Fund dinner. Fitzgerald, *the poet*, spouted as usual, and broke down. Cannon observed 'Poeta nascitur non *Fitz*. I beg his pardon, I am afraid I am wrong in a letter.' "

Of the admirable institution alluded to in the foregoing memorandum, Mr. Barham remained for many years an active and influential member. The sphere of its beneficence, and the peculiar delicacy with which its assistance was administered, were sufficient to enlist his best energies in its cause. Throughout the lengthened period, during which he continued on the council, scarcely a meeting was held at which he was not present. Many a bereaved family, ignorant perhaps of the existence of this society, or of the mode of making application to it, many an author of education and talent, too sensitive to appeal to vulgar charity, or to whom such degradation would be ruin, has owed timely, and it may be invaluable, relief to his patient investigation and strenuous advocacy.†

* Mr. Barham's house was situated in St. Paul's Churchyard.

† Having been instrumental, on one occasion, in obtaining a donation of thirty pounds for a distressed author, he resolved to make a *detour* on his way

The general conduct of this association has ever been beyond suspicion; it is hardly possible, however, but that a board composed of mere mortal committee-men should be open to occasional imposture from without, or should at times exhibit some slight tendency towards partiality within. These cases, *rari nantes*, seldom escaped Mr. Barham's vigilance; but the tact and good humour with which he resisted any unwise or inappropriate application of the funds of the society, never left any visible ill-feeling in the hearts of his opponents.

One trifling *fracas* may yet be held in memory by many of our readers. A portrait of Sir John Soane was presented to the society by that admirable artist, Mr. Maclise, but the original, not deeming that his fair proportions had been treated with sufficient tenderness, peremptorily demanded its surrender, promising to replace it with a much handsomer, and *ergo* more correct representation by Sir Thomas Lawrence. During the somewhat lengthened discussion which ensued, a certain member of the council, remarkable not more for his literary talent than for his social kindness and love of peace, put an end to all contention by entering the committee-room, and cutting the caricature of Sir John (as the latter chose to term it) into pieces with his penknife. The following "Lament" appeared a few days afterwards in the "John Bull":—

(Dr. T. loquitur.)

Ochone! ochone!

For the portrait of Soane,

J——! you ought to have let it alone!

home, and inform the poor man of the succour that had been awarded him. He found the applicant in an upper room, without an article of furniture: there was no fire in the grate, but in one corner about as many coals as—to use his expression—"would fill a pint pot." The wife was sitting on an inverted tub, nursing a dying child, and one great source of regret appeared to be that the poor infant would expire without the rite of baptism. This anxiety was removed by Mr. Barham on the instant, who immediately proceeded to administer that sacrament. The child died on the following day; but the parents were restored by the society's bounty to the comforts of life, and subsequently enabled to regain their position in society.

Don't you see that instead of removing the bone
 Of contention, the apple of discord you've thrown?
 One general moan,
 Like a tragedy groan,
 Burst forth when the picturecide deed became known.
 When the story got "blown,"
 From the Thames to the Rhone,
 Folks ran, calling for ether and eau de Cologne,
 All shocked at the want of discretion you've shown.
 If your heart's not of stone,
 You will quickly atone.
 The best way to do that's to ask Mr. RONE-
 Y to sew up the slits; the committee, you'll own,
 When it's once stitch'd together, must see that it's SOANE.*

"September 6.—Called at Hook's on my return from the Isle of Thanet. * * * * A Mr. E—— came in, an Irish barrister, rich and stingy, from whom Hook afterwards told me he had taken his character of Gervase Skinner, in the third series of 'Sayings and Doings.' He told us an amusing story of his going down to Worcester, to see his brother, the dean, with Henry H—— (his companion in many of his frolics). They arrived separately at the coach, and taking their places in the inside, opposite to each other, pretended to be strangers. After some time they began to hoax their fellow-travellers—the one affecting to see a great many things not to be seen, the other confirming it and admiring them.

"‘What a beautiful house that on the hill!’ cried H——, when no house was near the spot; ‘it must command a most magnificent prospect from the elevation on which it stands.’

"‘Why, yes,’ returned Hook, ‘the view must be extensive enough, but I cannot think those windows in good taste; to run out bay windows in a Gothic front, in my opinion, ruins the effect of the whole building.’

"‘Ah! that is the new proprietor’s doings,’ was the reply, ‘they were not there when the Marquis had possession.’ Here one of their companions interfered; he had been stretching his neck for some time, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the mansion in question, and now asked,

* Qy. Sewn? — Print. Dev.

“‘Pray, Sir, what house do you mean? I don’t see any.’

“‘That, Sir, with the turrets and large bay windows on the hill,’ said Hook, with profound gravity, pointing to a thick wood.

“‘Dear me,’ returned the old gentleman, bobbing about to catch the desired object, ‘I can’t see it for those confounded trees.’

“The old gentleman, luckily for them, proved an indefatigable asker of questions, and the answers he received, of course, added much to his stock of genuine information.

“‘Pray, Sir, do you happen to know to whom that house belongs?’ inquired he, pointing to a magnificent mansion and handsome park in the distance.

“‘That, Sir,’ replied Hook, ‘is Womberly Hall, the seat of Sir Abraham Hume, which he won at billiards from the Bishop of Bath and Wells.’

“‘You don’t say so!’ cried the old gentleman, in pious horror, and taking out his pocket-book, begged his informant to repeat the name of the seat, which he readily did, and it was entered accordingly—the old gentleman shaking his head gravely the while, and bewailing the profligacy of an age in which dignitaries of the Church encouraged gambling to so alarming an extent.

“The frequency of the remarks, however, made by the associates on objects which the eyesight of no one else was good enough to take in, began at length to excite some suspicion, and Hook’s bursting suddenly into a rapturous exclamation at ‘the magnificent burst of the ocean’ in the midst of an inland country—a Wiltshire farmer who had been for some time staring alternately at them and the window, thrust out his head, and after reconnoitering for a couple of minutes, drew it in again, and looking full in the face of the sea-gazer, exclaimed with considerable emphasis,

“‘Well, now, then, I’m d—d if I think you can see the ocean, as you call it, for all you pretends,’—and continued very sulky all the rest of the way”

Mr. Hook has been accused of a tolerably strong leaning to superstition; one instance in particular is given by Mrs. Mathews, in the memoirs of her husband, of the ludicrous advantage taken by the latter of this weakness, for the purpose of turning the tables on his former tormentor. The writer also in "The Quarterly," alludes to indications of a similar feeling apparent in the diary to which he had access; but for these concurrent testimonies, we might be apt to refer the following statement to that love of mystification in which this singular being was so profound an adept. Mr. Barham, however, always believed it to have been in perfect accordance with his creed; and certainly the circumstances of the story in question, supported, as they are, by most respectable authority, have more than common claims on the attention of the sceptical.

"As we passed down Great Russell-street, Hook paused on arriving at Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, and, pointing to the north-west corner, nearly opposite the house (the second from the corner), in which he himself was born, observed,

" 'There, by that lamp-post, stood Martha, the gipsy! '*

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'I know that is the spot on which you *make* her stand.'

" 'It is the spot,' rejoined Hook, seriously, 'on which she actually did stand;' and he went on to say, that he entertained no doubt whatever as to the truth of the story; that he had simply given the narrative as he had it from one who was an eye-witness to the catastrophe, and was present when the extraordinary noise was heard on the evening previous to the gentleman's decease. He added, that he was intimately acquainted with the individual who had experienced the effects of Martha's malediction, and whose name he mentioned. He said, further, that he had merely heightened the first accident, which had been but a simple fracture of the leg, occasioned by his starting at the sight of the gipsy, and so slipping off the curb-stone, but that in all other main incidents he had adhered strictly to fact."

* Vide First Series of "Sayings and Doings."

With his vivid imagination, and strong passion for the marvellous, it is not to be altogether wondered at, if Mr. Barham himself appeared a little disposed to give credence to the existence of things undreamed of in our philosophy. He seemed at times to endeavour to persuade himself into credulity, much in the way that some people strive to convict themselves of a bodily ailment. He loved, as it were, to lull reason to sleep for a while, and leave an uninterrupted field for the wildest vagaries of fancy. Unlike poor Lady Cork, whose enjoyment of "her murders" sensibly declined, he never lost his relish for a "good ghost story;" nothing delighted him more than to listen to one of those "true histories," properly fitted with the regular complement of names, dates, and locale, attested by "living witnesses of unblemished reputation," and hedged in on all sides by circumstantial evidence of the most incontrovertible nature; one, in short, of those logical *cul de sacs*, which afford no exit, but by unceremoniously kicking down the opposing barrier. It was Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who was thus driven to extricate himself from a similar dilemma, when, on being asked "how he accounted" for some strange tale he had related, on no less authority than that of his own grandmother, he was forced to reply, after some deliberation, "Aiblins my grandmither was an awfu' leear."

We shall conclude this chapter, which brings us to the close of the year 1828, with one more instance of Mr. Theodore Hook's innate love of hoaxing:—

"December 8.—Hook called, and in the course of conversation gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said,—

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?"

"Those, Ma'am," returned Theodore, 'are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior Peers always come first.'

“‘Thank you, Sir, much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear! (turning to a girl about fourteen) tell Jane (about ten), those are the Barons of England, and the Juniors (that’s the youngest, you know) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home.’

“‘Dear me, Ma!’ said Louisa, ‘can that gentleman be one of the *youngest*? I am sure he looks very old.’

“‘Human nature,’ added Hook, ‘could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax.’

“‘And pray, Sir,’ continued the lady, ‘what gentlemen are these?’ pointing to the Bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz., the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctors’ robes.

“‘Gentlemen, Madam!’ said Hook, ‘these are not gentlemen; these are ladies, elderly ladies—the Dowager Peeresses in their own right.’

“The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, ‘Are you quizzing me or no?’ Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered,—

“‘Louisa, dear, the gentleman *says* that these are elderly ladies and Dowager Peeresses in their own right. Tell Jane not to forget that.’

“All went on smoothly, till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes.

“‘Pray, Sir,’ said she, ‘and who is that fine-looking person opposite?’

“‘That, Madam,’ was the answer, ‘is Cardinal Wolsey!’

“‘No, Sir!’ cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, ‘we know a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year!’

“‘No such thing, my dear Madam, I assure you,’ replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural,

‘it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in fact; those rascally newspapers will say anything.’

“The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*; seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.”

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Hughes and “My Cousin Nicholas”—Mr. Barham’s Correspondence—
“The University we’ve Got in Town”—“Hint to King’s College”—Singular
Dream—Ghost Stories.

THE name of Hughes is so well known among those conversant with the lives of modern authors, and is so nearly associated with many of the most successful productions of Mr. Barham’s pen, that little apology can be needed for introducing to the public the friendship it was his happiness to form with members of that family. His duties at St. Paul’s were necessarily the means of bringing him under the frequent observation of the late Dr. Hughes, Canon Residentiary of that cathedral: of the comparative intimacy which ensued, and of the many acts of kindness, being mostly of a professional character, which he received at his hands, it is unnecessary further to allude. Not so as regards his intercourse with the son and widow of that excellent and amiable man.

It would be impertinent to dwell here upon the many virtues and accomplishments of the individuals upon whose privacy we thus venture to intrude. It is enough to say, Mr. Barham had ample means of estimating, and ample cause for remembering them. To pass by, then, the obvious advantage and gratification naturally accruing from the society of friends so gifted and

so zealous, we come to speak of those literary obligations more immediately connected with the object in view.

To Mrs. Hughes, more especially, the correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and other ornaments of the age, Mr. Barham was indebted, not only for a large proportion of the legendary lore, which forms the groundwork of the "Ingoldsby" effusions, but also for the application of a stimulus, that induced him to complete many papers, which diffidence, or that aptitude, previously spoken of, to turn aside at the faintest suspicion of "a lion in the way," would have left unattempted or unfinished. The distich, inscribed in a copy of the "Ingoldsby Legends," presented to the lady in question, implies no more than the actual fact: —

"To Mrs. Hughes, who *made me do 'em*,
Quod placeo est — si placeo — tuum."

To her activity, indeed, the publication of "My Cousin Nicholas"* was mainly owing. The MS., which had been laid aside in an imperfect state for some years, being placed in her hands, so favourable was her opinion of its merits, that, acting "with a friendly vigour beyond the law," she submitted it forthwith to the inspection of Mr. Blackwood; the first intimation the author received of the circumstance, being the appearance of the introductory chapters in the pages of that gentleman's magazine. Retreat was of course impossible; the difficulties, if difficulties there were, were speedily surmounted, and the catastrophe worked up in a manner which certainly brought no discredit on the earlier portions of the work.

Thanks are due to the same kind friend for much of the material of the present volume, which, in a great measure, owes its existence to the lively interest she has ever exhibited in

* In one of his letters to this lady, he observes of Nicholas, "Whatever his demerits may be, they must in fairness rest at your door, since you certainly, if you did not absolutely call him into life, prevented his being overlaid in his *première jeunesse*; but for your fostering care he had expired long since of laziness and indigestion."

The work was afterwards published with additions, in three volumes, by Mr. Bentley, and has lately been reprinted by him in "The Standard Novels."

everything concerning Mr. Barham and his family. Of the letters, which it was his privilege to address to this lady, we are enabled to lay before our readers such specimens as seem best suited to convey a notion of that happy temperament with which he was endowed, and that almost involuntary flow of humour which distinguished his conversation and correspondence, not less than his more elaborate efforts.

“TO MRS. HUGHES.

“April 15, 1828.

“MY DEAR MADAM,—Nothing has afforded me greater regret than that, though I called three times at the deanery, I missed seeing Doctor Hughes on his visit. I had a story of an old acquaintance of his (as I believe), Bishop G. Beresford, which I think would have amused him, but it must rest *altâ mente repôstum* (I make no apology for *being learned to you*), till I have the pleasure of seeing him in the autumn. I have little news to tell you, except that Mrs. —, the *auctoneeress*, if there be such a word, is likely to die, and that the sorrowing widower, *in posse*, is said to have already made arrangements to take the beautiful (Oh! that I could add prudent) Miss Foote, as her successor. He, at least, says green-room scandal, wears a watch riband she has given him, as the decoration of a military order; while others add, that though the gentleman is unquestionably anxious to become a ‘Knight Companion,’ the lady is still ‘Grand Cross.’

“I enclose a set of rhymes, as yet in a chrysalis state; should ‘John Bull’ get hold of them, after they have thrown off the grub, I am afraid they are too well adapted for his purpose for him to refrain from appropriating what is now a mere embryo.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY; OR, STINKOMALEE TRIUMPHANS.

AN ODE TO BE PERFORMED ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW COLLEGE OF GRAPTON STREET EAST.

WHEN’ER with pitying eye I view,
Each operative sot in town,
I smile to think how wondrous few
Get drunk who study at the U-

niversity we’ve Got in town,
niversity we’ve Got in town.

What precious fools "The People" grew,
 Their *alma mater* not in town;
 The "useful classes" hardly knew
 Four was composed of two and two,
 Until they learned it at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

But now they're taught by JOSEPH HU-
 ME, by far the cleverest Scot in town,
 Their *items* and their *tottles* too;
 Each may dissect his sister Sue,
 From his instructions at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Then L——— comes, like him how few
 Can caper and can trot in town,
 In *pirouette* or *pas de deux*—
 He beats the famed *Monsieur Giroux*,
 And teaches dancing at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

And GILCHRIST, see, that great Gentoo-
 Professor, has a lot in town
 Of Cockney boys, who fag Hindoo,
 And *larn Jem-nasties* at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town

SAM R—— corpse of vampire hue,
 Comes from his grave, to rot in town;
 For Bays the dead bard's crowned with Yew,
 And chaunts, the Pleasures of the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

FRANK JEFFREY, of the Scotch Review,—
 Whom MOORE had nearly shot in town,—
 Now, with his pamphlet stitched in blue
 And yellow, d—ns the other two,
 But lauds the ever-glorious U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

* Great BRIBBICK, king of chips and glue,
 Who paper oft does blot in town,
 From the Mechanics' Institu-
 tion, comes to prate of wedge and screw,
 Lever and axle at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

* Stanzas 8, 9, 12, 13, were added in the copy which subsequently appeared
 in the "John Bull."

LORD WAITMAN, who long since withdrew
 From Mansion House to cot in town;
 Adorn'd with chair of ormolu,
 All darkly grand, like Prince Lee Boo,
 Lectures on *Free Trade* at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Fat F——, with his coat of blue,
 Who speeches makes so hot in town,
 In rhetoric, spells his lectures through,
 And sounds the V for W,
 The way *they speak* it at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Then H—x comes, who late at New-
 gate-market, sweetest spot in town!
 Instead of one clerk popped in two,
 To make a place for his ne-phew,
 Seeking another at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

There's Captain Ross, a traveller true,
 Has just presented, what in town-
 's an article of great *virtu*,
 (The telescope he once peep'd through,
 And 'spied an Esquimaux canoe
 On Croker Mountains), to the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Since MICHAEL gives no roast nor stew,
 Where Whigs might eat and plot in town,
 And swill his port, and mischief brew—
 Poor CREEVY sips his water gru-
 el as the beadle of the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

There's JERRY BENTHAM and his crew,
 Names ne'er to be forgot in town,
 In swarms like Banquo's long is-sue—
 Turk, Papist, Infidel, and Jew,
 Come trooping on to join the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

To crown the whole with triple queue—
 Another such there's not in town,
 Twitching his restless nose askew,

MEMOIR OF

Behold tremendous HARRY BROUGH-
AM! Law Professor at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.
niversity we've Got in town.

Grand chorus:

Huzza! huzza! for HARRY BROUGH-
AM! Law Professor at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

"I have room for no more than to say that I am most sin-
cerely and truly yours, R. H. B."

As a *pendant* to the above may be subjoined the following hint
to a rival establishment:—

ON THE WINDOWS OF KING'S COLLEGE REMAINING BOARDED.

Loquitur Discipulus Euricens.

PROFESSORS, in your plan there seems
A something not quite right:
'Tis queer to cherish learning's beams,
By shutting out the light.

While thus we see your windows block'd,
If nobody complains;
Yet everybody must be shock'd,
To see you don't take pains.

And tell me why should bodily
Succumb to mental meat?

Or why should *ῥῆα, βῆρα, κτ.*,
Be all the pie we eat?

No *helluo librorum* I,
No literary glutton,
Would veal with Virgil like to try,
With metaphysics, mutton.

Leave us no longer in the lurch,
With Romans, Greeks, and Hindoos:
But give us beef as well as birch,
And board us—not your windows.

The following note contains an acknowledgment of one of
those beguiling Berkshire delicacies so fraught with peril to the
inexperienced or unwary:—

"TO MRS. HUGHES.

"St. Paul's Churchyard, Jan. 5, 1830.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I know not how to thank you; 'rude I am in speech and manner;' never till this hour tasted I such a dainty!

"But young Norval never had such a 'pig's head'* to be thankful for: it is truly delicious, almost too much so, indeed, for it tempted me last night to do what I very seldom do, and never ought to do — viz., eat a hearty supper: the consequence was, that I 'dreamt of the d—l, and awoke in a fright:'—

Methought I was seated at church,
 With Wellington acting as clerk,
 And there in a pew,
 Was Rothschild the Jew
 Dancing a jig with Judge Park:
 Lady Morgan sat playing the organ
 While behind the vestry door,
 Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
 From the lips of Hannah More

"In short, I cannot tell you half the vagaries I was carried through, at least within any moderate compass in a letter, but

* A similar present from the same quarter elicited the narration of a touching incident in early life. "It reminded me," writes Mr. Barham, "of what passed between myself and Dr. Willmott's little daughter, many years ago; I accompanied the little body, a fine, intelligent, and, as I thought, too *sentimental* child of nine years old, out into the poultry-yard, to look at her 'dear little chicks,' during the awkward half-hour before dinner. We were great friends; and after introducing me to the 'grey hen who was *cluck*,' and to the 'bantams,' and to the 'everlasting layers,' I was at length ushered to the pig-stye to look at her 'own dear little pig,' whom she 'loved so much.' All due commendation was of course lavished on my side upon such a *pet*; and when we took leave of the little brute, whose eyes really seemed to look gratefully towards its too partial mistress, the young lady concluded her *au revoir* with 'Bless you, dear little piggy! how pretty you are! and how nice you will be when we come to eat you!' It was impossible to doubt the probability of the prophecy; but, however I might revere her as a sage, the young lady sank to zero as a sentimentalist. After all, this *nouvelle Heloise* was right, perhaps, and only working out her great namesake's problem,

'What *pork* we doat on, when 'tis *pigs* we love.'

R²

I mean to put as much of it down as I can call to remembrance, and, following the example of Mr. Bottom, the weaver, get some good-natured Peter Quince to 'make a ballad of it,' and 'it shall be called Barham's dream,' not because 'it hath no bottom,' but because it proceeded from a pig's head, a metaphor in which Mrs. B. sometimes speaks of mine, when, more than usually persevering, I resist unto the death some measure which I consider wrong and she right, or *vice versa*, as the case may be. Let me not forget to add, however, that in the present instance she is to the full as much inclined to be pig-headed as myself, and begs me to join her thanks to my own. * * * * I know of no other private news; the public, I think, notwithstanding the cloud in the Irish horizon, is more favourable than it has been; the necessity of repressing the mob seems now to be so universally felt, that no danger exists any longer from that source. O'Connell, I understand, waited on Lord Anglesea before he left town, and told him that as he had received personal marks of attention from him when last in Ireland, he thought it right and fair to call and say that he was now going over, with a determination to agitate the country, and that he begged Lord A. to believe, that, while he felt it his duty to oppose the Government in every possible way, yet personally he felt a great respect for his lordship.

"The peer was quite as civil and to the full as open as the commoner. He replied that he thanked Mr. O'C. for his candour; that he, too, was uninfluenced by motives of personal opposition to that gentleman, but that he was going over with a firm determination to repress agitation, *coûte qui coûte*, and that, if the boundaries laid down by law were once overstepped, he would embody a special commission instantly, and hang every agitator in his power. My informant adds that O'Connell retired very much crest-fallen, and seemed to think himself that he had taken nothing by his motion. Lord A. is quite the man to do the thing if he has the opportunity.

"And now, my dear Madam, &c., most faithfully and truly yours,
R. H. BARHAM."

To recur to the diary. About this time there is an entry containing two stories of the supernatural order, the latter of which was furnished by Mrs. Hughes. To this lady's extensive acquaintance with "the curiosities" of county history, as we have said, Mr. Barham was frequently indebted for the subject of his poetical legends, the manner in which she herself delivered these "undoubted facts" leaving little room for embellishment within the limits of prose. For some reason the following was never incorporated with the Ingoldsby revelations, and we give it accordingly much in the way in which it fell from the lips of the original narrator.

The anecdote which serves as an introduction, rests on the authority of an intimate friend, who had it from the veracious dreamer of dreams himself.

"Sept., 1829. — A Mr. Philipps stated to my friend W——, that, about the year 1805, he awoke one night in some perturbation, having dreamt that he had been sentenced to be hanged, when the agony of his situation roused him at the very moment they were in the act of pinioning his arms in the press-yard. Heartily pleased at finding it but a dream, he turned and fell asleep again, when precisely the same scene was repeated, with the addition that he now reached the foot of the gallows, and was preparing to mount, before he awoke. The crowd, the fatal tree, the hangman, the cord, all were represented to him with a frightful distinctness, and the impression on his mind was so vivid that he got out of bed and perambulated the room for some minutes before he could reconcile himself to the attempt at seeking rest on his pillow again.

"He was a long while before he could close his eyes, but towards morning he fell into a perturbed slumber, in which precisely the same tragedy was acted over again: he was led up to the scaffold, placed upon the drop, the rope was fitted to his neck by the executioner, whose features he distinctly recognised as those of the man whom he had seen in his former vision; the cap was drawn over his face, and he felt the trap giving way beneath his feet, when he once more awoke as in the very act

of suffocation, with a loud scream that was heard by a person sleeping in a neighbouring apartment.

“Going to sleep again was now out of the question, and Mr. Philipps described himself as rising and dressing, though it was then hardly daybreak, in a state of the greatest possible nervous excitement. Indeed, so strong a hold had this dream—so singularly repeated—taken upon his imagination, that he found it almost impossible to shake off the unpleasant feeling to which it gave rise, and had almost resolved to send an excuse to a gentleman with whom he had engaged to breakfast, when the reflection that he must, by so doing, defer the settlement of important business, and all on account of a dream, struck him as so very pusillanimous a transaction, that he determined to keep his appointment.

“He might, however, as well have stayed away, for his thoughts were so abstracted from the matter they met to discuss, and his manner was altogether so *distrail*, that his friend could not fail to remark it, and abruptly closed the business by an abrupt inquiry if he was not unwell. The hesitation and confusion exhibited in his answer drew forth other questions, and the matter terminated in Mr. Philipps fairly confessing to his old acquaintance the unpleasant impression made upon his mind, and its origin. The latter, who possessed good-nature as well as good sense, did not attempt to use any unwarrantable raillery, but endeavoured to divert his attention to other subjects, and, their meal being concluded, proposed a walk. To this Mr. P. willingly acceded, and, having strolled through the parks, they at length reached the house of the latter, where they went in. Several letters had arrived by that morning’s post, and were lying on the table, which were soon opened and read. The last which Mr. Philipps took up was addressed to him by an old friend. It commenced:—

“‘Dear Philipps,—You will laugh at me for my pains, but I cannot help feeling uneasy about you; do pray write and let me know how you are going on. It is exceedingly absurd, but I really cannot shake off from my recollection an unpleasant dream I had last night, in which I thought I saw you *hanged*’—

"The letter fell from the reader's hand; all his scarcely-recovered equanimity vanished; nor was it till some weeks had elapsed that he had quite recovered his former serenity of mind.

"It is unfortunate for the lovers of the marvellous that five-and-twenty years have now elapsed, and Mr. P. has not yet come under the hands of Jack Ketch: I suppose we must take it, *'Exceptio probat regulam.'*

"A story, with much more of the supernatural about it, was related to me by Mrs. Hughes the other day, which is, I think, one of the best authenticated ghost stories in existence. It was narrated to her by Mrs. H——, wife of Captain H——, and ran to the following effect:—

"Captain and Mrs. H—— were driving into Portsmouth one afternoon, when a Mr. ——, who had recently been appointed to a situation in the dockyard there, made a third in their chaise, being on his way to take possession of his post. As the vehicle passed the end of one of the narrow lanes which abound in the town, the latter gentleman, who had for some little time been more grave and silent than usual, broke through the reserve, which had drawn a remark from the lady, and gave the following reason for his taciturnity:—

"‘It was,’ said he, ‘the recollection of the lane we have just passed, and of a very singular circumstance which occurred to me at a house in it some eighteen years ago, which occupied my thoughts at the moment, and which, as we are old friends, and I know you will not laugh at me, I will repeat to you.

"‘At the period alluded to, I had arrived in the town for the purpose of joining a ship, in which I was about to proceed on a mercantile speculation in which I was then engaged. On inquiry I found that the vessel had not come round from the Downs, but was expected every hour. The most unpleasant part of the business was, that two or three king’s ships had just been paid off in the harbour, a county election was going on, and the town was filled with people waiting to occupy berths in an outward-bound fleet, which a contrary wind had for some days prevented from sailing. This combination of events, of

course, made Portsmouth very full and very disagreeable. To me it was particularly annoying, as I was a stranger in the place, and every respectable hotel was quite full. After wandering half over the town without success, I at length happened to inquire at a tolerably decent-looking public house, situate in the lane alluded to, where a very civil, though a very cross-looking landlady, at length made me happy by the intelligence that she would take me in, if I did not mind sleeping in a double-bedded room. I certainly did object to a fellow-lodger, and so I told her; but, as I coupled the objection with an offer to pay handsomely for both beds, though I should only occupy one of them, our bargain was settled, and I took possession of my apartment.

“When I retired for the night, I naturally examined both the beds, one of which had on a very decent counterpane, the other being covered with a patchwork quilt, coarse, but clean enough. The former I selected for my own use, placed my portmanteau by its side, and having, as I thought, carefully locked the door, to keep out intruders, undressed, jumped beneath the clothes, and fell fast asleep.

“I had slept, I suppose, an hour or more, when I was awakened by a noise in the lane below, but being convinced that it was merely occasioned by the breaking-up of a jolly party, I was turning round to recompose myself, when I perceived, by the light of the moon, which shone brightly into the room, that the bed opposite was occupied by a man, having the appearance of a sailor; he was only partially undressed, having his trousers on, and what appeared, as well as I could make it out, to be a Belcher handkerchief, tied round his head, by way of a night-cap. His position was half-sitting, half-reclining, on the outside of the bed, and he seemed to be fast asleep.

“I was, of course, very angry that the landlady should have broken her covenant with me, and let another person into the room, and at first felt half disposed to desire the intruder to withdraw, but as the man was quiet, and I had no particular wish to spend the rest of the night in an altercation, I thought

it wiser to let it alone till the morning, when I determined to give my worthy hostess a good jobation for her want of faith. After watching him for some time, and seeing that my chum maintained the same posture, though he could not be aware that I was awake, I reclosed my eyes, and once more fell asleep.

“It was broad daylight when I awoke in the morning, and the sun was shining full in through the window. My slumbering friend, apparently, had never moved, for there he was still, half-sitting, half-lying on the quilt, and I had a fair opportunity of observing his features, which, though of a dark complexion, were not ill-favoured, and were set off by a pair of bushy black whiskers, that would have done honour to a rabbi. What surprised me most, however, was, that I could now plainly perceive that what I had taken in the moonlight for a red handkerchief on his forehead, was in reality a white one, but quite saturated in parts with a crimson fluid, which trickled down his left cheek, and seemed to have run upon the pillow.

“At the moment the question occurred to me how could the stranger have procured admission into the room, as I saw but one door, and that I felt pretty confident I had myself locked in the inside, while I was quite positive my gentleman had not been in the chamber when I retired to bed.

“I got out and walked to the door, which was in the centre of one side of the room, nearly half way between the two beds, and as I approached it, one of the curtains interposed for a moment, so as to conceal my unknown companion from my view. I found the door, as I had supposed it to have been, fastened, with the key in the lock, just as I had left it; and, not a little surprised at the circumstance, I now walked across to the farther bed, to get an explanation from my comrade, when, to my astonishment, he was nowhere to be seen. Scarcely an instant before, I had observed him stretched in the same position which he had all along maintained, and it was difficult to conceive how he had managed to make his exit so instantaneously, as it were, without my having perceived or heard him. I, in consequence, commenced a pretty close examination of the wainscot near the

head of the bed, having first satisfied myself that he was neither concealed under it nor by the curtain. No door nor aperture of any kind was to be discovered, and, as the rawness of the morning air began by this time to give me a tolerably strong hint that it was time to dress, I put on the rest of my clothes, not, however, without occasionally pausing to muse on the sailor's extraordinary conduct.

"I was the first person up in the house; a slipshod, ambiguous being, however, in whom were united all the various qualities and functions of 'boots,' chambermaid, waiter, and potboy, soon made its appearance, and yawning most terrifically, began to place a few cinders, &c., in a grate not much cleaner than its own face and hands, preparatory to the kindling a fire. From this combination I endeavoured to extract some information respecting my nocturnal visitor, but in vain; it 'knew nothing of no sailors,' and I was compelled to postpone my inquiries till the appearance of the mistress, who descended in due time.

"After greeting her with all the civility I could muster, no great amount by the way, as my anger was in abeyance only, not extinct, I proceeded to inquire for my bill, telling her that I certainly should not take breakfast, nor do anything more 'for the good of the house' after her breach of promise respecting the privacy of my sleeping-room. The good lady met me at once with a 'Marry come up,' a faint flush came over her cheek, her little grey eyes twinkled, and her whole countenance gained in animation what it lost in placidity. 'What did I mean? I had bespoke the whole room, and I had had the whole room, and though she said it, there was not a more comfortable room in all Portsmouth; she might have let the spare bed five times over, and had refused, because of my fancy; did I think to *bilk* her? and called myself a gentleman she supposed!'

"I easily stopped the torrent of an eloquence that would have soon gone near to overwhelm me, by depositing a guinea (about a fourth more than her whole demand) upon the bar, and was glad to relinquish the offensive for the defensive. It

was, therefore, with a most quaker-like mildness of expostulation that I rejoined, that, certainly, I had not to complain of any actual inconvenience from the vicinity of my fellow-lodger, but that, having agreed to pay double for the indulgence of my whim, if such she was pleased to call it, I, of course, expected the conditions to be observed on the other side; but I was now convinced that it had been violated without her privity, and that some of her people had doubtless introduced the man into the room, in ignorance, probably, of our understanding.

“‘What man?’ retorted she briskly, but in a much more mollified tone than before the golden peace-maker had met her sight. ‘There was nobody in your room, unless you let them in yourself; had you not the key, and did not I hear you lock the door after you?’

“‘That I admitted to be true; nevertheless,’ added I, taking up my portmanteau, and half turning to depart, as if I were firing a last stern chaser at an enemy which I did not care longer to engage, ‘there certainly was a man—a sailor—in my room last night, though I know no more how he got in or out than I do where he got his broken head, or his unconscionable whiskers.’

“‘My foot was on the threshold as I ended, that I might escape the discharge of a reply which I foreboded would not be couched in the politest of terms. But it did not come, and as I threw back a parting glance at my fair foe, I could not help being struck with the very different expression of her features from that which I had anticipated. Her attitude and whole appearance was as if the miracle of Pygmalion had been reversed, and a living lady had been suddenly changed into a statue; her eyes were fixed, her cheek pale, her mouth half open, while the fingers, which had been on the point of closing on the guinea, seemed arrested in the very act.

“‘I hesitated, and at length a single word, uttered distinctly, but lowly, and as if breathlessly spoken, fell upon my ear; it was ‘WHISKERS!’

“‘Ay, *whiskers*,’ I replied, ‘I never saw so splendid a pair in my life.’

“‘And a broken — for Heaven’s sake come back one moment,’ said the lady, whom I now perceived to be labouring under no common degree of agitation.

“‘Of course I complied, marvelling not a little that a word, which though, according to Mr. Shandy, it once excited a powerful commotion in the Court of Navarre, is usually very harmless in our latitudes, should produce so astounding an effect on the sensorium of a Portsmouth landlady.

“‘Let me intreat you, Sir,’ said my hostess, ‘to tell me, without disguise, who and what you saw in your bedroom last night?’

“‘No one, Madam,’ was my answer, ‘but the sailor of whose intrusion I before complained, and who, I presume, took refuge there from some drunken fray, to sleep off the effects of his liquor, as, though evidently a good deal knocked about, he did not appear to be very sensible of his condition.’

“‘An earnest request to describe his person followed, which I did to the best of my recollection, dwelling particularly on the wounded temple and the remarkable whiskers, which formed, as it were, a perfect fringe to his face.

“‘Then Lord have mercy upon me!’ said the woman, in accents of mingled terror and distress, ‘it’s all true, and the house is ruined for ever!’

“‘So singular a declaration only whetted my already excited curiosity, and the landlady, who now seemed anxious to make a friend of me, soon satisfied my inquiries in a few words, which left an impression no time will ever efface.

“‘After entreating and obtaining a promise of secrecy, she informed me that, on the third evening previous to my arrival, a party of sailors, from one of the vessels which were paying off in the harbour, were drinking in her house, when a quarrel ensued between them and some marines belonging to another ship. The dispute at length arose to a great height, and blows were interchanged. The landlady, in vain, endeavoured to in-

terfere, till at length a heavy blow, struck with the edge of a pewter pot, lighting upon the temple of a stout young fellow, of five-and-twenty, who was one of the most active on the side of the sailors, brought him to the ground, senseless, and covered with blood. He never spoke again, but, although his friends immediately conveyed him up stairs, and placed him on the bed, endeavouring to staunch the blood, and doing all in their power to save him, he breathed his last in a few minutes.

“‘In order to hush up a circumstance which could hardly fail, if known, to bring all parties concerned ‘into trouble,’ the old woman admitted that she had consented to the body’s being buried in the garden, where it was interred the same night by two of his comrades. The man having been just discharged, it was calculated that no inquiry after him was likely to take place; but, then, sir,’ cried the landlady, wringing her hands, ‘it’s all of no use. Foul deeds will rise, and I shall never dare to put any body into your room again, for there it was he was carried; they took off his jacket and waistcoat, and tied his wound up with a handkerchief, but they never could stop the bleeding till all was over, and, as sure as you are standing there a living man, he is come back to trouble us, for if he had been sitting to you for his picture, you could not have painted him more accurately than you have done.’

“‘Startling as this hypothesis of the old woman’s was, I could substitute no better, and as the prosecution of the inquiry must have necessarily operated to delay my voyage, and, perhaps, involve me in difficulties, without answering, as far as I could see, any good end, I walked quietly, though certainly not quite at my ease, down to the Point, and my ship arriving in the course of the afternoon, I went immediately on board, set sail, the following morning, for the Mediterranean, and though I have been many years in England since, have never again set foot in Portsmouth from that hour to this.’

“Thus ended Mr. ———’s narrative.

“The next day the whole party set out to reconnoitre the present appearance of the house, but some difficulty was expe-

rienced, at first, in identifying it, the sign having been taken down, and the building converted into a greengrocer's shop about five years before. A dissenting chapel had been built on the site of the garden, but nothing was said by their informant of any skeleton having been found while digging for the foundation, nor did Mr. — think it advisable to push any inquiries on the subject. The old landlady, he found, had been dead several years, and the public-house had passed into other hands before the withdrawal of the license, and its subsequent conversion to the present purposes."

Another singular tradition, also "well authenticated," of the appearance of a wraith, or death-fetch, current in her family, is entered as thus told by the same lady: —

"Nov. 1882. — At the death of her father, Miss B—— * inherited, among other possessions, the home farm called Compton Marsh, which remained in her own occupation, under the management of a bailiff. This man, named John —, was engaged to be married to a good-looking girl, to whom he had long been attached, and who superintended the dairy.

"One morning, Miss R——, who had adopted masculine habits, was going out with her greyhounds, accompanied by a female friend, and called at the farm. Both the ladies were struck by the paleness and agitation evinced by the dairymaid. Thinking some lovers' quarrel might have taken place, the visitors questioned her strictly respecting the cause of her evident distress, and at length, with great difficulty, prevailed upon her to disclose it.

"She said that, on the night preceding, she had gone to bed at her usual hour, and had fallen asleep, when she was awakened by a noise in her room. Rousing herself, she sat up-right, and listened. The noise was not repeated, but between herself and the window, in the clear moonlight, she saw John standing within a foot of the bed, and so near to her, that, by stretching out her hand, she could have touched him. She called out immediately, and ordered him peremptorily to leave

* An intimate friend of an ancestor of the narrator.

the room. He remained motionless, looking at her with a sad countenance, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, bade her not be alarmed, as the only purpose of his visit was to inform her that he should not survive that day six weeks, naming, at the same time, two o'clock as the hour of his decease. As he ceased speaking, she perceived the figure gradually fading, and growing fainter in the moonlight, till, without appearing to move away, it grew indistinct in its outline, and finally was lost to sight.

"Much alarmed, she rose and dressed herself, but found everything still quiet in the house, and the door locked in the inside as usual. She did not return to bed, but had prudence enough to say nothing of what she had seen, either to John, or to any one else. Miss R—— commended her silence, advising her to adhere to it, on the ground that these kinds of prophecies sometimes bring their own completion along with them.

"The time slipped away, and, notwithstanding her unaffected incredulity, Miss R—— could not forbear, on the morning of the day specified, riding down to the farm, where she found the girl uncommonly cheerful, having had no return of her vision, and her lover remaining still in full health. He was gone, she told the ladies, to Wantage market, with a load of cheese which he had to dispose of, and was expected back in a couple of hours. Miss R—— went on and pursued her favourite amusement of coursing; she had killed a hare, and was returning to the house with her companion, when they saw a female, whom they at once recognised as the dairymaid, running with great swiftness up the avenue which led to the mansion.

"They both immediately put their horses to their speed, Miss R—— exclaiming, 'Good God! something has gone wrong at the farm!' The presentiment was verified. John had returned, looking pale and complaining of fatigue, and soon after went to his own room, saying he should lie down for half an hour, while the men were at dinner. He did so, but not returning at the time mentioned, the girl went to call him, and found him lying dead on his own bed. He had been seized with an aneurism of the heart."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Frost and the Medico-Botanico Society — His Interview with the Dukes of Wellington and — — The Rev. Sydney Smith — His Sketch for a Novel — Anecdote of Townsend, the Bow Street Officer — Anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott—Dominie Sampson—Review of "Old Mortality"—Death of Mr. Barham's Son —Letters to Mrs. Hughes — "Summer Hill"—"Tom D—— and Fraser"—West Kent Election—Sidney Smith — A Receipt for Salad—Letters—George IV. and the Turnpike.

Diary continued.

JAN., 1830. — All the papers of this date were full of the quarrel between the Medico-Botanico Society and its Director. as he was called, and founder, Mr. John Frost, a gentleman equally remarkable for his modest assurance and that high estimate he had formed of his own pretensions, on what many persons thought singularly insufficient grounds. The Royal Society, as a body, were unquestionably of this opinion, as on his name being submitted to the ballot, he was almost unanimously black-balled. His perseverance, however, in beating up for recruits for his favourite Society, was unparalleled. It was his custom to run about with a highly ornamented album to every distinguished person, British or Foreign, to whom he could by any possibility introduce himself, inform them that they were elected honorary members of the Medico-Botanico Society, and give a flourishing account of its merits: and as one of the rules required that a member should write his own name in their book, Mr. F. procured by these means a valuable collection of autographs.

"The best of the joke was, that, having written to several foreign princes through the medium of their ambassadors, and

under Lord Aberdeen's government franks, procured through the interest of Lord Stanhope, the president and head of the Society (for the high-sounding office of Director was, in fact, that of Secretary), he contrived to get no less than a dozen potentates of various grades to consent to their enrolment, and to acknowledge the compliment. Two, indeed, of them, the Emperor of the Brazils was one, went so far as to enclose the insignia of one of their minor orders, addressed to 'the Director,' as they had never heard of any higher officer, and these Jacky Frost, as he was commonly called, lost no time in mounting upon his coat, much to the annoyance of Lord Stanhope and the rest of the body.

"It was determined, in consequence, to get rid of Mr. Frost, by doing away with the office of Director altogether; the orders, however, and the album he could not be induced to part with. His honours after all were dearly purchased, as the Royal Humane Society, thinking, perhaps, that it was sadly *infra dig.* for a chevalier, with two crosses on his breast, to be holding the bellows to the nose of every chimney-sweeper picked out of the Serpentine, dismissed him from the employment he held under them, whereby he lost 200*l.* a-year and a good house in Bridge-street.

"Among the cool stratagems which he occasionally made use of, to procure signatures to his book, was one which he played off on the Duke of Wellington, which, had it not been vouched for by Mr. W——, F.R.S., I should hardly have credited. Having failed in repeated attempts to get with his quarto into Apsley House, he heard by good luck that his Grace, then Commander-in-chief, was about to hold a levee of general officers. Away posted Jacky to a masquerade warehouse—hired a Lieutenant-general's uniform, under cover of which he succeeded in establishing himself fairly in the Duke's ante-room, among thirteen or fourteen first-rate 'Directors' of stratagetics.

"Everybody stared at a general whom nobody knew, and at length an aide-de-camp, addressing him, politely requested to know his name

“‘What general shall I have the honour of announcing to his Grace?’

“‘My name is Frost, Sir.’

“‘Frost, General Frost! I beg your pardon, but I really do not recollect to have heard that name before!’

“‘Oh, Sir, I am no general, I have merely put on this costume, as I understood I could not obtain access to his Grace without it; I am the Director of the Medico-Botanico Society, and have come to inform his Grace that he has been elected a member, and to get his signature.’

“‘Then, Sir, I must tell you that you have taken a most improper method and opportunity of so doing, and I insist upon your withdrawing immediately.’

“Jacky, however, was too good a general to capitulate on the first summons, and he stoutly kept his ground, notwithstanding a council of war at once began to deliberate on the comparative eligibility of kicking him into the street, or giving him in charge to a constable. Luckily for him the aide-de-camp thought his Grace had a right to a voice in the matter, as the offence was committed in his own house. On the business, however, being mentioned to him, the hero of Waterloo, not choosing perhaps to risk the laurels he had won from Napoleon in a domestic encounter with so redoubtable a champion, said, ‘Let the fellow in,’ cut short Jacky’s oration by writing his name hastily in the book, and gave the sign ‘to show him out again;’ it was doubtful, however, whether any other sanctuary than the house he was in would have sheltered him from the indignation of the *militaires* in waiting, at the sight of, what they considered, a degradation of the national uniform.

“Quite as amusing was this gentleman’s interview with the Duke of —. The ‘Director’ easily got his Grace’s consent to be elected a member, and the book was produced for his signature. The latter took up a pen, and commenced ‘*Du—*,’ when he was interrupted by his visitor,

“‘No, I beg pardon, it is your Grace’s title we require, written by your own hand.’

" 'Well, my title is Duke of —, is it not?'

" 'Yes, your Grace, undoubtedly, but your signature merely — the way in which your Grace usually signs.' — Here the Dutchess interfered, and — was soon written, in a large German-text, school-boy hand, the '*Du*' having been previously expunged by a side wipe of his Grace's forefinger. Mr. Frost bowed, pocketed the subscription, pronounced all to be *en règle*, congratulated his noble friend on having become a brother Medico-Botanico, and quitted Stratton-street in high glee.

"Not long afterwards it was his good fortune again to encounter his Grace, on some public occasion. Of course he paid his respects, and equally of course the Duke inquired of 'Mr. *Thingumee*,' as he called him, how that 'medical thing' that he belonged to went on.

" 'Exceedingly prosperous, indeed, my Lord Duke,' was the answer; 'we are increasing both in numbers and respectability every day; I have got twelve Sovereigns down since the commencement of the present year.'

" 'Oh, if you have only got twelve *sovereigns* in all that time, I don't think you are getting on so very fast; you know I gave you *five guineas* of them myself.' "

In the autumn of 1831, the appointment of Mr. Sidney Smith to one of the canonries of St. Paul's proved the means of introducing Mr. Barham to the society of this distinguished individual, and circumstances led afterwards to a pretty frequent correspondence between them, chiefly, indeed, bearing reference to matters of business, but abounding, on the part of the latter, with instances of that decided spirit and peculiar humour inseparable from his writings and conversation. Differing, as they did, in political opinion, not less than in the character and subject-matter of their wit, there was, nevertheless, a sufficient appreciation of each other to induce a greater degree of intimacy than their relative positions might have called for. The first appearance of Mr. Smith at the cathedral, for the purpose of taking possession of his stall, is thus briefly noted:—

"Oct. 2, 1831. — Rev. Sidney Smith read himself in as Resi-

dentiary of St. Paul's; dined with him afterwards at Dr. Hughes's. He mentioned having once half offended Sam Rogers by recommending him, when he sat for his picture, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face in his hat."

No one at all familiar with the writings of this extraordinary person, can fail to have remarked the professional turn his wit is apt to take. In his adoption, indeed, of the phraseology and structure of sentences commonly employed upon solemn subjects, he is perhaps too dexterous, occasionally trembling on the very verge of propriety; while his frequent, and, as must be admitted, his irresistibly ludicrous allusions to the technicalities with which he was concerned, leave the most distinctive traces upon every subject he undertakes. In his *bon mots* this peculiarity is equally noticeable, most of those on record bearing some reference, more or less, to clerical matters. Perhaps no better illustration of this uniform flow of ideas can be adduced, than a description of an interview, furnished by himself, with a well-known fashionable publisher.

He said that the gentleman in question called upon him with an introduction from a certain literary baronet, and after hinting a condolence on his recent losses in the American funds, proposed, probably by way of repairing them, the production of a novel in three volumes.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Smith, after some seeming consideration, "if I do so I can't travel out of my own line, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*; I must have an archdeacon for my hero, to fall in love with the pew-opener, with the clerk for a confidant—tyrannical interference of the churchwardens—clandestine correspondence concealed under the hassocks—appeal to the parishioners, &c. &c."

"All that, Sir," said Mr. —, "I would not presume to interfere with; I would leave it entirely to your own inventive genius."

"Well, Sir, returned the canon with urbanity, "I am not prepared to come to terms at present, but if ever I do undertake such a work, you shall certainly have the refusal."*

* To this may be added the advice he is said to have given to the Bishop o

His pertinent question to a French *savant*, at H—— House, deserves mention, as a favourable specimen of conversational adroitness. The gentleman in question, not, perhaps, in the best possible taste, had been indulging, both before and during dinner, in a variety of freethinking speculations, and ended by avowing himself a materialist.

“Very good soup this,” said Mr. Smith.

“*Oui, Monsieur, c’est excellente.*”

“Pray, Sir, do you believe in a *cook*?”

“Cannon called in the morning, and told us an adventure of his with Townsend, the Bow-street officer, at Brighton. A little Jew boy had been plaguing him the day before to buy pencils, saying that he had a sick mother, thirteen brothers and sisters, and that his father was dead, &c.; Cannon gave him a trifle, but desired him not to bother him again; the next day, however, the little Israelite attacked him as before, when he called to Townsend, standing on the Steyne, and told him not to be rough with the lad, but to prevent his continuing to annoy him.

“Townsend commenced a regular examination of the youth. ‘Do you know Mr. Goldsmith? Do you know Houndsditch?’ &c., till he made Cannon open his eyes by asking, ‘When were you last at Purim?’

“The boy’s answer was satisfactory, and when he was dismissed Cannon turned to the officer and inquired how *he* came to know anything about the Jewish festivals.

“‘Why God *bleesh* you,’ says Townsend, ‘Purim’s one of these rascals’ Grand Feasts; the High Priest wets his thumb, and the fellows fall a knocking as if they was all at Bartle-my fair. Why, *bleesh* your soul! there was a Queen Easter, you know, once, and if it had not ha’ been for her all these scamps would

New Zealand, previous to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on the side-board. “And as for myself, my Lord,” he concluded, “all I can say is, that when your new parishioners do eat you, I sincerely hope you will disagree with them.” Of Dean C—— he said, his only adequate punishment would be, to be preached to death by wild curates.

have been hanged altogether. Now you know how I respect 'The Establishment,' so you won't be offended at what I am going to say, which is this — you remember these *Smouches* are said to be 'whited sepulchres,' well enough to look at outside, but good for nothing within — well, so they continues to be to this very day — and I'm blessed if you'll find any lead in that chap's pencils.' — The illustration proved perfectly correct."

"Oct., 1831.—Sir Walter Scott came to town and visited Dr. Hughes, is much sunk in spirits, but still retains gleams of his former humour, and he told, with almost his usual glee, the story of a placed minister, near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said: — 'Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark: or aiblins ye may think it was a sammon; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae sammon; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin.'

"Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out, 'Aiblins, Sir, it was a dunter.' (The vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast.)

"'Aiblins, Madam, ye're an auld witch for taking the word o' God out of my mouth,' was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

"Mr. L——, late chaplain to the archbishop, dined there, and, in a conversation which ensued, mentioned his having, in a late tour, fallen in with the original Dominie Sampson. This gentleman was a Mr. Thompson, the son of a placed minister of Melrose, and himself in orders, though without a manse. He had lived for many years a chaplain in Sir Walter's family, and was tutor to his children, who used to take advantage of his absence of mind, to open the window while he was lecturing, get quietly out of it, and go to play, a circumstance he would rarely perceive. Sir Walter had many opportunities of procuring him a benefice, but never dared avail himself of them, satisfied that his absence of mind would only bring him into

scrapes, if placed in a responsible situation. Mr. T. was once very nearly summoned before the Synod for reading the 'visitation of the sick' service from our Liturgy, to a poor man confined to his bed by illness."

To authors' oaths, as well as to those of lovers, Jove, it is to be hoped, is particularly indulgent; for, assuredly, whatever amount of affirmative perjury may be perpetrated by the latter, it is to the full paralleled by the ample negations put forth by the former. The remarkable instance of Southey has recently been made public, whose attempt to hoax Theodore Hook, as regards the authorship of "The Doctor,"* had well nigh recoiled upon himself. But, perhaps, a greater degree of "nerve" is exhibited by Mr. Sidney Smith, who positively denying all connexion with the "Plymley Letters" in one edition, actually publishes them in a collection of his acknowledged works some few months after. The mystery that hung so long around the Wizard of the North is yet more notorious; the following anecdote may serve to show the anxiety of the "Great Unknown" to preserve his incognito.

"Feb. 11. — Dined with Sir George W——r. John Murray, the publisher, who was present, told me that Sir Walter Scott, on being taxed by him, as the author of 'Old Mortality,' not only denied having written it, but added, 'In order to convince you that I am not the author, I will review the book for you in 'The Quarterly,' — which he actually did, and Murray still has the MS. in his handwriting."

July, 1832, brought with it a sudden and severe check to Mr. Barham's domestic happiness: his second son was smitten by the cholera, then raging fearfully in London. The peculiar phenomena of this dreadful disease were developed in all their horrors in the case in question. Within the short space of four-and-twenty hours was compressed the sad succession of events,

* At Mr. Hook's death, a packet of letters was found addressed to him, as the author of "The Doctor," and acknowledging presentation copies — one from Southey among the rest. They had been forwarded from the publisher, and were intended, it is presumed, if they were intended for anything, as a trap for Hook's vanity.

embracing health, sickness, death, and burial; while less than half that time was sufficient to work so fearful a change in the features and expression of the sufferer, that, in the words of his bereaved father, "none but a parent could have recognised his identity." — "The suddenness of the blow," he goes on to say, "was stunning: but a few hours before the question had been, whether we should take him with us to the theatre; and now they asked me about his funeral, his immediate interment. God's hand pressed, indeed, heavily upon me, and I fear my heart was not right towards him, even when I said 'his will be done.'"

From the publication of "My Cousin Nicholas" in Blackwood, to the establishment of Bentley's Miscellany in 1837, nothing worthy of note in the way of literature engaged Mr. Barham's attention. His election to the chaplaincy of the Vintner's Company, during this interval, added not a little to his professional duties, involving, as it did, a weekly visit to the Company's alms-houses, at Mile End, where, besides the performance of Divine Service, the little and sometimes large differences, incidental to a colony of twelve elderly ladies, afforded ample employment for the morning. This post enabled him to appreciate the worth and charitable feeling of bodies of men, whom it is too much the fashion to hold up to ridicule, if not opprobrium. That the "love of the turtle," indeed, is rife in the land, may be admitted; that the "rage of the vulture" has been thereby excited is also a matter of notoriety; but to the justice and liberality with which many of these civic charities are administered he could bear ample testimony; that, so far from appropriating to private indulgence moneys committed to their charge for especial purposes, the present guardians have made considerable addition to these funds, and have been withheld from doing more, solely from an apprehension of having the management of their bounty transferred to other hands, and applied to indifferent objects, were also facts that came under his personal observation.

During this period his leisure was mainly directed to the preservation of genealogical and archæological inquiries, and

more especially to the acquiring a knowledge of the various early editions of the Bible, in whole and in parts. He subsequently conceived the design, in which, by the liberal aid of the Chapter, he was enabled to make considerable progress, of restoring and re-arranging the valuable library of St. Paul's. That his labours met with due encouragement, may be seen from the following characteristic note from one of that body:—

“April, 6, 1844.

“DEAR BARHAM,—I send this order for 20*l*. — a sum which, with your care and discretion, will soon raise the library of St. Paul's to a level with that of Alexandria in ancient times; I don't mean its level after combustion, but before.

‘Yours, truly,

SIDNEY SMITH.”

Meanwhile, he was not altogether unmindful of the Muse, but occasionally enlivened his friends and the public with “pieces didactic, descriptive,” &c., as circumstances might call forth. Of these the “rough copy” was usually forwarded to his kind friend at Kingston Lisle.

“TO MRS. HUGHES.

“St. Paul's Churchyard July 27, 1833.

“MY DEAR MADAM, — Here we are at last, once more returned to the immediate vicinity of the ‘Wren's Nest,’ where I am happy to find that all things have gone on tolerably smoothly in the main, and order has once more sprung out of confusion. * * * The children, of course, miss their fields and gardens very much at present; and I own I should not myself have been grieved at being able to run about a little longer among the groves of Summer Hill, which I think I described to you as the seat of Charles the Second, and since of Mr. James Alexander, East India Director, and immediately adjoining our grounds. As you encourage me to bestow all my tediousness on your worship, I shall make no apology for enclosing a copy of ‘an effusion’ which burst from a heart overflowing with nonsense when I quitted it, for the last time, on my return to the ‘Wells:’ will it do for another number of ‘Family Poetry?’”

ODE ON A NEARER PROSPECT OF SUMMER HILL.

O Summer Hill! if thou wert mine,
 I'd order in a pipe of wine,
 And ask a dozen friends to dine.
 In faith, I would not spare the guineas,
 But send for Pag and other ninies,
 Flutes, hautboys, fiddles, pipes, and tabors,
 Hussars with moustaches and sabres,
 Quadrilles, and that grand waltz of Weber's,
 And give a dance to all my neighbours;
 And here I'd sit and quaff my fill
 Among the trees of Summer Hill.
 Then with bland eye careering slowly,
 O'er bush-crowned ridge and valley lowly;
 I'd drain the cup to thee, old Rowley!
 To thee, and to thy courtly train,
 Once tenants of thy fair domain:
 Soft Stewart, haughtiest Castlemaine,
 Pert Nelly Gwynne, and Lucy Waters,
 Old England's fairest, frailest daughters.
 E'en now, 'midst yonder leafy glade,
 Methinks I see thy Royal shade
 In amplitude of wig arrayed;
 Near thee thy rival in peruke,
 Stands Buckingham, uproarious Duke,
 With Tony Hamilton and Killegrew;
 And Willmot, that sad rake till ill he grew,
 When to amend his life and turn it,
 He promised pious Doctor Burnet;
 In time let's hope to make old Nicholas
 Lose all his pains, and look ridiculous!

O Alexander! loftier far
 Now culminates thy happier star
 Than his of old, my ancient crony,
 Thy namesake erst of Macedony,
 Unrivalled, save, perhaps, by Boney.
 Oh! happier far in thy degree
 Art thou, although a conqueror he,
 While thou art but an ex-M.P.
 Yes, far more blessed my Alexander,
 Art thou than that decess'd commander.
 Much though his name be honour'd, Fate,
 Making thee Lord of this estate,
 Dubbed thee in verity "The Great."

Thou ne'er wert led through wanton revelling,
 These sylvan scenes to play the devil in;
 In these sweet shades so praised by Grammont,
Thou didst not call thyself "Young Ammon."
 And I, for one, wouldst thou invite us,
 Would never fear the fate of Clytus.

No lady of too easy virtue
 N'er made *you* drink enough to hurt you,
 And then with recklessness amazing;
 Bade you set house and all a-blasting,
 ('Tis hard to say which works the quicker,
 To make folks blockheads, love or liquor.
 But oh! it is an awful thing,
 When both combine to make a king
 Descend to play the part of Swing!)
 Another world, thou dost not sigh
 To conquer, much less *pipe thine eye*,
 I dare be sworn.—no! Alexander,
 Thou art not half as great a gander;
This is thy globe—here toujours gai
 Thy motto still, though, well-a-day,
 Sarum be popp'd in schedule A.

O Summer, Summer, Summer Hill,
 Fain would I gaze and linger still;
 But see the moon her silver lamp
 Uprears, the grass is getting damp.
 And hark! the curfew's parting knell
 Is toll'd by Doctor Knox's bell!
 I go to join my wife and daughters,
 Drinking these nasty-flavoured waters.
 O Summer Hill! I must repine,
 Thou art not, never will be mine!
 —I have not even got the wine.

"And now having surfeited you with rubbish enough for one
 dose, let me conclude with my best acknowledgments, &c.

"Your much obliged,

"R. H. BARHAM."

"Nov. 1834.

"And now let me thank you, which I do most gratefully, for
 your fine moral poem, which has amused my wife and myself

amazingly. I have not yet read Ayesha, but shall do so forthwith, Inshallah! In the meanwhile I have picked out enough of the story from the reviews to appreciate the excellence of the principles you inculcate. I have ever been the enemy of sansculottism in all its ramifications, and am delighted with so admirable a testimonial to the value of that fine old national appendage to Toryism, which, by an odd jumble of the numbers, O'Connell would call 'a breeches.' It is a noble institution, which seems always to have flourished and decayed as good or evil principles have prevailed in a state; and one of the worst features in the French Revolution was its contempt of this splendid proof of the wisdom of our ancestors. The history of 'a breeches,' from the fall, to the nineteenth century, would afford grave matter for reflection to the poet, the philosopher, and the statesman, and nothing but the conviction of my being incompetent to the task of worthily handling so great a subject, prevents my undertaking it.

"I turn with reluctance from so interesting a theme. I have just had a letter from Dick; he has now been a fortnight domiciled at Oriol, close to 'Sally,' an approximation which sounds rather dangerous, and at first affected his mother with a vague apprehension, not unlike that which seized upon the mamma of a Cambridge student on being told that her son was 'sticking close to Catharine Hall.' Mr. Hughes, however, will be able to inform you what sort of a belle 'Sally'* is. His rooms, which, however, he will only keep this term, are confessedly the worst in college, but he has been, and thinks himself much too fortunate in getting in at all, to whisper the ghost of a murmur at the temporary inconvenience. That they are not à la Louis Quatorze you will conceive, when I tell you that I have just remitted nine pounds three shillings, in full payment for 'all those moveables whereof his predecessor stood possessed;' and as a bed, and its concomitants, form items in the inventory, I conclude that either it is not stuffed with eider-down, or that he has got his furniture a bargain. * * * Of news, public or private, I have little to tell you. You have, of course, heard of Tom

* The chapel bell was so named.

D——'s absurd challenge to F——, for quizzing his *laison* with Madame ——; if not, the enclosed doggerel will make you *in fait* of the facts.

THE TWO M.P.'S.

(*Magazine Publisher and Member of Parliament.*)

BEING A TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND MILLING MATCH THAT
DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.

SAYS Tom D—— to F——,
T' other morning, "I say, Sir,
You've called me a *Roul*, a Dicer, and Racer,
Now I'd have you to know, Sir,
Such names are 'No Go,' Sir;
By Jove, Sir, I never knew anything grosser.

"And then Madame ——
Extremely distressed is
At your calling her *Lais* — she's more like *Thalestris*,
As you'll find, my fine joker,
If once you provoke her,
She's a d—l if once she gets hold of a poker.

"For myself, to be candid,
And not underhanded,
I write thus to say I'll be hang'd if I stand it.
So give up the name
Of the man or the dame
Who has made this infernal attack on my fame,
And recall what you've said of
A man you're afraid of,
Or turn out, my Trump, and let's see what you're made of.

"I have 'barkers' by Nock, Sir,
With percussion locks, Sir,
Will give you your gruel — hang me if I box, Sir,
And I've sent my old Pal in,
My 'noble friend Allen,'
To give you this here, and to stop your caballing!"

Then says F——, says he,
"What a spoon you must be,
Tommy D——, to send this here message to me;
Why if I was to fight about
What my friends write about,
My life I should be in continual fright about.

"As to telling you, who
 Wrote that thing about you,
 One word's worth a thousand — Blow me if I do!
 If you *will* be so gay, Sir,
 The people *will* say, Sir,
 That you *are* a *Rout*, and I'm

Yours,

JEMMY F———."

Taking no active part in politics himself, saving as regards the occasional sallies before alluded to, and scrupulously forbearing the exercise of any direct influence he might have held over others, Mr. Barham, nevertheless, remained a stanch and true Conservative, invariably recording his vote spite of any inconvenience to which it might subject him. He was wont to dwell with great *gout* upon the following amusing incident, as bearing so directly upon the general characteristics of the opposing parties: —

"I told you that we had been busy with the West Kent election: in East Kent the Tories walked over the course. Oh, had we but *known* our strength, not only would Rider have been unseated, as he was, but 'Hodge's *best*' exertions would have failed to have kept him, too, in the saddle. 'Backallum! we shall see.' What amused me very much was, that on landing from the steamboat at Gravesend, where my vote was to be taken, the rain was falling pretty steadily, and every one of the passengers who boasted an umbrella, of course, had it in play. A strong detachment of the friends of all the candidates lined the pier, to see us come on shore, and loud cheers from either party arose as any one mounted the steps bearing their respective colours: with that modesty which is one of my distinguishing characteristics, I had endeavoured to decline the honour of a dead cat at my head, with which I was favoured on a previous occasion, by mounting no colours at all; but something *distingué* in my appearance, as self-complacency fondly whispered in my ear, made the Tory party roar out as I mounted the platform, —

" 'Here comes von o' hour side!'

"'You be blowed!' said a broad-faced gentleman in sky-blue ribbons, 'I say he's our'n.'

"'Be blowed yourself,' quoth one of my 'discriminating' friends opposite, 'Why, don't you see the gemman's got a *silk umbrella*?'"

"The conclusion was irresistible — Tory I must be, and the '*I know'd it*' which responded to my 'Geary for ever' was truly delicious."

"Nov. 17, 1832.—Dined with Mr. [Sidney] Smith. He told me of the motto he had proposed for Bishop B——'s arms, in allusion to his brother, the well-known fish-sauce projector,

"Gravi jampridem saucia curā."

In a few days afterwards, Mr. Barham received the following invaluable recipe; it was forwarded by post without signature or comment of any kind; he, of course, had far too much respect for the modesty of the author, to hazard even a conjecture as to his name.— Some of our readers may be less scrupulous; under any circumstances, it is commended to the serious consideration of all housekeepers possessed of a spark of culinary enterprise, their special regards being requested to the final monition:—

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD

LAST EDITION.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give;
Of ardent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar, procured from town;
True flavour needs it, and your post begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs,
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And, lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.

Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
 And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
 Serenely full, the epicure may say,—
 "Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day."

N. B.—As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is to be hoped young salad-makers will not attempt any improvements upon it.

The following letter refers principally to a change of abode, which, by the kindness of Mr. Smith, who placed a residentiary house in Amen-corner at his disposal, Mr. Barham was enabled to make. The building, coeval with the cathedral itself, having remained for a considerable time unoccupied, or tenanted only by rats and cats, "and such small deer," its condition will readily be understood by those conversant in such matters; to the uninitiated, the description here given will suffice:—

"Sept. 17, 1839.

"MY DEAR MADAM, — Delightful as it always is to hear from you, I do not hesitate to say that your last is the most agreeable letter I have yet been favoured with from Kingston Lisle, and that from its announcing your determination to quit those delicious 'green fields' which Falstaff babbled of, and like his anti-type Morris, to take up again with 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.' Not that I have any objection to the country in summer, or even in autumn—quite the reverse—but then I manage my enjoyment of it, as Lady Grace says, '*soberly*.' 'When through the hawthorn blows the cold wind' I confess I like London as well as Lady Townley herself.

"As to ourselves we are literally 'moving,' and moving we shall be for this month to come. Never before did I fully comprehend the bitterness of David's curse, 'Make them like unto a wheel;' he had certainly a 'fitting' in his eye at the time he uttered it. By the way, the Scotch, who are usually very happy in their terms, are singularly infelicitous in this. To flit gives one the idea of light and airy locomotion, such as befits a ghost or a gossamer; it speaks of light clouds, thistledown, and shadows by moonlight; not chests of drawers, warming-pans, and crockery, with all the ten thousand nondescripts of domestic

economy — *fit ?* A bat may flit, or perhaps a bachelor, but not a middle-aged gentleman of fourteen stone six; his 'desert is too heavy to mount.' Then as to the invasion and its consequences, I protest I can scarcely think of it at times without compunction; it almost seems like Cortez and his ruffians 'wading through slaughter to a throne,' and shutting the gates of mercy on ten thousand unoffending aborigines, who have grown old in the peace and tranquillity of half a century. Do not suppose that the S——s are the only animals who will bewail our avatar. 'What millions died that Cæsar may be great!' My heart sickens at the thought of this wholesale massacre — this sacrifice to Moloch, for I grieve to say, that, denied the tender mercies of the thumb and finger, wives, husbands, fathers, and 'all, all their pretty ones' perished, like so many Suttees, in the flames. As I heard the one exterminating crackle, I could not help feeling for the moment that a Thugg was a respectable member of society in comparison with myself. That their progeny, if not their ghosts, will 'murder sleep' hereafter I cannot but fear.

"To turn from so painful a subject, as extremes always meet, I jump at once from the lowest to the highest in the scale of created beings, from the meanest retainer of the crown to the crown itself. What think you of a visit from, and confabulation with, the Queen of the Belgians! On Saturday, I was in the library at St. Paul's, my 'custom always in an afternoon,' with a bookbinder's 'prentice and a printer's devil, looking out fifty dilapidated folios for rebinding; I had on a coat which, from a foolish prejudice in the multitude against patched elbows, I wear nowhere else, my hands and face encrusted with the dust of years, and wanting only the shovel — I had the brush — to sit for the portrait of a respectable master chimney-sweeper, when the door opened, and in walked the Cap of Maintenance bearing the sword of, and followed by, the Lord Mayor in full fig, with the prettiest and liveliest little Frenchwoman leaning upon his arm. Nobody could get at the 'Lions' but myself; I was fairly in for it, and was thus presented in the most *recherché*.

if not the most expensive, court dress that I will venture to say the eyes of royalty were ever greeted withal. *Heureusement pour moi*, she spoke excellent English, and rattled on with a succession of questions, which I answered as best I might—they were sensible, however, showed some acquaintance with literature, and a very good knowledge of dates.

"My *gaucherie* afforded her one opportunity of displaying her acquaintance with chronology which she did not miss. The date of a MS. was the question; I unthinkingly referred to that of the *Battle of Agincourt*, an allusion which a courtier would have shunned as a rock ahead, considering the figure an Orleans cut in that fight. It was not quite so bad certainly as the gentleman telling Prince Eugene that 'a certain event took place in the year the Countess of Soissons (his mother) poisoned her husband,' but it was enough to have made poor Colonel Dalton faint. She relieved me, however, in an instant by saying, 'Ah, 1415,' while George C——, who was with her, coolly asked 'when it was printed?' She turned to him briskly and said at once, 'You see it is a manuscript,' which satisfied the gentleman of the bedchamber, and saved my reply. More of this when we meet, but my paper, like Macheath's courage, 'is out,' so for the present, believe me as ever,

"Yours, most faithfully,

R. H. B."

We add, by way of postscript, another anecdote anent royalty:—

"I must tell you one of his (Moore's) stories, because, as Sir Walter Scott is the hero of it, I know it will not be unacceptable to you. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the 'pisintry,' delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the king passed through,

"'Och, now! an' his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike, an' how's that?'

"'Oh! kings never does, we let's 'em go free,' was the answer.

"Then there's the dirty money for ye,' says Pat. 'It shall

never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him.'

"Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits.

" 'Now, Mr. Moore,' replied Scott, 'there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his Majesty, but—pay the turnpike.' "

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Mr. Barham's youngest Son—Bentley's Miscellany—The Ingoldsby Legends—"Hamilton Tighe," and "Patty Morgan"—"Gervase Matcham"—"Old Woman in Grey"—"Pickled Cockles"—"Game Feathers"—Dr. Harris—Purpose of the Legends.

WITHIN the period of a year from his removal, Mr. Barham's new abode was changed into a house of mourning. This, as it was the last, so it was the heaviest affliction with which it pleased God to visit him, leaving traces upon body and mind never to be obliterated. In former cases of bereavement, the first paroxysms of grief over, the tide of cheerfulness had rapidly returned; in the present case there was an ebb to which no adequate flow succeeded. The loss which wrought this permanent depression of spirit, was that of his youngest son, who had just attained his thirteenth year; a boy of a peculiarly amiable and thoughtful disposition, and possessed of an intelligence beyond his age. A practised eye might, probably, have detected in that premature, and almost unnatural development of intellect, evidence of disease, and seen in the too early flowering no dim intimation of as rapid a decay. Of his own sensations, when the lapse of some weeks had enabled him to look more calmly on the event, Mr. Barham thus writes:—

I

"I am better both in mind and body; the former has received much comfort from 'Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott,' the sixth volume of which (the first five I had read before, but was interrupted before I could finish the work) fell into my hands here. His feelings with regard to poor little Johnnie seem to have been so exact a transcript of my own, during the close of my dear boy's existence, the characters of the two children, their intellect and amiability, seem to have been so similar, that the recorded feelings and sentiments of that great and *good* man in circumstances, when in addition to calamities such as mine he had heavy ones of his own, from which it has pleased God to keep me free, called up a burning sensation of shame amidst the comforts which I could not help deriving from the perusal. It has done me good every way. What a perfect anatomist he was of the human heart! it is astonishing how close my feelings have come in many respects to his own, especially where he describes the occasional, and not unfrequent intrusion of light, and even ludicrous, images amidst all his sorrows. This elasticity of spirit, which, in spite of nature herself, as it were, will rebound under pressure, is one and not the least of God's blessings."

But even at the time of writing the foregoing passages, he had not learned to estimate the full effects of the blow he had sustained. The elasticity of which he speaks was cramped, and its action, which heretofore had been prompt and true, proved now but sluggish and imperfect. From this period a feeling of indifference was occasionally to be observed in him; a lack of energy and interest in favourite pursuits, foreign from his disposition, and which seemed to give evidence of the extinction of some powerful motive principle.

In 1837, Mr. Bentley published the first number of his "Miscellany;" having engaged the services of Mr. Charles Dickens, then rising rapidly in public estimation, and an ample staff of regular collaborateurs, he sought to secure any occasional auxiliaries whose assistance might be of value; among others he applied to Mr. Barham, who entered at once and very

warmly into the design, promising such aid as more important avocations might allow.

Up to this time he had been an anonymous and comparatively unknown writer. The popularity, however, of "The Ingoldsby Legends," which now appeared in rapid succession in the pages of the new periodical, rendered the pseudonym he had, for obvious reasons, assumed, a very insufficient disguise, and though he never entirely abandoned it, he was soon pretty generally known to be their author. As has been before intimated, for the ground-work of many of these effusions he was indebted to the inexhaustible stores of Mrs. Hughes and her son, the latter himself a proficient in the higher range of poetry.

"Hamilton Tighe" was the first subject derived from the source in question. "'The Original Ghost Story,'" writes Mr. Hughes, "was said to have occurred in the family of the late Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureate, a neighbour and brother magistrate of my maternal grandfather, and the date of it was supposed to be connected with the taking of Vigo." 'Patty Morgan, the Milk-maid's Story,' and the 'Dead Drummer,' were transmitted also through the same medium; the former having been recounted by Lady Eleanor Butler* as a whimsical

* The story, as told by Lady Eleanor Butler, one of the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen," ran, that a young carpenter, residing in the valley, had married a girl to whom he was much attached, and they lived together for several years very happily, till the wife's mother dying, bequeathed to her daughter some household furniture, and among other articles a clock. They had previously possessed a clock of their own, and the husband now proposed to sell the new one, which the wife objected to, as it had belonged to her mother, wishing on the other hand to dispose of their own. From this the husband was averse, from a similar reason. A dispute, the first they had ever known, followed, and, as he persisted in selling the legacy, was frequently renewed. From this moment they became as remarkable for living unhappily together, as they had previously been for the contrary. The husband occasionally even used blows, and either from the ill-treatment which she received, or from natural causes, the wife soon fell into a languishing low way. At length she died; but whether any very recent injuries had been inflicted to hasten her decay does not appear. The carpenter, however, seems to have anticipated it, as a fortnight after her funeral he had engaged himself to a second wife.

Welch Legend, the latter by Sir Walter Scott, who, having better means than most men of ascertaining facts and names, believed in their authenticity.

As regards the latter story, the main incidents are fully attested by a contemporary pamphlet, purporting to be a narrative of the "Life, Confession, and Dying Speech of Jarvis Matchan," and signed by the Rev. J. Nicholson, who attended him as minister, and another witness. The murder, however, was committed, not on Salisbury Plain, but in the neighbourhood of Alconbury, in Huntingdonshire, and the culprit was accordingly, "on Wednesday the 2nd of August, 1786, executed at Huntingdon, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the wilful murder of Benjamin Jones, a drummer boy in the 48th Regiment of Foot, on the 19th of August, 1780." Matchan's escape to sea, and the subsequent vision on Salisbury Plain, which wrung from him his confession, and proved unquestionably the grounds of his conviction, are given with great minuteness, and though differing a little in detail, are to the full as marvellous as anything recorded in the poem.

"The Hand of Glory" also owes its origin to the same source.

Her betrothed was on his way along the mountain path which led to her cottage, the evening before the day fixed for the celebration of his second nuptials, when one of the fogs so common among the hills came suddenly on. Well acquainted with his road he felt no alarm, but some surprise at a singular sound which he heard behind him, as of some heavy body following. The fog for some time prevented his discovering what it was; but at length a gust of wind partially removing the mist, he distinctly perceived, at a distance of only a few yards, the clock which had been the cause of all his matrimonial strife. It came on apparently self-moved, and as he looked again, he beheld not the usual face, but that of his deceased wife, which occupied the place generally allotted to the hour, minutes, and hands.

He uttered a loud scream and rushed forward, the clock still following him, and it was, as he fancied, on the point of overtaking him, when he fell exhausted against the cottage door. The sound of his fall attracted the attention of the inmates, who found him lying at the threshold in a swoon. After some time he recovered his senses, when he repeated this story with the strongest assertions of its truth in every particular. A fever was the consequence of the great mental excitement occasioned by the delusion, and he did not survive his adventure many days.

"Nell Cook," "Grey Dolphin," "The Ghost," and the "Smuggler's Leap," are veritable Kentish Legends, a little renovated, perhaps, as regards "dresses and decorations," but, without doubt, sufficiently authentic for the purpose. Greater liberties have been taken with the "Old Woman Clothed 'n Grey," who, for anything that appeared to the contrary, was a well-disposed ghost enough, haunting an old rectory within a few miles of Cambridge. It is represented to have been her custom to stroll about the house at dead of night, with a bag of money in her hand, of which she appeared exceedingly anxious to be relieved, offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in the course of her peregrinations; no one, however, seems to have been bold enough to accept the gift. The principal improbability of the tale manifestly consists in the fact, that no one was found sufficiently enterprising to meet her wishes.

So strong was the belief that treasure was concealed about the building in question, that when it was taken down and the materials sold, on the erection of the present parsonage-house, the incumbent expressly stipulated for the right and title to all valuables that might be discovered, and he actually received, we believe, three battered half-pence in fulfilment of the agreement. As for the old lady, as she has never appeared since the destruction of her favourite "walk," it is conjectured, either that she has taken refuge in an old cellar which has been bricked over, and is likely to remain undisturbed for years, or that she has adopted an effectual method of disencumbering herself of all superfluous cash, by investing it in the scrip of some "great fen railroad company," and may even now be wandering an unhappy shade around the precincts of Capel Court; not being a member, she would be excluded from the Stock Exchange.

The materials of most of the tales referring to Popish superstition were derived from a variety of monking chronicles and writings, the "Aurea Legenda" among the rest, with which the Library of Sion College abounds, and with most of which Mr.

Barham was tolerably familiar. Of the "Jackdaw of Rheims," he gives the following account:—

"I have no time to do more for this number than scratch off a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid the poor 'Jackdaw' will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time, I meant to have engrafted on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance.

"A certain notable housewife," he used to say, 'had observed that her stock of pickled cockles were running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook had noticed the same serious deficiency, — "she couldn't tell how, but they certainly disappeared much too fast!" A degree of coolness, approaching to estrangement, ensued between these worthy individuals, which the rapid consumption of the pickled cockles by no means contributed to remove. The lady became more distant than ever, spoke pointedly and before company, of "some people's unaccountable partiality to pickled cockles," &c. The cook's character was at stake; unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation upon her self-denial, not to say honesty, she, nevertheless, felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end.

"One day the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favourite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping his beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected! Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand, the exasperated lady dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation —

"Oh, d—me, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?"

"Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had

caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirit, and never spoke for a year.

"At length when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head! The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance; his reminiscences were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of the astounded visitor —

"Oh, d—me, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?"

In the same letter he goes on to say:—

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for your story of the 'Virgin Unmasked;' it is a most amusing one, and highly characteristic of the standard of morality too commonly found in 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.' As to the communication of the gallivanting propensities of her husband to the dying woman, it is only to be paralleled by what Mr. —, the conchologist, once told me, and which I think carries friendly consolation and good offices *in extremis* to even a higher pitch.

"He was once a surgeon at W—, in Kent, and said that in the course of his practice, he had to pay what he considered would be his last visit to an elderly labouring man on Adisham Downs. He had left him in the last stage of illness the day before, and was not surprised on calling again to find him dead, but did experience a little astonishment at seeing the bed on which he had been lying now withdrawn from under the body, and placed in the middle of the floor. To his remarks, the answer given by her who had officiated as nurse (?) was—

"Deeree me, Sir, you see there was partridge feathers in the bed, and folks can't die upon *game* feathers no how, and we thought as how he never *would* go, so we pulled bed away, and then I just pinched his poor nose tight with one hand, and

shut his mouth close with t'other, and, poor dear ! he went off like a lamb ! ”

However incredible it may appear to those who are accustomed to treat the slightest ailment with tenderness, to watch with unwearied patience over the bed of the sufferer, ministering without a murmur to his slightest wish, and employing all the resources of art and care to prolong the final, fruitless struggle, and keep alive the flickering flame to the last moment allowed by nature ; it is, nevertheless, perfectly true that, among the lower classes, in many of our neglected districts, a helping hand was, and doubtless is, not unfrequently lent by the attendants of those who seem disposed to “ die hard ; ” and this not more from the desire to relieve themselves of a heavy, and, as they think, unnecessary burden, than from a sincere conviction that the act is one of kindness and charity to the dying person. For the truth of the following illustration the writer can vouch ; it occurred but a few years ago, and in the neighbourhood of a considerable town in East Kent. A woman who had tended with exemplary devotion a sick child, who lingered on long after the case had been pronounced hopeless by the medical man, being questioned as to the particulars of its disease, replied to the lady who was interrogating :—

“ Ah, poor little dear ! he lived on, and on, and on : and then he got so terrible bad surely, nothing would ease him, so at last we was forced to *squidge* him under the blankets.”

To return to “ The Legends.” “ The Singular Passage in the Life of the late Doctor Harris,” though drawing not a little on the reader’s faith, certainly so far originated in fact that the strange details were communicated to Mr. Barham by a young lady on her sick-bed, and who herself was so impressed with their truth, as to urge most strongly the apprehension of the young man of whose horrible arts she believed herself to be the victim. The delusion only terminated with her life. It is worthy of remark that the very gentleman to whom she referred, and who was also well known to Mr. Barham, was shortly afterwards taken into custody on the charge of perpetrating a rob-

bery at one of the theatres. His identity was sworn to most positively by the prosecutrix, but an *alibi* was so irrefragably established as to place his innocence beyond suspicion. This story, though printed in the first series of "The Ingoldsby Legends," appeared originally in "Blackwood," and has, indeed, little in common with the productions with which it is at present associated.

As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from well-nigh every language, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every variety of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced; syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates. A harmony pervades the whole, a perfect modulation of numbers never, perhaps, surpassed, and rarely equalled in compositions of this class. This was the *forte* of Thomas Ingoldsby; a harsh line or untrue rhyme grated like the Shandean hinge upon his ear; no inviting point or alluring pun would induce him to entertain either for an instant; sacrifice or circumlocution were the only alternatives. At the same time, scarcely any vehicle could be better adapted for the development of his peculiar powers, than that unshackled metre which admits of no laws save those of rhyme and melody; but which also, from the very want of definite regulations, presents no landmark to guide the poet, and demands a thorough knowledge of rhythm to prevent his becoming lost among a succession of confused and unconnected stanzas.

Of the unflagging spirit of fun which animates these productions, there can be but one opinion; Mr. Barham was, unquestionably, an adept in the mysteries of mirth, happy in his use of anachronism, and all the means and appliances of burlesque; he was skilled, moreover, to relieve his humour, however broad, from any imputation of vulgarity, by a judicious admixture of pathos and antiquarian lore. There are, indeed, passages in his writings, the "Execution," for example, and the battle-field in "The Black Mousquetaire," standing out in strong contrast from the ludicrous imagery which surrounds them, and affording evidence of powers of a very opposite and far higher order.

That he had his faults is, of course, not to be denied; the digressions may sometimes appear too long or too frequent; the moral a little forced, and here and there an occasional objection might be discovered; but some indulgence may be claimed on the score of hurried composition and the very slight opportunity of correction afforded by the mode of publication.

It would be improper, perhaps, to dismiss this subject without touching briefly upon a charge of coarseness and want of reverence which has been brought, unadvisedly we think, against the work in question, albeit few authors, upon the whole, have been more tenderly dealt with by the press, than Thomas Ingoldsby.* As regards the first moiety of this alleged offence against good taste, little need be said; it could only have been detected by one deeply imbued with that transatlantic spirit of delicacy, such singular instances of which have, from time to time, made their appearance in the papers; he must be sensitive overmuch, constituted

"tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore,"

who fears to rub against the plain language of "The Legends."

* One of these attacks, not the wisest, and exhibiting, on the part of the writer, a most amusing imperviousness to the force of humour, was fairly met by the following retort from the assailed:—

For turning grave things to farce, Prior asserts,
A ladle once stuck in an old woman's skirts;
My muse then may surely esteem it a boon,
If in hers there sticks only a *bit of a spoon*.—T. I.

The second count in the indictment demands more serious notice. No one who knew Mr. Barham would for a moment suspect him to be guilty of any intentional irreverence, and the supposition seems to have originated altogether in a misconception of his design. Firmly and conscientiously opposed to avowed Popery, and not less so to that anomalous system which means Romanism if it means anything, he could not view the rapid propagation of these opinions with indifference.

"*Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*;" he, perhaps, was not of the wood out of which schoolmen and controversialists are framed; but furnished with goodly weapons of the lighter sort, he did not hesitate to direct them against the errors in question. An occasional appeal to the *nonsense* of the public has its effect. Availing himself, therefore, of the acknowledged right of every disputant to suppose an extreme case, and of the test thereby afforded to the soundness of theory, he applied himself, not unsuccessfully, to the task of showing the latent imposture, contradiction, and impiety abounding in the Roman Catholic doctrines—doctrines, in behalf of which the protecting "*no! me tangere*" seems now to be urged, but which, be it remembered, have been pronounced by the greatest authorities of our church to be in some cases heretical, in others even damnable. It is worse than folly to claim indulgence and immunity from ridicule, for tenets which we denounce as both absurd and destructive.

The question comes to this, — Has the satirist exceeded his prescribed limits? We think not; he has invented nothing, misrepresented nothing; he has simply drawn his subject fairly out, and developed its natural and inevitable tendencies. He has stripped off the gold and silver, the purple and fine linen, and all the pomp and circumstance of undue solemnity, and bared the dull, clumsy idol beneath. In point of fact, so far from exaggerating, he has been compelled to soften or suppress many of the details in these monkish histories; and it was against the advancement of a superstition, which countenances all this trash and absurdity, that he was rightfully, though

mirthfully, contending. If there be apparent trifling with solemn subjects, the fault lies with those who seek to engraft such profane folly upon religion; not with him who detects and exposes it.

That there was danger in this application of humour, is not to be denied — a danger, however, which consisted rather in possible misconception on the part of the reader, than in any probability of a violation of propriety on that of the author. He intended, had he been spared, to have thrown together the *disiecta membra* of his design into a more systematic form, and to have rendered it more perfect and compact; the admixture, indeed, of articles fraught with a deeper purpose, with others of a merely superficial character, was not, perhaps, judicious, and certainly seems to have led to much of the confusion we are deprecating.

Without pursuing the subject further within the borders of controversy, it may be sufficient to observe that auricular confession, penance, pardons, purgatory, the celebration of masses, and the worshipping of saints and images, are among the “fond things,” against which particular legends are directed; to these may be added those mediæval miracles and ceremonial vanities upon which all are brought to bear in common. That some few instances of inadvertance may be pointed out, where the least becomes palpable, is quite possible; but that they are rare, and of little import, we must maintain; so rare indeed, as to draw from every candid reader the indulgent

“Ubi plura nitent,
Non ego paucis offendar maculis.”

If we have dwelt longer upon this matter, or invested it with a greater importance than the occasion might seem to demand, it has been out of regard to the express wishes of him who would have been deeply grieved to have placed a block of stumbling in the path of the weakest of his brethren.

CHAPTER VIII.

Theodore Hook and "The Wood Demon"—Engagement to meet Sidney Smith—Matrimonial Adventure—Lines—Phrenology—Garrick Club—Mr. Mathews—Story of the Irish Race—Death of Mr. Hook—Mr. Barham's last interview with him—Lines—Letter to Dr. Roberts—Mrs. Ricketts' Ghost Story.

To return to the Diary:—

"August 21, 1839.—Hook drove me down to Thames Ditton, from his house at Fulham. Fished all day, and dined *à la carte* at the 'Swan.' Though not in health, his spirits were as good as ever. We caught eight dozen and a half of gudgeons, and he repeated to me almost as many anecdotes. Among the rest, one of a trick he played when a boy behind the scenes of the Haymarket. He was there one evening, during the heat of the Westminster election, at the representation of 'The Wood Demon,' and observing the prompter with the large speaking-trumpet in his hand used to produce the supernatural voices incidental to the piece, he watched him for some time, and saw him go through the business more than once. As the effect was to be repeated, he requested of the man to be allowed to make the noise for him; the prompter incautiously trusted him with the instrument, when, just at the moment, the 'Fiend' rose from the trap, and the usual roar was to accompany his appearance, 'SHERIDAN FOR EVER!!!' was bawled out in the deepest tones that could be produced—not more to the astonishment of the audience, than to the confusion of the involuntary partisan himself, from whom they seemed to proceed.

"He mentioned also a reply that he made to the Duke of Rutland, who, observing him looking about the hall, as they were leaving the Marquis of Hertford's, asked him what he had lost?

"My hat. If I had as good a beaver (Belvoir) as your Grace, I should have taken better care of it."

K

Whether Theodore Hook and his great rival, Mr. Sidney Smith, ever met in society, we do not know; if they did so, it must have been towards the close of their career, when the habitual caution of acknowledged wits, in each other's presence, would probably have prevented any unusual display on either side. An arrangement was made for the purpose of bringing them together at the table of a common friend, but, alas! a tailor—

“What dire mishaps from trivial causes spring!”

one to whom Hook owed a considerable sum, having failed in the interval, the latter was unable, or indisposed to keep the appointment. The circumstances served to elicit one of those happy strokes of sarcasm which the Canon dealt so adroitly.

Mr. H——, the host, not aware of the cause of his detention, delayed dinner for some time, observing that “he was sure Hook would come, as he had seen him, in the course of the afternoon, at the Athenæum, evidently winding himself up for the encounter with tumblers of cold brandy and water.”

“That’s hardly fair,” said Smith, “I can’t be expected to be a match for him unless wound up too, so when your servant ushers in Mr. Hook, let Mr. H——’s *Punch* be announced at the same time.”

It was, we believe, at the breaking-up of the same party, that one of the company having said he was about to “drop in” at Lady Blessington’s, a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to him, said, with the most “gallant modesty”—

“Oh! then you can take me with you; I want very much to know her, and you can introduce me.”

While the other was standing aghast at the impudence of the proposal, and muttering something about being “but a slight acquaintance himself,” and “not knowing very well how he could take such a liberty,” &c., Sidney Smith observed—

“Pray oblige our young friend; you can do it easily enough by introducing him in a capacity very desirable at this close season of the year—say you are bringing with you, the *cool* of the evening.”

"March 21. — Drove down to Harrow with the R——s. While I was engaged in taking an impression of a brass plate in the church, I heard sounds of lamentation and woe proceeding from the church. It seemed the curate, a Mr. B——, had gone to London, forgetting there was a couple to be married that morning. No other clergyman could be procured; twelve o'clock was rapidly approaching, and at length, much to their relief, and the clerk's amazement, I volunteered to perform the ceremony. The service over, I left my card with that functionary, and also with the newly-married couple, but never heard one word from Mr. B—— on the subject. Probably he thought I had been guilty of a great piece of intrusion. I wrote the following 'occasional lines' on Byron's tomb (as it is called) in the churchyard:—

Mr. B——, Mr. B——,
 When the matrimonial noose
 You ought here at Harrow to be tying,
 If you choose to ride away
 As you know you did to-day,
 No wonder bride and bridegroom should be crying;
 It's a very great abuse,
 Mr. B——, Mr. B——!
 And you're quite without excuse,
 And of very little use
 As a curate,
 Mr. B——!

"Dec. 5.—Met my old friend, Charles D——, who appears to have become quite a convert to phrenology; went with him to De Ville to have his head felt; scribbled the following lines during the 'manipulation':—

Oh, my head! my head! my head!
 Alack! for my poor unfortunate head!
 Mister De Ville
 Has been to feel,
 And what do you think he said!
 He felt it up, and he felt it down,
 Behind the ears, and across the crown!
 Sinciput, occiput, great and small,
 Bumps and organs, he tickled 'em all;
 And he shook his own, as he gravely said,
 "Sir, you really have got a most singular head!"

" Why, here's a bump,
 Only feel what a lump;
 Why the organ of 'Sound' is an absolute hump;
 And only feel here,
 Why, behind each ear,
 There's a bump for a butcher or a bombardier;
 Such organs of slaughter
 Would spill blood like water;
 Such 'lopping and topping' of heads and of tails,
 Why, you'll cut up a jackass with Alderman S——."

[*Cætera desunt.*]

Among the various departments of literature in which Mr. Barham sought relaxation, the drama occupied a considerable portion of his attention; from the Greek tragedians to Shakspeare and the more modern playwrights, there was scarcely an author possessed of any pretensions to merit, with whose writings he was not familiar. His acquaintance, indeed, with the works of the Swan of Avon, was such as to enable him, at one time, when his memory was in its full vigour, to supply the context to any quotation that could be made from them, and to mention the play, the act, and generally the very scene from which it had been taken. Nor was his admiration for this species of composition confined merely to the *litera scripta*; from a boy, his cry had been with Hamlet, "the play, the play is the thing!" In early life, his own amateur performances had attracted the favourable notice of several "regulars," one of whom, an actress of note, seriously assured him that, with a little study, he might soon arrive at a respectable position in the profession, and at all events make a very agreeable stage villain. Warmly attached to the cause of the drama, he looked with considerable interest on the formation of "the Garrick Club," * which was established with some design of being made

* The following lines, composed by Mr. B., and set as a glee by Mr. Hawes, were sung at the opening dinner:—

Let Poets of superior parts
 Consign to deathless fame
 The larceny of the Knave of Hearts
 Who spoiled his Royal Dame.

instrumental in bringing back the neglected Muse "to glory again." Among the original members of this society, was the late respected Mr. William L——, a gentleman who, himself an ardent admirer of "The Bard," was in the habit of indulging his friends with somewhat lengthy recitations from his favourite author. On one occasion he had begun to spout from the opening of "Macbeth," and would probably have gone all through the scene, had he not been cut short by Mr. Barham at the third line:—

"When the hurly-burly's done."

"What on earth are you talking about?" interrupted the latter. "Why, my dear L——, it is astonishing that a man so well read in Shakspeare as yourself, should adopt that nonsensical reading! What is '*hurly burly*' pray? There is no such word in the language; you can't find an allusion to it in Johnson."

Mr. L——, whose veneration for Dr. Johnson was only inferior to that which he entertained for the great poet himself, said,—

"Indeed! are you sure there is not? What can be the reason of the omission? The word, you see, is used by Shakspeare?"

"No such thing," was the reply; "it appears so, indeed, in one or two early editions, but is evidently mistranscribed. The second quarto is the best and most authentic copy, and gives the true reading, though the old nonsense is still retained upon the stage."

"Indeed! and pray what do you call the true reading?"

"Why of course the same that is followed by Johnson and Steevens in the edition up stairs:

When the *early pur*l is done;"

that is, when we have finished our '*early pur*l,' i. e., directly after breakfast."

Alack! my timid muse would quail
Before such thievish cubs,
But plumes a joyous wing to hail
Thy birth, fair Queen of Clubs!

L—— was startled, and after looking steadily at his friend, to see if he could discover any indication of an intention to hoax him, became quite puzzled by the gravity of the latter's countenance, and only gave vent, in an hesitating tone, half doubtful, half indignant, to the word "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Barham; "it is as I assure you. We will send for the book, and see what Steevens says in his note upon the passage."

The book was accordingly sent for, but Mr. Barham took good care to interrupt it before it reached his companion, and taking it from the servant, began to turn over the leaves, till at last, affecting to have found the line, he pretended to read from the volume:

"When the hurly-burly's done."

"Some copies have it, 'When the *early purl* is done;' and I am inclined to think this reading the true one, if the well-known distich be worthy of credit—

"Hops, reformation, turkeys, and beer,
Came to England all in one year."

This would seem to fix the introduction of beer, and consequently of early purl, into this country, to about that period of Henry VIII.'s reign when he intermarried with Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare's great friend and patroness, and to whom this allusion may, perhaps, have been intended by the poet as a delicate compliment. Purl, it is well known, was a favourite beverage at the English court during the latter part of the tenth century; and, from the epithet then affixed to it, 'early,' an adjunct which it still retains, was no doubt in common use for breakfast, at a time when the China trade had not yet made our ancestors familiar with the produce of the tea-plant. Theobald's objection, that whatever may have been the propriety of its introduction at the court of Elizabeth, the mention made of it at that of Macbeth would be a gross anachronism, may be at once dismissed as futile; does

n Shakspeare, in the very next scene, talk of Cannons overcharged with double cracks,' and is not allusion made by him to the use of the same beverage at the court of Denmark, at a period, coeval, or nearly so, with that under consideration—

'Hamlet, this purl is thine!'

"But, dear me," broke in L——, "that is *pearl*, not purl. I remember old Packer used to hold up a pearl, and let it drop into the cup."

"Sheer misconception on the part of a very indifferent actor, my dear L——, be assured."

Here B——y, who was present, observed, "'early purl' is all very well, but my own opinion has always leaned to Warburton's conjecture, that a political allusion is intended; he suggests,

'*When the Earl of Burleigh's done;*'

that is, when we have '*done*,' i.e. cheated, or deceived the Earl of Burleigh, a great statesman, you know, in Elizabeth's time, and one whom, to use a cant phrase among ourselves, 'you must get up very early in the morning to take in.'"

"But what had Macbeth or the witches to do with the Earl of Burleigh? Stuff! nonsense!" said L——, indignantly. And though B——y made a good fight in defence of his version, yet his opponent would not listen to it for an instant.

"No, no," he continued, "the '*Earl of Burleigh*' is all rubbish, but there may be something in the other reading."

And as the book was closed directly the passage had been repeated, and was replaced immediately on the shelf, the unsuspecting critic went away thoroughly mystified, especially as Tom Hill, for whose acquaintance with early English literature he had a great respect, confirmed the emendation with—

"'Early purl!' Pooh, pooh! to be sure it is 'early purl:' I've got it so in two of my old copies."

It was impossible to be long an *habitué* of this agreeable

resort without becoming a witness of the singular powers of the late Mr. Charles Mathews, whose conversation in private was to the full as entertaining as any public display of his professional talent.

Mr. Barham's acquaintance with this extraordinary individual was of some years' duration, but never reached intimacy; it was accompanied, nevertheless, by feelings of no ordinary regard: the golden opinions, indeed, which Mathews won in his professional career on the stage, were not more than commensurate with the universal esteem which he inspired as a man.

We give one of the few passages relating to him that appear in the Diary; it is a story told by himself at a dinner party at Theodore Hook's, and one which would afford ample room for the development of his peculiar powers of impersonation.

"An Irish surgeon named M——, who kept a running horse, applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race.

"'Now, Sur,' commenced the gentleman, 'Mr. Mathews, as you say you understand horse-racing, and so you do, I'll just thank ye to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you'll mind me, Sur, my horse had won the first *hate*; well, Sur, and then he'd won the second *hate*; well'—

"'Why, Sir,' said Mathews, 'if he won both the heats, he won the race.'

"'Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that's not himself, but the other) came up'—

"'And passed him, I suppose,' said Mathews.

"'Not at all, Sur, not at all; you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate*'—

"'Won it, you mean; at least won it you said.'

"'Won it, of course, I said won it; that is, the other horse won it, and the other horse, that is, *my* horse, won the second *hate*; when another, not himself, comes up and tumbles down—but stop! I'll demonstrate the circumstance ocularly. There

—you'll keep your eye on that decanter; now, mighty well; now, you'll remember that's *my* horse, that is, I mane it's not my horse, it's the other, and this cork—You observe this cork, this cork's my horse, and my horse, that is this cork, had won the first *hate*'—

“‘Lost it, you said, Sir, just now,’ groaned Mathews, rapidly approaching a state of complete bewilderment.

“‘Lost it, Sur, by no manes; won it, Sur, I maintain (‘pon my soul, your friend* there that’s grinning so, is a mighty bad specimen of an American); no, Sur, *won* it, I said: and now I want your opinion about the *hate*, that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know, not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*, that would be the race when it was won.’

“‘Why, really, my dear Sir,’ replied the referee, ‘I don’t precisely see the point upon which’—

“‘God bless me, Sur! do you pretend to understand horse-racing, and can’t give a plain opinion on a simple matter of *hates*? Now, Sur, I’ll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse, but the other horse—that is the other *man’s* horse,’ &c. &c,

“And so poor M—— went on for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he had won the first *hate*, or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was, upon which Mr. M—— wanted an opinion.”

The death of Theodore Hook, which occurred on the 24th of August, 1841, deeply affected Mr. Barham; a warm attachment had sprung up between them during an intimacy of twenty years, and he heard of the event that had dissolved it with the most heartfelt grief, not unmingled with something of a sinister foreboding as regarded himself.

One of the last parties, at which Hook was present, was at Amen Corner; he was unusually late, and dinner was served before he made his appearance; Mr. Barham apologised for having sat down without him, observing that he had quite give

* Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

him up, and had supposed "that the weather had deterred him."

"Oh!" replied the former, "I had determined to come, *weather or no*."

He ate literally nothing save one large slice of cucumber, but seemed in tolerable spirits, and towards the end of the evening the slight indications of effort which were at first visible had completely disappeared. Mr. Barham saw him but once again; he spent the morning with him at Fulham, about a month before his decease; and of this last interview with one so universally admired and regretted, the particulars may not be unacceptable; they are thus given in a letter to Mrs. Hughes, written shortly after the melancholy event had occurred.

"Margate, Sept. 2, 1841.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You do me no more than justice, in supposing that the loss of my poor friend would indeed cast a gloom over me; in fact it came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I even yet can scarcely believe it real. On Monday, the 29th of July, I went down to Fulham, and spent the whole morning with him, having heard that he was out of sorts, and wishing to see him before I came down here, where I had promised to preach a sermon for the benefit of 'The Sea-bathing Infirmary.' *That day month* was the day of his funeral. I dreamt of no such thing then, for though I could not persuade him to taste even the fowl which we had for luncheon, yet his spirits were so high, and his countenance wore so completely its usual expression, that I thought him merely labouring under one of those attacks of bilious indigestion, through so many of which I had seen him fight his way, and which I trusted that the run to the sea-side, in which he commonly indulged at this time of the year, would entirely remove.

"I was, I confess, a little startled, when he told me that he had not tasted solid food for three days, but had lived upon effervescent draughts—his *fizzic*, as he called it—taken alternately with rum and milk, and Guinness's porter. There was something in this mixture of medicine, food, and tonic, with the

timulants which I knew he took besides, though he said nothing about them, that gave me some apprehension as to whether the regimen he was pursuing was a right one, and I pressed him strongly to have further advice. He promised me, that if he was not better in a day or two, he would certainly do so.

"He went on to speak of some matters of business connected with the novel he was employed on, part of which he read to me; and much, my dear friend, as you, in common with the rest of the world, have enjoyed his writings, I do assure you the effect of his humour and wit was more than doubled, when the effusions of his own genius were given from his own mouth. Never was he in better cue, and his expressive eye revelled in its own fun. I shall never forget it!

"We got afterwards on miscellaneous subjects, and then he was still the Theodore Hook I had always known, only altered from him of our college days, by the increased fund of anecdote, which experience and the scenes he had since gone through had given him. There was the same good-nature which was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his mind; indeed it has so happened that, intimate as has been our friendship for the last twenty years, since his return from the Mauritius renewed the connection of our earlier days, I have been but rarely witness to that bitter and cutting sarcasm of which he had perfect command, and could employ without scruple when provoked; the reason of this, perhaps may be, that, frequently as we met, it was either in a quiet stroll or dinner by ourselves, or in the society of a few intimate friends, all of whom loved and regarded each other too well to give occasion for the slightest ebullition of temper. The only instances I can call to mind in which he has given way to any severity of expression, have ever been in mixed company, and generally with one single exception, perhaps, I might say universally, when undue liberties taken by those whose acquaintance with him was not sufficient to justify the familiarity, drew from him a rebuff which seldom made a second necessary. His friends *could* not provoke him.

"After more than three hours spent in a *lêle-à-lêle*, I got up to leave him, and then, for the first time, remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual. I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time,

"‘Why, my dear Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived.’

"‘Pulled me!’ said he, ‘you may well say that; look here,’ and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost slipping through his clothes, a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

"I was so struck with this change of appearance that I could not refrain from again pressing him to accompany me for a few days down here; but he declined it as being impossible, from the necessity of his immediately winding up ‘Peregrine Bunce’ and ‘Fathers and Daughters’ (the novel he was publishing in Colburn’s Magazine), but he added that in a fortnight or three weeks he should so far have ‘broken the necks of them both’ as to admit of his running down to Eastbourne, where he said ‘he could be quiet.’ Alas! he little thought, or I, *how* quiet or what his rest would be, before the expiration of that term. I left him, but without any foreboding that it was for the last time.

"The first intimation I had of his danger was on Tuesday the 24th ult., in a letter from my son, who went down to Fulham to call on him on the Monday; that letter stated, that to his equal surprise and grief, the answer he received had been that Mr. Hook was given over; that mortification had taken place, was rapidly going on, and that a few hours at farthest must close the scene. In point of fact, he expired about half-past four that same afternoon, as I heard from Bentley by the following post. It was well for my engagement with the latter that I had a few days before sent him up the legend I had promised for the month, for, feeling apart, the confusion of intellect I

was in, would have rendered it impossible for me ever to have looked at a proof."

Although not altogether in place, yet, for the want of a more convenient opportunity, we will venture to introduce here a few stanzas left by Mr. Barham, in lieu of a card, at his friend's cottage at Fulham, on finding that he had just gone into town

LINES LEFT AT HOOK'S HOUSE IN JUNE, 1834.

As Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham-bridge, I cock'd my eye,
And says I, "Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

"I wonder," says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, "if he's in—I should like to try;"
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
"Father, suppose you land and see!"

"What! land and see,"
Says I to he,
"Together! why Dick, why how can that be?"
And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore,
And knocks at the door—
When William, a man I'd seen often before,
Makes answer and says,
"Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a homnibus, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
"Just lend me a pen;"
"I wull, Sir," says William—politest of men;*
So having no card, these poetical brayings,
Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

* This proved eventually not to be a well-placed epithet, William, who had lived many years with Hook, grew rich and saucy. The latter used to say of him, that for the first three years he was as good a servant as ever came into a house; for the next two a kind and considerate friend, and afterwards an abominably bad master.

Like most men resident in London, however much its occupations may be in accordance with their taste, there was nothing Mr. Barham so thoroughly enjoyed as to snatch a hasty run into the country, more especially if, in addition to fresh breezes, green fields, and odorous flowers, there could be obtained what poor Cannon used to denominate a "sniff of the briny." To feel secure from the inroads of the most adventurous morning caller, to get beyond the reach even of the long-armed Post itself; to shut the gates of business on mankind; to "forget that such things were," and were most troublesome; this was a happiness intense in proportion to its rarity. Such excursions, alas! were few and brief at best, deferred too often till heart and head grew sick, and generally abridged by some unexpected and peremptory recall to town.

He had started, about the middle of August, for Margate (whence the letter preceding is dated,) full of spirits at the prospect of a longer holiday than usual, which was to embrace a week's shooting among the Kentish hills, little dreaming of the evil tidings that were to follow him; immediately on his arrival he addressed the following amusing "log" to his old and valued friend Dr. Roberts:—

"DEAR ROBERTS,—

"August 16.—Nine A.M.—Two cabs, three trunks, one band-box, a wife, three girls, two carpet-bags, portfolio, and a Dick on the dickey.

"Half-past Nine.—On board the Royal George; luggage safe stowed, all but the Dick, who quitted.

"Three-quarters-past Nine.—Rum and milk, eggs, and cold beef.

"Ten.—Off she goes; 'Times' and 'Morning Herald.'

"Eleven.—Blackwall Railroad Company, all well.

"Half-past Twelve.—Off Gravesend.

"Half-past One.—Off Sheppey, bell rings, dinner; 'more mutton for the lady.'

"Three.—Off Horne Bay, beautiful weather, sea like a duck-pond; gin-and-water.

"Twenty minutes past Four.—Landed on Margate jetty, went to old lodgings, landlady moved and gone to America.—N.B. Husband has another wife there. Forced to seek for quarters, old ones being laid into the hotel.

"Half-past Four.—Three bed-rooms and first-floor sitting-room at a hatter's on Marine Parade. Don't know whether engaged or not, depends on next post, which comes in at half-past six; old woman, former lodger, to send her answer by it; have tea there upon speculation.

"Five.—Very good tea, ditto bread, ditto butter; hardygurdy under window, 'Nix my Dolly.'

"Five minutes past Five.—Another cup. Bagpipes under window, 'Jim Crow.'

"Ten minutes past Five.—Conjuror under window, lots of tricks, three eggs out of a handkerchief.

"Six.—Post in, old woman don't come, take the lodgings, three guineas a week, seem very comfortable, children at window looking at conjuror, hurdygurdy, 'I'd be a butterfly;' fiddler, 'College Hornpipe;' bagpipes, 'Within a mile of Edinburgh Town;' wish they were! Post going off, God bless you, all well, and in screaming spirits.

R. H. B.

"August 16, 1841.—Margate, 2, High Street, as it is called, being, of course, the lowest in the town, and directly opposite the harbour; better always direct post-office."

The last extract we shall make from Mr. Barham's Note-book contains some extraordinary particulars relative to a "haunted house" in Hampshire. They were furnished by Mrs. Hughes, who heard them originally from Mrs. G——, an eye-, or rather ear-witness of the strange occurrences, and subsequently from many others (the late Duchess of Buckingham, a resident in the neighbourhood, among the rest), all of whom were perfectly familiar with the details, and, we believe, impressed with their truth; many having had opportunities of examining the "attested Diary" referred to. It is right to premise, that

certain slight alterations have been made by Mr. Barham in this narrative since Mrs. H. communicated it to him.

"It is evident," he says, "that she must have confounded Mr. Ricketts, who was a bencher of Gray's Inn, and had large estates in the island of Jamaica, with his son, Captain William Ricketts, who took his uncle's name, Jervis, in 1801, and was the father of the present Viscount. Mary Jervis married Mr. Ricketts in 1757, and lived to the advanced age of ninety, dying in 1828. A MS. pedigree seems to justify these amendments, which, however, in no respect affect the authenticity of the incidents themselves:—

MRS. RICKETTS' GHOST STORY.

"It was about the period when Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, commanded the 'Thunderer' (Foudroyant?), in which he so much distinguished himself, that, on the return of that gallant commander to England, he found his sister, Mrs. Ricketts, the wife of Mr. Ricketts, of Jamaica, a bencher of Gray's Inn, residing in a house between Alston and Alsford, in Hampshire, about four or five miles from Abingdon, the seat of the Buckingham family. This house, then called 'New House,' was part of the property of the noble family of Legge, and of that particular branch of it of which the Lord S——ll (a peerage now extinct) had been the head. It had been principally occupied during his life by a Mr. Legge, a scion of the family, notorious for his debauched and profligate habits, and after his decease had remained for some time unoccupied, gradually acquiring, as is the case with most unoccupied mansions of a similar description, the reputation of being the resort of supernatural visitants.

"To this circumstance, perhaps, and the consequent difficulty of finding a tenant, may be attributed the easy terms on which Mr. Ricketts obtained it, as a residence for his wife and family, during his own absence on a visit to his estates in the West Indies. This gentleman seems to have held the stories connected with the building in thorough contempt, a sentiment

partaken of Mrs. Ricketts herself, who was naturally a strong-minded woman, and whose good sense had acquired additional vigour from the advantages of an excellent education.

"To 'New House,' then, the lady repaired almost immediately after her husband's departure for Jamaica, purposing in quiet retirement to superintend there the education of her daughter (afterwards married to the Earl of N——k).

"Mrs. Ricketts had not been long located in her new domicile, before the servants began to complain of certain unaccountable noises which were heard in the house by day, as well as by night, and the origin of which they found it impossible to detect. The story of the house being 'haunted' was revived with additional vigour, especially when its mistress became herself an ear-witness of those remarkable sounds, and an investigation set on foot, and carried on under her own immediate superintendence, assisted by several friends whom she called in upon the occasion, had proved as ineffectual as those previously instituted by the domestics. The noises continued, as did the alarm of the servants, which increased to an absolute panic, and the whole of them, at length, with the exception of an old and attached attendant on Mrs. Ricketts' person, gave warning and left their situations in a body.

"A thorough change in the household, however, produced no other effect than that of proving, beyond a doubt, that the noises, from whatever cause they might proceed, were at least not produced by the instrumentality or collusion of the domestics. A second and a third set were tried, but with no better result; few could be prevailed upon to stay beyond the month.

"It was at this time that Mrs. G——, from whose mouth Mrs. Hughes had this relation, came to reside a short time with her old and dear friend, and being a woman of strong nerve, she remained with her longer than she had originally intended, although not a day or night passed without their being disturbed. Mrs. G—— described the sounds as most frequently resembling the ripping and rending of boards, apparently those of the floor above or below (as the case might be), that in

which her friend and herself were sitting; but, on more than one occasion, she herself distinctly heard the whisperings of three voices, seemingly so close to her, that, by putting out her hand, she fancied she could have touched the persons uttering them. One of the voices was clearly that of a female, who appeared to be earnestly imploring some one with tears and sobbings; a manly, resolute voice was evidently refusing her entreaty, while rough, harsh, and most discordant tones, as of some hardened ruffian, were occasionally heard interfering; these last were succeeded by two loud and piercing shrieks from the female; then followed the crashing of boards again, and all was quiet for the time.

"The visitations were so frequently repeated, that at length even Mrs. G——'s constancy began to give way, and she prepared to leave her friend. Previously to her departure, however, one night she was aroused by Mrs. Ricketts' cries (who slept in the next chamber to her), and on running to her assistance, was informed, that just before, she had distinctly heard some person jump from the window-sill, down on the floor, at the foot of the bed, and that, as the chamber door had continued bolted, he must still be in the room. The strictest search was made, but no one was discovered.

"Various were the causes assigned in the neighbourhood by the peasantry for these supernatural visitations, the history of which had now become rife all over that country side. Among other things, it was said that Mr. Legge had always been a notorious evil liver; that he had held in his employ one *Robin*, as butler, a man with a remarkably deep-toned, hoarse, guttural voice, who was well known as a pander to all his master's vices and worst passions, and the unprincipled executor of all his oppressive dealings with his tenantry. That there was also a niece of Mr. Legge's resident with her uncle, and that dark rumours had been afloat of her having been at one time in the family-way, though, as they said, 'nothing ever came of it,' and no child was ever *known* to have been born; heavy suspicions, indeed, had been entertained on that score by the village

gossips, which had gone so far, that nothing but the wealth and influence of the squire had stifled inquiry. What had eventually become of the young lady no one knew, but it was supposed she had gone abroad before her uncle's death.

"Mrs. Ricketts and her friends endeavoured to follow up these ramours, but the only thing they could arrive at with any degree of certainty, was what they learned from an aged man, a carpenter, who declared that many years ago he had been sent for to the Hall, and had been taken by Robin up into one of the bed-rooms, where, by his direction, he had cut out a portion of one of the planks, and also part of the joist below; upon which the butler had brought a box, which he said contained valuable title-deeds that his master wished to have placed in security, and having put it into the cavity, ordered him to nail down the plank as before. This, he said, he had done, and could easily point out the place.

"Mrs. Ricketts ordered the man to be conducted up stairs, when he at once fixed upon the door of her own sleeping apartment, saying, that, though it was a good many years ago, he was certain that was the room. On being introduced, he looked about for an instant, and then pointed out a part of the floor where there was evidently a separation in the plank, and which Mrs. R—— declared was the precise spot, as near as she herself could have described it, where the supposed intruder had alighted on his jump from the window.

"The board was immediately taken up, the joist below was found to be half sawn through, and the upper portion removed, precisely as the carpenter had stated it to be; the cavity, however, was empty, and the box, if box there had been, must have been removed at some previous opportunity. After this investigation, which ended in nothing, the noises and whisperings, though never distinct, continued with little diminution in frequency, and proved sufficient to render the house exceedingly uncomfortable to its inmates.

"Matters were in this state, when Captain Jervis, on his return to England, made his appearance at New House, with

his friend Colonel Luttrell, to pay a visit to his sister. He had already heard of her annoyance, by letter, and of her disinclination to take the step he recommended, of removing, from the fear of offending her husband, who was somewhat of a martinet at home, and would of course treat the whole story as a fable. Captain Jervis seemed himself very much inclined to look upon it, at first, in the same light, or rather to consider it as a trick, for he had no doubt of his sister's veracity, and a trick which he was determined to find out.

"With this view, the Colonel and himself, sending all the rest of the family to bed, sat up, each in a separate parlour on the ground-floor, with loaded pistols by their side, and all other appurtenances most approved, when people have the prospect before them of a long night to be spent in ghost-hunting.

"The clock had stricken 'one,' when the sounds already mentioned, as of persons ripping up the floor above were simultaneously heard by both. Each rushed from the parlour he occupied, with a light in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, and encountered his friend in the passage. At first, a slight altercation ensued between them, each accusing the other of a foolish attempt at a hoax, but the colloquy was brought to an abrupt termination by the same sounds, which each had heard separately, being now renewed, and to all outward seeming, immediately above their heads. The whispering, too, at this juncture, became audible to both.

"The gentlemen rushed up stairs, aroused their servants, and commenced a vigorous search throughout the whole premises; nothing, however, was found more than on any former occasion of the same kind, with this exception, that in one of the rooms sounds were distinctly heard of a different character from any before noticed, and resembling, as Mrs. G—— averred, 'the noise which would be produced by the rattling dry bones in a box.' They seemed to proceed from one of two presses, which filled up a portion of the apartment; the door was immediately burst open, and the piece of furniture knocked to pieces; every search was made around, and even

in the wall to which it adjoined; but still, as heretofore, all investigation was fruitless. Captain Jervis, however, at once took upon himself the responsibility of removing his sister and her family to a farm-house in the same parish, where they remained till Mr. Ricketts' return.

"That part of the county of Hants being much the resort of smugglers, an attempt has been made to account for these events, by attributing them to their agency, aided by the collusion of the servants. The latter part of the supposition could not be true, — the whole household having been so frequently changed; even Mrs. Ricketts' favourite maid had at last, most reluctantly, abandoned her; besides which, Mrs. R. had, throughout the whole business, kept a diary of the transaction, which she had regularly caused every domestic, as they left her service, to sign, in attestation of its truth, as far as their own personal experience had qualified them so to do. Mrs. G—— herself, as well as a few other visitors, had done the same; and this diary coming into the hands of her daughter, at her mother's decease, has been in the same way transmitted to the grand-daughter, in whose possession it now is.

"It remains to be added, that with Lord St. Vincent the subject was a very sore one to the day of his death; and any allusion to it always brought on a fit of ill-humour, and a rebuke to him who ventured to make it. The house has been since, I believe, pulled down; but it does not appear that anything has occurred to throw any light on the mystery, or to strengthen or refute the suspicions, which the good folks in the neighbourhood entertained of the crime of Mr. Legge, and the unrest which his spirit, and those of his supposed coadjutor and victim, had experienced from the date of his delinquency."

CHAPTER IX.

Preferment — Death of Mr. Sidney Smith — An unlucky Present — The Archaeological Association — Mr. Barham's Illness — His Visit to Clifton — His Return and Death — Testimonials of Respect — Conclusion.

IN 1840, Mr. Barham succeeded, in course of rotation, to the presidency of Sion College, a sort of clerical Lord Mayoralty, (with reverence be it spoken,) held like that honourable office for the space of one year, and one to which the incumbents of the city of London are, in turn, eligible. In 1842, his long services at St. Paul's were rewarded with the divinity readership in that cathedral, and by his being permitted to exchange his living for the more valuable one of St. Faith, the duties of which were far less onerous than those he had fulfilled during well nigh twenty years. For this increase of preferment he was indebted mainly to the influence exercised in his behalf by a venerable prelate, whose esteem he had long since had the happiness to engage, and to whose many exhibitions of unfeigned kindness we venture to make but a passing allusion.

The parting with his old parishioners, endeared to him not less by private friendship than by those peculiar ties which bind a minister to his people, was not to be effected without an effort, one greater perhaps than he was altogether prepared for. In the farewell sermon which he preached on the 9th of October, he assured them, in all sincerity, that it was his greatest gratification to reflect, that the connexion which had so long subsisted was only to be partially loosened, not dissolved; he spoke also of the prospect, too soon to be realised, of being permitted to lay his bones among them, by the side of his children, and of that final reunion to be hoped for, by the blessing of Him, whose courts below they had trodden together. The regret at separation was reciprocal, and more than one moistened eye followed him from that spot, whither,

within three short years, he was destined to return, to quit no more.

On the termination of his incumbency a substantial "testimonial of respect and friendship," in the shape of a handsome silver salver, was presented to himself and Mrs. Barham, whose services in the management of the school, and as a visitor, were highly appreciated, by the inhabitants of St. Gregory and St. Mary Magdalene.

As his recent advancement involved no change of residence, he still remained a neighbour, and continued under the bishop's license in his old abode in Amen Corner. This, indeed, he was enabled to do till his decease, although shortly after his induction, the death of Mr. Sidney Smith placed the residentiary house in other hands. The last communication he received from this gentleman, the last at least that is preserved, is of so characteristic a nature, that we cannot refrain from inserting it. It runs as follows:—

"Green-street, Monday.

"Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is that of roast pheasant and bread sauce;—barn-door fowls for dissenters, but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk, the pheasant, the pheasant!

"Ever yours,

SIDNEY SMITH."

A more laconic note, in acknowledgment of a similar arrival was penned by Mr. Barham himself, but whether it ever reached the hands of the eminent individual to whom it appears to have been addressed, is doubtful:—

"Many thanks, my dear Lord, for the birds of your giving,
Though I wish with the dead, you had sent me the *living*."

The living, however, arrived in due time, and fortunately happened to be one contiguous to that he had previously held. Of course the ready welcome he met with from his new congregation, and the rapid progress he made in interesting their warmer feelings, was, in a great measure, to be attributed to the fact of his not coming among them as a stranger.

The manner in which he acquitted himself at the delicate juncture brought about by the Bishop of London's well-known charge of 1842, which served to place the clergy in so awkward a position, as regarded their Diocesan and the laity, contributed not a little to rivet their esteem. Of his own opinions he made no secret; but he had too strict a regard for constituted authority to offer anything like opposition to his spiritual superior, but at the same time was so deeply impressed with the present inapplicability of the proposed measures, that he applied for and obtained full permission to exercise his own judgment on the subject. It is needless to add, that no untimely recurrence to a set of forms which, however decorous, seem to have become out of date, embroiled him with those committed to his charge. In this and in all matters connected with his duty, he met with their unqualified approval and support. More touching instances of respect could scarcely have been exhibited had his whole life been devoted to their service, than this brief ministry, of scarcely three years' duration, served to elicit.

Among his former parishioners, was one, in character and costume the beau ideal of a citizen of "famous London town;" the snuff-coloured coat, drab shorts, resplendent buckles, and ample frill, were in perfect keeping with his retired and somewhat dusky shop: the latter, innocent of plate glass and "tremendous sacrifices," was garnished, in lieu thereof, with a goodly sign, beyond the date of which, the memory of man runneth not, everything, in short, proclaimed him a tradesman "of credit," if not "renown." With a trifling addition to the waistcoat, and some little remodelling of the beaver, he might have sat for the portrait of a common councilman of worship, in the days of the first Georges. He was, alas! he is no more — an excellent and a worthy person; true and just in all his dealings; charitable to the poor, and ever ready "to do suit and service" to the worshipful company of —, as he periodically assured them at their court dinners, though not perhaps

having the clearest notion of the duties in which he so readily undertook to engage.

There was a twinkle, moreover, about the old man's eye, a merry turn occasionally perceptible on his lip, which bespoke one who, albeit intent on business, could relish and could well afford his jest.

Of course, he had his stories—marvellous instances of judicial acumen displayed by long-forgotten Lord Mayors—bon-mots of their chief clerks—perilous swan-hopping voyages, and extraordinary white-baitings; indeed, an endless variety of civic “Sayings and Doings;” nor was he altogether wanting in tales of a moving and romantic turn; one of these last has been fortunately preserved; we give it, in the hope that it may prove a warning to all young ladies addicted overmuch to despotism, and to such classic youths as may have been unfortunate enough to have imbibed with their syntax the fallacious principle conveyed in the “*Amantium ira*,” &c.

An old gentleman, a merchant in Bush-lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary;—she was engaged, and devotedly attached to a young man in her own rank of life, and in every respect well worthy of her choice; all preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed “positively for the last time of marrying,” to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would), had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party; the “tiff” arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady, with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would

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be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was "*putting on the breeches* a little too soon."

After supper, both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings.

On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent, and as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—

"DEAREST * * *, — I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate * * *."

Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, in his way to Bush-lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliments, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described, nor appeased; so exasperated was she, at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face; refused to listen to any explanation; and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable

present, but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her.

About 1843-4 a society was formed, under the title of "The Archæological Association," avowedly for the purpose of prosecuting antiquarian research, and comprehending in its plan certain annual trips, of a very agreeable and scientific character. Of this design, Mr. Barham was a zealous supporter, being moved thereto, no less by his intimacy with many of the original promoters, than by a thorough appreciation of its objects, primary and incidental.

The first session was held at Canterbury, in the summer of 1844; the principal feature of the performance being the examination of certain tumuli in grounds belonging to the Marquess of Conyngham, the president. With the result of this interesting investigation the public have been apprised, through the pages of "The Athenæum," and other journals. We shall venture to give a less technical version of "The Transactions," from the pen of Mr. Barham, "for the benefit of the ladies and country gentlemen." It was forwarded in a letter to his son:—

"The Archæological business went off favourably, save that one heavy shower drove our party into a mill, while the Professors were opening one barrow, and shifting its contents into another, *a wheel one!* Here we remained for some time, 'covered with science' (not 'glory,') and flour, like Frederick, at the battle of—I forget where. We lost nothing, however, by this, for the weather cleared up soon after; and, in the mean time, we had an opportunity of examining the miller's breeches, which were pronounced to be decidedly *sacks on*. In the graves were found two or three urns, some buckles, a spear head, and a knife, with a number of beads, and a very oddly-shaped flint-stone. The mummy was a splendid one, direct from Thebes, a present from Champollion. Pettigrew unrolled, and explained it as splendidly, making hieroglyphics level to the meanest capacity. The young gentleman—for such he proved to be—had the whole of his face magnificently gilt, just like a ginger-

bread wife at a fair. His name, it seems, was 'Har, the son of Unnefer, child of the lady of the house,' which, I take it, corresponds with the favourite Suktana.

"On Thursday, Lord Albert, Sir William Betham, &c. started off to Dover, where we examined the Pharos scientifically, and declared it to be unquestionably Roman, which everybody, I believe, knew very well before. Hartshorne's plans, however, which he had been three months preparing, made the whole affair very amusing, and the interest was much heightened by a capital luncheon at the governor's apartments, with iced champagne, and everything to match. We got back to a late dinner at the 'Fountain,' and afterwards had a *soirée* with glees, and a grand Archæological Polka, at the Assembly Rooms, to wind up with.

"Among other things it appears that somebody had put it into Buckland's head, that native *guano* had produced spontaneous combustion at Pisa Cathedral, and that from the number of pigeons (apparent from the broken windows, &c.) about the building, the same thing might occur at Canterbury; the latter accordingly got up and made a speech upon the subject, which old A—— knocked at head in a moment very funnily, by saying, that 'they did not happen to have any pigeons whatever, and that were he to go and hunt, he would not be able to fill a pint pot with "the perilous stuff" alluded to, but that they certainly had observed a couple of robins hopping about the church, who might be dangerous, &c.' While the thing was going on I handed the following lines to Archdeacon B——, by way of —

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL HINT TO THE CURATORS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

From the droppings of Dicky birds fann'd by a breeze, a
Spontaneous combustion occur'd once at Pisa;
Beware then, grave guardians of old *Durovernum*,
Lest Cock Robins *build** in your cloisters and burn 'em.

* The word is illegible in the MS.

"I have brought home a bit of the Mummy's waistcoat, and some of his seasoning, which smells very nice, something like a *pastille*. And now I shall take my leave," &c.

It would be beside our purpose to go into the details of the disagreements which soon after took rise in the society, and the eventual separation to which they led. Without venturing to offer the slightest opinion upon the merits of the case, it may be sufficient to state that Mr. Barnham devoted himself with sincerity and warmth to that party which he believed to be in the right, and which numbered the president and other officers among its constituents.

The zeal, indeed, which he manifested on this occasion, and which induced him to quit his retirement at Bath, to attend a meeting of the association, and take part in the debate which ensued, contributed not a little to further the progress of the malady which had already become firmly fixed upon his constitution. Excitement of every kind, and especially any which might lead to the exercise of the voice, had been strictly prohibited; the injunction, however, proved insufficient to restrain him from lending every assistance in his power to his friends, whom he considered to be unjustly assailed, and its neglect was unhappily followed, almost immediately, by symptoms of an alarming nature.

The first indications of this disease had exhibited themselves on the 28th of October, 1844, the day of the Queen's visit to the City, for the purpose of opening the Royal Exchange. He had accompanied his wife and daughters to a friend's house to witness the procession, and had even remarked, as a cutting east wind whistled through the open windows, that, in all probability, that day's sight-seeing would cost many of the imprudent gazers their lives. In the course of the evening he was attacked with a violent fit of coughing, the result of sudden and severe inflammation in the throat, but which he attributed to irritation produced by unguardedly swallowing the core of a pear. It was this conviction, doubtless, that induced him to pay but little attention to the circumstance in the first instance,

although accompanied by illness sufficiently severe to confine him to the house, and compel him to have recourse to the assistance of his valued friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Roberts.

This gentleman's professional talents were always at his command, and he had unfortunately experienced but too many occasions to avail himself of the "brotherly kindness," as he himself expresses it, which was so uniformly lavished upon him and his whole family. Despite, however, the warm gratitude he felt for his care, and the full confidence he placed in his skill, he could not bring himself to follow with any exactness the strict regimen prescribed.

To one of Mr. Barham's habits, seclusion from society and the pleasures of conversation required no ordinary amount of self-restraint, the more so, as he was unable to perceive any adequate cause for the sacrifice; and his general health being in a great measure restored, and the local affection relieved, by the prompt measures of his kind friend, he soon resumed his usual mode of life. Fresh attacks succeeded, fresh rallyings, and alas! fresh exposure.

The case at length began to assume a more visibly serious aspect; the pain increased, his articulation became impeded, and a tendency to suffocation showed itself, so as to produce, as he expressed it, "the not very agreeable sensation of slow hanging." A temporary withdrawal from London and its temptations were felt by himself to be absolutely necessary. Bath was the spot selected for his retreat, and he was again making considerable progress in convalescence, when he was unhappily induced to terminate his stay abruptly, and to hurry back to town, principally for the purpose of attending the meeting already mentioned of "The Archæological Association."

Of course, a variety of business presented itself on his return, and, feeling much improved in strength and spirits, he strove to enter once more upon his accustomed occupations. The result may be foreseen. An attack, far more severe than any which he had as yet sustained, succeeded, and one which laid him for a time completely prostrate.

Up to this period, no apprehensions were entertained for his life; so far as human judgment may venture to pronounce, the disease might have been effectually grappled with, even at a later stage; a permanent thickening of the membrane, and consequent loss of voice, was the worst that was hitherto anticipated. He himself, however, was not entirely free from misgivings, even at this point, and he was accordingly led to attach something of significance to an event, trifling enough in itself, but which certainly proved remarkable by the subsequent coincidence.

He had been for many years on the committee of the Garrick club, and, by the rules of the society, at an annual meeting, held on St. George's day (the anniversary both of the birth and death of Shakspeare), the names of the aforesaid committee, twenty-four in number, are placed in the ballot-box, from which six are taken as chance may decide. It was singular, perhaps, that, on the present occasion, Mr. Barham's should have been the *first* name so withdrawn. On being informed of the fact, and also that he had been unanimously re-elected, he shook his head, and observed that "it was useless; that it had been well to have accepted the omen, and filled up his place at once." He never entered the club again.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the painful scenes that followed; suffice it to say, that, on the 5th of May, he proceeded with his wife, who had, for some time, been herself a sufferer, to Clifton, in the hope of benefiting by quiet and change of air, — a step which proved most calamitous in its consequences to both. They had been domiciled but a few hours in their lodging, when Mrs. Barham was seized with an illness, which confined her, during the whole period of their stay, to her bed, placed her own life in peril, and utterly incapacitated her for ministering to her husband, whose immediate danger had now become apparent.

Alone, among strangers, placed under the medical treatment of those who could not be expected to be conversant with the particulars of their case, straitened for room when all the

comforts and appliances of home were most needful — a more distressing situation can hardly be imagined! Fortunately, their eldest daughter was enabled speedily to join them, who, with a judgment beyond her years, and an unwearied watchfulness such as women only can preserve, calling, though it does, for a degree of physical endurance under which strong men grow faint, tended them unceasingly, and afforded witness in that season of trial, to the value of the “gift and heritage which cometh from the Lord.”

In the beginning of June, a temporary amendment enabled them to return to town. Here everything was done that human skill and care could effect, friends gathered round, professional advice of the highest character was freely offered; Dr. Roberts, and the eminent surgeon, Mr. Coulson, were unremitting in their attentions. No language can convey,—none, at least, the writer can command—the sense of obligation which his family must ever entertain towards these and other gentlemen, whose names we abstain from mentioning, for their unremitting exertions displayed on that occasion. In Mr. Barham’s case all was of no avail; the vantage ground had been lost, never to be regained, the malady had reached a point beyond the influence of medicine, and recovery was pronounced impossible. There was the customary and very natural disinclination on the part of his physicians to deprive their patient of all hope; he, however, was not to be lulled by the evasive nature of their replies, and, to place the matter beyond doubt, he prepared a series of questions, couched in the closest terms, in the manner of an examination paper, to which he requested specific answers in writing. Their opinion was, of course betrayed by their hesitation to comply.

To say that he received the intimation thus conveyed, with fortitude, would afford but a very inadequate notion of the calmness and contentment with which he regarded his approaching end. Having arranged, with his usual perspicuity, all the details of his temporal affairs, he partook for the last time, of the holy communion, in company with all his household, and

set himself, in perfect self-possession, to make final preparation for the awful change at hand.

There was something peculiarly affecting; something at variance with the common phenomena of a death-bed scene, in a man scarcely past the prime of life, with intellectual faculties unimpaired, and bodily strength comparatively unbroken, awaiting without a murmur of remorse, or an expression of regret, the fatal stroke which the exercise of common care might, in all human probability, have averted. His mind appeared chastened and subdued; every symptom of impatience and irritability had vanished, and though he was among the last to place anything of dependence on man's imperfect services, it cannot be doubted but that the review of a life not altogether ill-spent did much towards relieving the coming struggle of its terrors.

His cheerfulness never deserted him, save under the pressure of anxiety concerning his wife, whose danger seemed daily increasing; nor was the "ruling passion" quelled, till every thought was claimed for high and solemn things; no degree of pain was capable of extinguishing it; there had been times, even recently, ere the exigencies of his position were fully understood, when his ideas fell into their accustomed train, and found a vent through their accustomed channel; and had his disease terminated differently, his friends might have found matter for mirth in more than one effort of his poetic genius, acting almost spontaneously, even in the midst of suffering. His last lines, entitled, "*As I laye a-thynkynge*," were written but a few days before he quitted Clifton, and are of a more sombre hue, referring chiefly to the death of his youngest son, to whom his latest thoughts were constantly recurring. They were placed, at his express desire, in the hands of Mr. Bentley for publication.

On the morning of the 17th of June, 1845, he expired in the fifty-seventh year of his age, without a struggle, in faith, and hope, and in charity with all men. His funeral took place on the 21st, and was conducted, according to his own wish, with

such privacy as the sympathy of his friends would allow. Conscious, however, as his family could not fail to be, of the very high esteem in which he was held by those with whom he had been professionally connected, they were not prepared for the unanimous demonstration of respect which they thought good to exhibit on this occasion. The windows of the streets situated in the parishes of St. Faith and St. Gregory, through which the funeral procession passed, were closed. Both churches were hung with black cloth; and the officers of the latter one, in deep mourning, received his remains at the porch, and, together with many of his old parishioners, witnessed their consignment to the Rector's vault, beneath that altar at which he had ministered so long. Nor did their expression of kind feeling terminate here: memorials of their appreciation of the worth of their late pastor, and of regret at his loss, were soon after forwarded to his widow from the inhabitants of St. Faith and St. Augustine, and a disposition was evinced, were such a course deemed fitting, to petition the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to confer the vacant living upon his son. This kind offer was of course declined.

Nor were other and different manifestations of affection wanting. Some beautiful stanzas record the grief of his attached friend Mr. Hughes, and are appended to a memoir prepared by that gentleman, and which appeared in the pages of "Colburn's Magazine." Lines breathing a similar spirit were addressed by Stephen Isaacson, A.M., to Mr. Pettigrew, and were produced at the last "Congress of the Archæological Association" at Winchester.

Independent, indeed, of any admiration, Mr. Barham's wit and talent might excite, there was a warmth of heart about him, and an amiability of disposition which rendered him justly dear to many even beyond the pale of intimacy. His spirits were fresh and buoyant, his constitution vigorous, and his temperament sanguine. His humour never ranged "beyond the limits of becoming mirth," and was in its essence free from gall. Where irony was his object, it was commonly just, and

always gentle. On his writings might, in fairness, he inscribed:—

*"Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam,
Nulla venanato est litera mixta joco."*

Perhaps his virtues were of a kind especially adapted to win their own reward; certain it is, he had ever cause to view humanity under its fairest aspect. He never lost a friend: he never met with coldness or neglect. His family were devotedly attached to him; those upon whom he was instrumental in conferring benefits were rarely, if ever, wanting in gratitude; and his own claims to consideration were readily and liberally allowed. All these things pass away. His memory may be cherished as a faithful pastor and firm friend, by some few "fashioned of the better sort of clay," and his social qualities may secure him a place for a season in the recollection of those who only sought in him an agreeable companion; but as an author, he can scarcely be forgotten. His productions, whatever may be their defects or blemishes, and we would fondly hope they are neither numerous nor important, must occupy that niche in the literature of the country, which his originality has carved out.

THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS;

OR,

Mirth and Marvels.

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq.

(THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM)

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU wish me to collect into a single volume certain rambling extracts from our family memoranda, many of which have already appeared in the pages of your Miscellany. At the same time you tell me that doubts are entertained in certain quarters as to the authenticity of their details.

Now, with respect to their genuineness, the old oak chest, in which the originals are deposited, is not more familiar to my eyes than it is to your own; and if its contents have any value at all, it consists in the strict veracity of the facts they record.

To convince the most incredulous, I can only add, that should business—pleasure is out of the question—ever call them into the neighbourhood of Folkestone, let them

take the high road from Canterbury to Dover till they reach the eastern extremity of Barham Downs. Here a beautiful green lane diverging abruptly to the right, will carry them, through the Oxenden plantations and the unpretending village of Denton, to the foot of a very respectable hill—as hills go in this part of Europe. On reaching its summit let them look straight before them,—and if among the hanging woods which crown the opposite side of the valley, they cannot distinguish an antiquated Manor-house of Elizabethan architecture, with its gable ends, stone stanchions, and tortuous chimneys rising above the surrounding trees, why—the sooner they procure a pair of Dolland's patent spectacles the better.

If, on the contrary, they can manage to descry it, and, proceeding some five or six furlongs through the avenue, will ring at the Lodge-gate—they cannot mistake the stone lion with the Ingoldsby escutcheon (Ermine, a saltire engrailed Gules) in his paws,—they will be received with a hearty old English welcome.

The papers in question having been written by different parties, and at various periods, I have thought it advisable to reduce the more ancient of them into a comparatively modern phraseology, and to make my collateral ancestor Father John, especially, 'deliver himself like a man of this world;' Mr. Maguire, indeed, is the only Gentleman who, in his account of the late Coronation, retains his own rich vernacular.

PREFACE.

•d

As to arrangement, I shall adopt the sentiment expressed by the Constable of Bourbon four centuries ago, *teste* Shakspeare, one which seems to become more fashionable every day,

"The Devil take all order!!—I'll to the throng!"

Believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Yours, most indubitably and immeasurably,

THOMAS INGOLDSBY

Tappington Everard,
Jan. 20, 1840.

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PREFACE
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD have replied sooner to your letter, but that the last three days in January are, as you are aware, always dedicated, at the Hall, to an especial *battue*, and the old house is full of shooting-jackets, shot-belts, and "double Joes." Even the women wear percussion caps, and your favourite (?) Rover, who, you may remember, examined the calves of your legs with such suspicious curiosity at Christmas, is as pheasant-mad as if he were a biped, instead of being a genuine four-legged scion of the Blenheim breed. I have managed, however, to avail myself of a lucid interval in the general hallucination (how the rain *did* come down on Monday!), and as you tell me the excellent friend whom you are in the habit of styling "a Generous and Enlightened Public," has emptied your shelves of the first edition, and "asks for more," why, I agree with you, it *would* be a want of *respect* to that very *respectable* personification, when furnishing him with a

farther supply, not to endeavour, at least, to amend my faults, which are few, and your own, which are more numerous; I have, therefore, gone to work *con amore*, supplying occasionally on my own part a deficient note, or elucidatory stanza, and on yours knocking out, without remorse, your superfluous i's, and now and then eviscerating your *colon*.

My duty to our illustrious friend thus performed, I have a crow to pluck with him—Why will he persist—as you tell me he does persist—in calling me by all sorts of names but those to which I am entitled by birth and baptism—my “Sponsorial and Patronymic appellations,” as Dr. Pangloss has it?—Mrs. Malaprop complains, and with justice, of “an assault upon her parts of speech,” but to attack one’s very existence—to deny that one is a person *in esse*, and scarcely to admit that one *may be* a person *in posse*, is tenfold cruelty;—“it is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging!”—let me entreat all such likewise to remember that, as Shakspeare beautifully expresses himself elsewhere—I give his words as quoted by a very worthy Baronet in a neighbouring county, when protesting against a defamatory placard at a general election—

“Who steals my purse steals stuff!—
’Twas mine—tisn’t his—nor nobody else’s!
But he who runs away with my GOOD NAME,
Robs me of what does not do him any good,
And makes me deuced poor!” *

In order utterly to squabash and demolish every gainsayer

* A reading which seems most unaccountably to have escaped the researches of all modern Shakspearians, including the rival editors of the new and illustrated versions.

I had thought, at one time, of asking my old and esteemed friend, Richard Lane, to crush them at once with his magic pencil, and to transmit my features to posterity, where all his works are sure to be "delivered according to the direction;" but somehow the noble-looking profiles which he has recently executed of the Kemble family put me a little out of conceit with my own, while the undisguised amusement which my "Mephistopheles Eyebrow," as he termed it, afforded him, in the "full face," induced me to lay aside the design. Besides, my dear Sir, since, as has well been observed, "there never was a married man yet who had not somebody remarkably like him walking about town," it is a thousand to one but my lineaments might, after all, out of sheer perverseness be ascribed to any body rather than to the real owner. I have therefore sent you, instead thereof, a very fair sketch of Tappington, taken from the Folkestone road (I tore it last night out of Julia Simpkinson's *album*); get Gilks to make a woodcut of it. And now, if any miscreant (I use the word only in its primary and "Pickwickian" sense of "Unbeliever,") ventures to throw any further doubt upon the matter, why, as Jack Cade's friend says in the play, "There are the chimneys in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it!"

"Why, very well then—we hope here be truths!"

Heaven be with you, my dear Sir!—I was getting a little excited; but you, who are mild as the milk that dews th

soft whisker of the new-weaned kitten, will forgive me
when, wiping away the nascent moisture from my brow, I
"pull in," and subscribe myself,

Yours quite as much as his own,

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Tappington Everard,
Feb 2d, 1843.

THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

THE SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON.

"It is very odd, though; what can have become of them?" said Charles Seaforth, as he peeped under the valance of an old-fashioned bedstead, in an old-fashioned apartment of a still more old-fashioned manor-house; "'t is confoundedly odd, and I can't make it out at all. Why, Barney, where are they?—and where the d—l are you!"

No answer was returned to this appeal; and the Lieutenant, who was, in the main, a reasonable person,—at least as reasonable a person as any young gentleman of twenty-two in "the service" can fairly be expected to be,—cooled when he reflected that his servant could scarcely reply extempore to a summons which it was impossible he should hear.

An application to the bell was the considerate result; and the footsteps of as tight a lad as ever put pipe-clay to belt sounded along the gallery.

"Come in!" said his master.—An ineffectual attempt upon the door reminded Mr. Seaforth that he had locked

himself in.—“By Heaven! this is the oddest thing of all,” said he, as he turned the key and admitted Mr. Maguire into his dormitory.

“Barney, where are my pantaloons?”

“Is it the breeches?” asked the valet, casting an inquiring eye round the apartment;—“is it the breeches, sir?”

“Yes; what have you done with them?”

“Sure then your honour had them on when you went to bed, and it’s hereabout they’ll be, I’ll be bail;” and Barney lifted a fashionable tunic from a cane-backed arm-chair, proceeding in his examination. But the search was vain: there was the tunic aforesaid,—there was a smart-looking kerseymere waistcoat; but the most important article of all in a gentleman’s wardrobe was still wanting.

“Where *can* they be?” asked the master, with a strong accent on the auxiliary verb.

“Sorrow a know I knows,” said the man.

“It *must* have been the Devil, then, after all, who has been here and carried them off!” cried Seaforth, staring full into Barney’s face.

Mr. Maguire was not devoid of the superstition of his countrymen, still he looked as if he did not quite subscribe to the *sequitur*.

His master read incredulity in his countenance. “Why, I tell you, Barney, I put them there, on that arm-chair, when I got into bed; and, by Heaven! I distinctly saw the ghost of the old fellow they told me of, come in at midnight, put on my pantaloons, and walk away with them.”

“May be so” was the cautious reply.

"I thought, of course, it was a dream; but then,—where the d—l are the breeches?"

The question was more easily asked than answered. Barney renewed his search, while the lieutenant folded his arms, and, leaning against the toilet, sunk into a reverie.

"After all, it must be some trick of my laughter-loving cousins," said Seaforth.

"Ah! then, the ladies!" chimed in Mr. Maguire, though the observation was not addressed to him; "and will it be Miss Caroline, or Miss Fanny, that's stole your honour's things?"

"I hardly know what to think of it," pursued the bereaved lieutenant, still speaking in soliloquy, with his eye resting dubiously on the chamber-door. "I locked myself in, that's certain; and—but there must be some other entrance to the room—pooh! I remember—the private staircase; how could I be such a fool?" and he crossed the chamber to where a low oaken doorcase was dimly visible in a distant corner. He paused before it. Nothing now interfered to screen it from observation; but it bore tokens of having been at some earlier period concealed by tapestry, remains of which yet clothed the walls on either side of the portal.

"This way they must have come," said Seaforth; "I wish with all my heart I had caught them!"

"Och! the kittens!" sighed Mr. Barney Maguire.

But the mystery was yet as far from being solved as before. True, there *was* the "other door;" but then that, too, on examination, was even more firmly secured than the one which opened on the gallery,—two heavy bolts on the inside effectually prevented any *coup de*

main on the lieutenant's *bivouac* from that quarter. He was more puzzled than ever; nor did the minutest inspection of the walls and floor throw any light upon the subject: one thing only was clear,—the breeches were gone! "It is *very* singular," said the lieutenant.

* * * * *

Tappington (generally called Tapton) Everard, is an antiquated but commodious manor-house in the eastern division of the county of Kent. A former proprietor had been High-sheriff in the days of Elizabeth, and many a dark and dismal tradition was yet extant of the licentiousness of his life, and the enormity of his offences. The Glen, which the keeper's daughter was seen to enter, but never known to quit, still frowns darkly as of yore; while an ineradicable bloodstain on the oaken stair yet bids defiance to the united energies of soap and sand. But it is with one particular apartment that a deed of more especial atrocity is said to be connected. A stranger guest—so runs the legend—arrived unexpectedly at the mansion of the "Bad Sir Giles." They met in apparent friendship; but the ill-concealed scowl on their master's brow told the domestics that the visit was not a welcome one. The banquet, however, was not spared; the wine-cup circulated freely,—too freely, perhaps,—for sounds of discord at length reached the ears of even the excluded serving-men as they were doing their best to imitate their betters in the lower hall. Alarmed, some of them ventured to approach the parlour; one, an old and favoured retainer of the house, went so far as to break in upon his master's privacy. Sir Giles, already high in oath, fiercely enjoined his absence, and he retired; not,

however, before he had distinctly heard from the stranger's lips a menace that "There was that within his pocket which could disprove the knight's right to issue that or any other command within the walls of Tapton."

The intrusion, though momentary, seemed to have produced a beneficial effect; the voices of the disputants fell, and the conversation was carried on thenceforth in a more subdued tone, till, as evening closed in, the domestics, when summoned to attend with lights, found not only cordiality restored, but that a still deeper carouse was meditated. Fresh stoups, and from the choicest bins, were produced; nor was it till at a late, or rather early hour, that the revellers sought their chambers.

The one allotted to the stranger occupied the first floor of the eastern angle of the building, and had once been the favourite apartment of Sir Giles himself. Scandal ascribed this preference to the facility which a private staircase, communicating with the grounds, had afforded him, in the old knight's time, of following his wicked courses unchecked by parental observation; a consideration which ceased to be of weight when the death of his father left him uncontrolled master of his estate and actions. From that period Sir Giles had established himself in what were called the "state apartments;" and the "oaken chamber" was rarely tenanted, save on occasions of extraordinary festivity, or when the yule log drew an unusually large accession of guests around the Christmas hearth.

On this eventful night it was prepared for the unknown visitor, who sought his couch heated and in-

flamed from his midnight orgies, and in the morning was found in his bed a swollen and blackened corpse. No marks of violence appeared upon the body ; but the livid hue of the lips, and certain dark-coloured spots visible on the skin, aroused suspicions which those who entertained them were too timid to express. Apoplexy, induced by the excesses of the preceding night, Sir Giles's confidential leech pronounced to be the cause of his sudden dissolution: the body was buried in peace; and though some shook their heads as they witnessed the haste with which the funeral rites were hurried on, none ventured to murmur. Other events arose to distract the attention of the retainers; men's minds became occupied by the stirring politics of the day, while the near approach of that formidable armada, so vainly arrogating to itself a title which the very elements joined with human valour to disprove, soon interfered to weaken, if not obliterate, all remembrance of the nameless stranger who had died within the walls of Tapton Everard.

Years rolled on: the "Bad Sir Giles" had himself long since gone to his account, the last, as it was believed, of his immediate line; though a few of the older tenants were sometimes heard to speak of an elder brother, who had disappeared in early life, and never inherited the estate. Rumours, too, of his having left a son in foreign lands were at one time rife; but they died away, nothing occurring to support them: the property passed unchallenged to a collateral branch of the family, and the secret, if secret there were, was buried in Denton churchyard, in the lonely grave of the mysterious stranger. One circumstance alone occurred,

after a long-intervening period, to revive the memory of these transactions. Some workmen employed in grubbing an old plantation, for the purpose of raising on its site a modern shrubbery, dug up, in the execution of their task, the mildewed remnants of what seemed to have been once a garment. On more minute inspection enough remained of silken slashes and a coarse embroidery to identify the relics as having once formed part of a pair of trunk hose; while a few papers which fell from them, altogether illegible from damp and age, were by the unlearned rustics conveyed to the then owner of the estate.

Whether the squire was more successful in deciphering them was never known; he certainly never alluded to their contents; and little would have been thought of the matter but for the inconvenient memory of one old woman, who declared she heard her grandfather say that when the "stranger guest" was poisoned, though all the rest of his clothes were there, his breeches, the supposed repository of the supposed documents, could never be found. The master of Tappington Everard smiled when he heard Dame Jones's hint of deeds which might impeach the validity of his own title in favour of some unknown descendant of some unknown heir; and the story was rarely alluded to, save by one or two miracle-mongers, who had heard that others had seen the ghost of old Sir Giles, in his night-cap, issue from the postern, enter the adjoining copse, and wring his shadowy hands in agony, as he seemed to search vainly for something hidden among the evergreens. The stranger's death-room had, of course, been occasionally haunted from

the time of his decease; but the periods of visitation had latterly become very rare,—even Mrs. Botherby, the housekeeper, being forced to admit that, during her long sojourn at the manor, she had never “met with anything worse than herself;” though as the old lady afterwards added upon more mature reflection, “I must say I think I saw the devil *once*.”

Such was the legend attached to Tapton Everard, and such the story which the lively Caroline Ingoldsby detailed to her equally mercurial cousin Charles Seaforth, lieutenant in the Hon. East India Company's second regiment of Bombay Fencibles, as arm-in-arm they promenaded a gallery decked with some dozen grim-looking ancestral portraits, and, among others, with that of the redoubted Sir Giles himself. The gallant commander had that very morning paid his first visit to the house of his maternal uncle, after an absence of several years passed with his regiment on the arid plains of Hindostan, whence he was now returned on a three years' furlough. He had gone out a boy,—he returned a man; but the impression made upon his youthful fancy by his favourite cousin remained unimpaired, and to Tapton he directed his steps, even before he sought the home of his widowed mother,—comforting himself in this breach of filial decorum by the reflection that, as the manor was so little out of his way, it would be unkind to pass, as it were, the door of his relatives without just looking in for a few hours.

But he found his uncle as hospitable and his cousin more charming than ever; and the looks of one, and the requests of the other, soon precluded the possibility of refusing to lengthen the “few hours” into a few

days, though the house was at the moment full of visitors.

The Peterses were there from Ramsgate; and Mr., Mrs., and the two Miss Simpkinsons, from Bath, had come to pass a month with the family; and Tom Ingoldsby had brought down his college friend, the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin, with his groom and pointers, to take a fortnight's shooting. And then there was Mrs. Oggleton, the rich young widow, with her large black eyes, who, people did say, was setting her cap at the young squire, though Mrs. Botherby did not believe it; and, above all, there was Mademoiselle Pauline, her *femme de chambre*, who "*mon-Dieu'd*" everything and everybody, and cried "*Quel horreur!*" at Mrs. Botherby's cap. In short, to use the last-named and much respected lady's own expression, the house was "choke-full" to the very attics,—all, save the "oaken chamber," which, as the lieutenant expressed a most magnificent disregard of ghosts, was forthwith appropriated to his particular accommodation. Mr. Maguire, meanwhile, was fain to share the apartment of Oliver Dobbs, the squire's own man: a jocular proposal of joint occupancy having been at first indignantly rejected by "Mademoiselle," though preferred with the "laste taste in life" of Mr. Barney's most insinuating brogue.

* * * * *

"Come, Charles, the urn is absolutely getting cold; your breakfast will be quite spoiled: what can have made you so idle?" Such was the morning salutation of Miss Ingoldsby to the *militaire* as he entered the breakfast-room half an hour after the latest of the party.

"A pretty gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with," chimed in Miss Frances. "What is become of our ramble to the rocks before breakfast?"

"Oh! the young men never think of keeping a promise now," said Mrs. Peters, a little ferret-faced woman with underdone eyes.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Peters, "I remember I always made a point of——"

"Pray how long ago was that?" asked Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Why, sir, when I married Mrs. Peters, I was—let me see—I was——"

"Do pray hold your tongue, P., and eat your breakfast!" interrupted his better half, who had a mortal horror of chronological references; "it's very rude to tease people with your family affairs."

The lieutenant had by this time taken his seat in silence,—a good-humoured nod, and a glance, half-smiling, half-inquisitive, being the extent of his salutation. Smitten as he was, and in the immediate presence of her who had made so large a hole in his heart, his manner was evidently *distract*, which the fair Caroline in her secret soul attributed to his being solely occupied by her *agréments*,—how would she have bridled had she known that they only shared his meditations with a pair of breeches!

Charles drank his coffee and spiked some half-dozen eggs, darting occasionally a penetrating glance at the ladies, in hope of detecting the supposed waggy by the evidence of some furtive smile or conscious look. But in vain; not a dimple moved indicative of roguery, nor did the slightest elevation of eyebrow rise confirma

tive of his suspicions. Hints and insinuations passed unheeded,—more particular inquiries were out of the question:—the subject was unapproachable.

In the meantime, "patent cords" were just the thing for a morning's ride; and, breakfast ended, away cantered the party over the downs, till, every faculty absorbed by the beauties, animate and inanimate, which surrounded him, Lieutenant Seaforth of the Bombay Fencibles bestowed no more thought upon his breeches than if he had been born on the top of Ben Lomond.

* * * * *

Another night had passed away; the sun rose brilliantly, forming with his level beams a splendid rainbow in the far-off west, whither the heavy cloud, which for the last two hours had been pouring its waters on the earth, was now flying before him.

"Ah! then, and it's little good it'll be the claning of ye," apostrophised Mr. Barney Maguire, as he deposited in front of his master's toilet, a pair of "bran-new" jockey boots, one of Hoby's primeest fits, which the lieutenant had purchased in his way through town. On that very morning had they come for the first time under the valet's depurating hand, so little soiled, indeed, from the turfy ride of the preceding day, that a less scrupulous domestic might, perhaps, have considered the application of "Warren's Matchless," or oxalic acid, altogether superfluous. Not so Barney: with the nicest care had he removed the slightest impurity from each polished surface, and there they stood rejoicing in their sable radiance. No wonder a pang shot across Mr. Maguire's breast, as he thought on the work now cut out for them, so different from the light labours of

the day before; no wonder he murmured with a sigh, as the scarce-dried window-panes disclosed a road now inch-deep in mud, "Ah! then, it's little good the claning of ye!"—for well had he learned in the hall below that eight miles of a stiff clay soil lay between the manor and Bolsover Abbey, whose picturesque ruins,

"Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,"

the party had determined to explore. The master had already commenced dressing, and the man was fitting straps upon a light pair of crane-necked spurs, when his hand was arrested by the old question,—“Barney, where are the breeches?”

They were nowhere to be found!

* * * * *

Mr. Seaforth descended that morning, whip in hand, and equipped in a handsome green riding-frock, but no “breeches and boots to match” were there: loose jean trowsers, surmounting a pair of diminutive Wellingtons, embraced, somewhat incongruously, his nether man, *vice* the “patent cords,” returned, like yesterday’s pantaloons, absent without leave. The “top-boots” had a holiday.

“A fine morning after the rain,” said Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

“Just the thing for the ’ops,” said Mr. Peters. “I remember when I was a boy—”

“Do hold your tongue, P.,” said Mrs. Peters,—advice which that exemplary matron was in the constant habit of administering to “her P.” as she called him, whenever he prepared to vent his reminiscences. Her precise

reason for this it would be difficult to determine, unless, indeed, the story be true which a little bird had whispered into Mrs. Botherby's ear,—Mr. Peters, though now a wealthy man, had received a liberal education at a charity school, and was apt to recur to the days of his muffin-cap and leathers. As usual, he took his wife's hint in good part, and "paused in his reply."

"A glorious day for the ruins!" said young Ingoldsby. "But, Charles, what the deuce are you about?—you don't mean to ride through our lanes in such toggery as that?"

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "wont you be very wet?"

"You had better take Tom's cab," quoth the squire.

But this proposition was at once overruled; Mrs. Ogleton had already nailed the cab, a vehicle of all others the best adapted for a snug flirtation.

"Or drive Miss Julia in the phaeton?" No; that was the post of Mr. Peters, who, indifferent as an equestrian, had acquired some fame as a whip while travelling through the midland counties for the firm of Bagshaw, Snivelby, and Ghrimes.

"Thank you, I shall ride with my cousins," said Charles with as much *nonchalance* as he could assume,—and he did so; Mr. Ingoldsby, Mrs. Peters, Mr. Simpkinson from Bath, and his eldest daughter with her *album*, following in the family coach. The gentleman-commoner "voted the affair d—d slow," and declined the party altogether in favour of the game-keeper and a cigar. "There was 'no fun' in looking at old houses!" Mrs. Simpkinson preferred a short *séjour* in the still-room with Mrs. Botherby, who had promised to initiate

her in that grand *arcanum*, the transmutation of gooseberry jam into Guava jelly.

* * * * *

"Did you ever see an old abbey before, Mr Peters?"

"Yee, miss, a French one; we have got one at Ramsgate; he teaches the Miss Joneses to parley-voo, and is turned of sixty."

Miss Simpkinson closed her album with an air of ineffable disdain.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath was a professed antiquary, and one of the first water; he was master of Gwillim's Heraldry, and Milles's History of the Crusades; knew every plate in the Monasticon;—had written an essay on the origin and dignity of the office of overseer, and settled the date of a Queen Anne's farthing. An influential member of the Antiquarian Society, to whose "Beauties of Bagnigge Wells" he had been a liberal subscriber, procured him a seat at the board of that learned body, since which happy epoch Sylvanus Urban had not a more indefatigable correspondent. His inaugural essay on the President's cocked hat, was considered a miracle of erudition; and his account of the earliest application of gilding to gingerbread, a master piece of antiquarian research. His eldest daughter was of a kindred spirit: if her father's mantle had not fallen upon her, it was only because he had not thrown it off himself; she had caught hold of its tail, however, while it yet hung upon his honoured shoulders. To souls so congenial what a sight was the magnificent ruin of Bolsover! its broken arches, its mouldering pinnacles, and the airy tracery of its half-demolished windows. The party were in raptures; Mr. Simpkinson began to

meditate an essay, and his daughter an ode; even Seaforth, as he gazed on these lonely relics of the olden time, was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of his love and losses: the widow's eye-glass turned from her *cicisbeo's* whiskers to the mantling ivy: Mrs. Peters wiped her spectacles; and "her P." supposed the central tower "had once been the county Jail." The squire was a philosopher, and had been there often before; so he ordered out the cold tongue and chickens.

"Bolsover Priory," said Mr. Simpkinson, with the air of a connoisseur—"Bolsover Priory was founded in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about the beginning of the eleventh century. Hugh de Bolsover had accompanied that monarch to the Holy Land, in the expedition undertaken by way of penance for the murder of his young nephews in the Tower. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, the veteran was enfeoffed in the lands and manor, to which he gave his own name of Bowlsover, or Bee-owls-over, (by corruption Bolsover,)—a Bee in chief, over three Owls, all proper, being the armorial ensigns borne by this distinguished crusader at the siege of Acre."

"Ah! that was Sir Sidney Smith," said Mr. Peters; "I've heard tell of him, and all about Mrs. Partington, and—"

"P. be quiet, and don't expose yourself!" sharply interrupted his lady. P. was silenced, and betook himself to the bottled stout.

"These lands," continued the antiquary, "were held in grand serjeantry by the presentation of three white owls and a pot of honey—"

"Lassy me! how nice!" said Miss Julia. Mr. Peters licked his lips.

"Pray give me leave, my dear—owls and honey, whenever the king should come a rat-catching into this part of the country."

"Rat-catching!" ejaculated the squire, pausing abruptly in the mastication of a drumstick.

"To be sure, my dear sir: don't you remember that rats once came under the forest laws—a minor species of venison? 'Rats and mice, and such small deer,' eh?—Shakspeare, you know. Our ancestors ate rats; ("The nasty fellows!" shuddered Miss Julia in a parenthesis) "and owls, you know, are capital mousers——"

"I've seen a howl," said Mr. Peters; "there's one in the Sohological Gardens,—a little hook-nosed chap in a wig,—only its feathers and——"

Poor P. was destined never to finish a speech.

"Do be quiet!" cried the authoritative voice, and the would-be naturalist shrank into his shell like a snail in the "Sohological Gardens."

"You should read Blount's 'Jocular Tenures,' Mr. Ingoldsby," pursued Simpkinson. "A learned man was Blount! Why, sir, his Royal Highness the Duke of York once paid a silver horse-shoe to Lord Ferrers——"

"I've heard of him," broke in the incorrigible Peters; "he was hanged at the Old Bailey in a silk rope for shooting Dr. Johnson."

The antiquary vouchsafed no notice of the interruption; but, taking a pinch of snuff, continued his harangue.

"A silver horse-shoe, sir, which is due from every scion of royalty who rides across one of his manors; and if you look into the penny county histories, now publishing by an eminent friend of mine, you will find

that Langhale in Co. Norf. was held by one Baldwin *per saltum, sufflatum, et pettum*; that is, he was to come every Christmas into Westminster Hall, there to take a leap, cry hem! and——”

“Mr. Simpkinson, a glass of sherry!” cried Tom Ingoldsby, hastily.

“Not any, thank you, sir. This Baldwin, surnamed *Le——*”

“Mrs. Ogleton challenges you, sir; she insists upon it,” said Tom still more rapidly; at the same time filling a glass, and forcing it on the *scavant*, who, thus arrested in the very crisis of his narrative, received and swallowed the potation as if it had been physic.

“What on earth has Miss Simpkinson discovered there?” continued Tom; “something of interest. See how fast she is writing.”

The diversion was effectual; every one looked towards Miss Simpkinson, who, far too ethereal for “creature comforts,” was seated apart on the dilapidated remains of an altar-tomb, committing eagerly to paper something that had strongly impressed her: the air,—the eye “in a fine frenzy rolling,”—all betokened that the divine *afflatus* was come. Her father rose, and stole silently towards her.

“What an old boar!” muttered young Ingoldsby; alluding, perhaps, to a slice of brawn which he had just begun to operate upon, but which, from the celerity with which it disappeared, did not seem so very difficult of mastication.

But what had become of Seaforth and his fair Caroline all this while? Why, it so happened that they had been simultaneously stricken with the picturesque

appearance of one of those high and pointed arches, which that eminent antiquary, Mr. Horsley Curties, has described in his "Ancient Records" as "a *Gothic* window of the *Saxon* order;"—and then the ivy clustered so thickly and so beautifully on the other side, that they went round to look at that;—and then their proximity deprived it of half its effect, and so they walked across to a little knoll, a hundred yards off, and in crossing a small ravine, they came to what in Ireland they call "a bad step," and Charles had to carry his cousin over it;—and then, when they had to come back, she would not give him the trouble again for the world, so they followed a better but more circuitous route, and there were hedges and ditches in the way, and stiles to get over, and gates to get through; so that an hour or more had elapsed before they were able to rejoin the party.

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpinkson, "how long you have been gone!"

And so they had. The remark was a very just as well as a very natural one. They were gone a long while, and a nice cosey chat they had; and what do you think it was all about, my dear miss?"

"O, lassy me! love, no doubt, and the moon, and eyes, and nightingales, and ——"

Stay, stay, my sweet young lady; do not let the fervour of your feelings run away with you! I do not pretend to say, indeed, that one or more of these pretty subjects might not have been introduced; but the most important and leading topic of the conference was—Lieutenant Seaforth's breeches.

"Caroline," said Charles, "I have had some very odd dreams since I have been at Tappington."

"Dreams, have you?" smiled the young lady, arching her taper neck like a swan in pluming. "Dreams, have you?"

"Ay, dreams,—or dream, perhaps, I should say; for, though repeated, it was still the same. And what do you imagine was its subject?"

"It is impossible for me to divine," said the tongue;—"I have not the least difficulty in guessing," said the eye as plainly as ever eye spoke.

"I dreamt—of your great grandfather!"

There was a change in the glance—"My great grandfather!"

"Yes, the old Sir Giles, or Sir John, you told me about the other day: he walked into my bedroom in his short cloak of murrey-coloured velvet, his long rapier, and his Raleigh-looking hat and feather, just as the picture represents him; but with one exception."

"And what was that?"

"Why his lower extremities, which were visible, were—those of a skeleton."

"Well."

"Well, after taking a turn or two about the room, and looking round him with a wistful air, he came to the bed's foot, stared at me in a manner impossible to describe,—and then he—he laid hold of my pantaloons; whipped his long bony legs into them in a twinkling; and, strutting up to the glass, seemed to view himself in it with great complacency. I tried to speak, but in vain. The effort, however, seemed to excite his attention; for, wheeling about, he showed me the grimmest-looking death's head you can well

imagine, and with an indescribable grin strutted out of the room."

"Absurd! Charles. How can you talk such nonsense?"

"But, Caroline,—the breeches are really gone."

* * * * *

On the following morning, contrary to his usual custom, Seaforth was the first person in the breakfast parlour. As no one else was present, he did precisely what nine young men out of ten so situated would have done; he walked up to the mantel-piece, established himself upon the rug, and subducting his coat-tails one under each arm, turned towards the fire that portion of the human frame which it is considered equally indecorous to present to a friend or an enemy. A serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible upon his good-humoured countenance, and his mouth was fast buttoning itself up for an incipient whistle, when little Flo, a tiny spaniel of the Blenheim breed,—the pet object of Miss Julia Simpkinson's affections,—bounced out from beneath a sofa, and began to bark at—his pantaloons.

They were cleverly "built," of a light grey mixture, a broad stripe of the most vivid scarlet traversing each seam in a perpendicular direction from hip to ankle,—in short, the regimental costume of the Royal Bombay Fencibles. The animal, educated in the country, had never seen such a pair of breeches in her life—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico!* The scarlet streak, inflamed as it was by the reflection of the fire, seemed to act on Flora's nerves as the same colour does on those of bulls and turkeys; she advanced at the *pas de charge*, and her

vociferation, like her amazement, was unbounded. A sound kick from the disgusted officer changed its character, and induced a retreat at the very moment when the mistress of the pugnacious quadruped entered to the rescue.

"Lassy me! Flo! what is the matter?" cried the sympathising lady, with a scrutinizing glance levelled at the gentleman.

It might as well have lighted on a feather bed.—His air of imperturbable unconsciousness defied examination; and as he would not, and Flora could not, expound, that injured individual was compelled to pocket up her wrongs. Others of the household soon dropped in, and clustered round the board dedicated to the most sociable of meals; the urn was paraded "hissing hot," and the cups which "cheer, but not inebriate," steamed redolent of hyson and pekoe; muffins and marmalade, newspapers and Finnan haddies, left little room for observation on the character of Charles's warlike "turn-out." At length a look from Caroline, followed by a smile that nearly ripened to a titter, caused him to turn abruptly and address his neighbour. It was Miss Simpkinson, who, deeply engaged in sipping her tea and turning over her album, seemed, like a female Chronohotonthologos, "immersed in cogibundity of cogitation." An interrogatory on the subject of her studies drew from her the confession that she was at that moment employed in putting the finishing touches to a poem inspired by the romantic shades of Bolsover. The entreaties of the company were of course urgent. Mr. Peters, "who liked verses," was especially persevering, and Sappho at length compliant.

After a preparatory hem! and a glance at the mirror to ascertain that her look was sufficiently sentimental, the poetess began:—

“There is a calm, a holy feeling,
Vulgar minds can never know,
O’er the bosom softly stealing,—
Chasten’d grief, delicious woe!
Oh! how sweet at eve regaining
Yon lone tower’s sequester’d shade—
Sadly mute and uncomplaining——”

—Yow!—yeough!—yeough!—yow!—yow! yelled a hapless sufferer from beneath the table.—It was an unlucky hour for quadrupeds; and if “every dog will have his day,” he could not have selected a more unpropitious one than this. Mrs. Ogleton, too, had a pet,—a favourite pug,—whose squab figure, black muzzle, and tortuosity of tail, that curled like a head of celery in a salad-bowl, bespoke his Dutch extraction. Yow! yow! yow! continued the brute,—a chorus in which Flo instantly joined. Sooth to say, pug had more reason to express his dissatisfaction than was given him by the muse of Simpkinson; the other only barked for company. Scarcely had the poetess got through her first stanza, when Tom Ingoldsby, in the enthusiasm of the moment, became so lost to the material world, that, in his abstraction, he unwarily laid his hand on the cock of the urn. Quivering with emotion, he gave it such an unlucky twist, that the full stream of its scalding contents descended on the gingerbread hide of the unlucky Cupid.—The confusion was complete;—the whole economy of the table disarranged;—the company broke up in most admired disorder;—and

"Vulgar minds will never know" anything more of Miss Simpkinson's ode till they peruse it in some forthcoming Annual.

Seaforth profited by the confusion to take the delinquent who had caused this "stramash" by the arm, and to lead him to the lawn, where he had a word or two for his private ear. The conference between the young gentlemen was neither brief in its duration nor unimportant in its result. The subject was what the lawyers call tripartite, embracing the information that Charles Seaforth was over head and ears in love with Tom Ingoldsby's sister; secondly, that the lady had referred him to "papa" for his sanction; thirdly, and lastly, his nightly visitations, and consequent bereavement. At the two first items Tom smiled auspiciously;—at the last he burst out into an absolute "guffaw."

"Steal your breeches!—Miss Bailey over again, by Jove," shouted Ingoldsby. "But a gentleman, you say,—and Sir Giles too.—I am not sure, Charles, whether I ought not to call you out for aspersing the honour of the family!"

"Laugh as you will, Tom,—be as incredulous as you please. One fact is incontestable,—the breeches are gone! Look here—I am reduced to my regimentals; and if these go, to-morrow I must borrow of you!"

Rochefoucault says, there is something in the misfortunes of our very best friends that does not displease us;—assuredly we can, most of us, laugh at their petty inconveniences, till called upon to supply them. Tom composed his features on the instant, and replied with more gravity, as well as with an expletive, which, if my

Lord Mayor had been within hearing, might have cost him five shillings.

"There is something very queer in this, after all. The clothes, you say, have positively disappeared. Somebody is playing you a trick ; and, ten to one, your servant has a hand in it. By the way, I heard something yesterday of his kicking up a bobbery in the kitchen, and seeing a ghost, or something of that kind, himself. Depend upon it, Barney is in the plot!"

It now struck the Lieutenant at once, that the usually buoyant spirits of his attendant had of late been materially sobered down, his loquacity obviously circumscribed, and that he, the said Lieutenant, had actually rung his bell three several times that very morning before he could procure his attendance. Mr. Maguire was forthwith summoned, and underwent a close examination. The "bobbery" was easily explained. Mr. Oliver Dobbs had hinted his disapprobation of a flirtation carrying on between the gentleman from Munster and the lady from the Rue St. Honoré. Mademoiselle had boxed Mr. Maguire's ears, and Mr. Maguire had pulled Mademoiselle upon his knee, and the lady had *not* cried *Mon Dieu!* And Mr. Oliver Dobbs said it was very wrong ; and Mrs. Botherby said it was "scandalous," and what ought not to be done in any moral kitchen ;—and Mr. Maguire had got hold of the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin's powder-flask, and had put large pinches of the best double Dartford into Mr. Dobbs's tobacco-box ;—and Mr. Dobbs's pipe had exploded, and set fire to Mrs. Botherby's Sunday cap ;—and Mr. Maguire had put it out with the slop-basin, "barring the wig ;"—and then they were all se

"cantankerous," that Barney had gone to take a walk in the garden; and then—then Mr. Barney had seen a ghost!!

"A what? you blockhead!" asked Tom Ingoldsby.

"Sure then, and it's meself will tell your honour the rights of it," said the Ghost-seer. "Meself and Miss Pauline, sir,—or Miss Pauline and meself, for the ladies come first anyhow,—we got tired of the hobstroppylous skrimmaging among the ould servants, that didn't know a joke when they seen one: and we went out to look at the comet, that's the rory-bory-alehouse, they calls him in this country,—and we walked upon the lawn,—and divil of any alehouse there was there at all; and Miss Pauline said it was because of the shrubbery maybe, and why wouldn't we see it better beyonst the trees?—and so we went to the trees, but sorrow a comet did meself see there, barring a big Ghost instead of it."

"A ghost? And what sort of a ghost, Barney?"

"Och, then, divil a lie I'll tell your honour. A tall ould gentleman he was, all in white, with a shovel on the shoulder of him, and a big torch in his fist,—though what he wanted with that it's meself can't tell, for his eyes were like gig-lamps, let alone the moon and the comet, which wasn't there at all;—and 'Barney,' says he to me,—'cause why he knew me,—'Barney,' says he, 'what is it you're doing with the *colleen* there, Barney?'—Divil a word did I say. Miss Pauline screeched, and cried murther in French, and ran off with herself; and of course meself was in a mighty hurry after the lady, and had no time to stop palavering with him any way: so I dispersed at once, and the Ghost vanished in a flame of fire!"

Mr. Maguire's account was received with avowed incredulity by both gentlemen; but Barney stuck to his text with unflinching pertinacity. A reference to Mademoiselle was suggested, but abandoned, as neither party had a taste for delicate investigations.

"I'll tell you what, Seaforth," said Ingoldsby, after Barney had received his dismissal, "that there is a trick here, is evident; and Barney's vision may possibly be a part of it. Whether he is most knave or fool, you best know. At all events, I will sit up with you to-night, and see if I can convert my ancestor into a visiting acquaintance. Meanwhile your finger on your lip!"

* * * * *

"Twas now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

Gladly would I grace my tale with decent horror, and therefore I do beseech the "gentle reader" to believe, that if all the *succedanea* to this mysterious narrative are not in strict keeping, he will ascribe it only to the disgraceful innovations of modern degeneracy upon the sober and dignified habits of our ancestors. I can introduce him, it is true, into an old and high-roofed chamber, its walls covered on three sides with black oak wainscoting, adorned with carvings of fruit and flowers long anterior to those of Grinling Gibbons; the fourth side is clothed with a curious remnant of dingy tapestry, once elucidatory of some Scriptural history, but of *which* not even Mrs. Botherby could determine. Mr. Simpkinson, who had examined it carefully, inclined to believe the principal figure to be either Bathsheba, or Daniel in the lions' den; while Tom Ingoldsby decided

in favour of the King of Bashan. All, however, was conjecture, tradition being silent on the subject.—A lofty arched portal led into, and a little arched portal led out of, this apartment; they were opposite each other, and each possessed the security of massy bolts on its interior. The bedstead, too, was not one of yesterday, but manifestly coeval with days ere Seddons was, and when a good four-post “article” was deemed worthy of being a royal bequest. The bed itself, with all the appurtenances of palliasse, mattresses, &c., was of far later date, and looked most incongruously comfortable; the casements, too, with their little diamond-shaped panes and iron binding, had given way to the modern heterodoxy of the sash-window. Nor was this all that conspired to ruin the costume, and render the room a meet haunt for such “mixed spirits” only as could condescend to don at the same time an Elizabethan doublet and Bond-street inexpressibles.

With their green morocco slippers on a modern fender, in front of a disgracefully modern grate, sat two young gentlemen, clad in “shawl-pattern” dressing gowns and black silk stocks, much at variance with the high, cane-backed chairs which supported them. A bunch of abomination called a cigar, reeked in the left-hand corner of the mouth of one, and in the right-hand corner of the mouth of the other;—an arrangement happily adapted for the escape of the noxious fumes up the chimney, without that unmerciful “funking” each other, which a less scientific disposition of the weed would have induced. A small pembroke table filled up the intervening space between them, sustaining, at each extremity, an elbow and a glass of toddy;—thus in

"lonely pensive contemplation" were the two worthies occupied, when the "iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve."

"Ghost-time's come!" said Ingoldsby, taking from his waistcoat pocket a watch like a gold half-crown, and consulting it as though he suspected the turret-clock over the stables of mendacity.

"Hush!" said Charles; "did I not hear a footstep?"

There was a pause:—there *was* a footstep—it sounded distinctly—it reached the door—it hesitated, stopped, and—passed on.

Tom darted across the room, threw open the door, and became aware of Mrs. Botherby toddling to her chamber at the other end of the gallery, after dosing one of the housemaids with an approved julep from the Countess of Kent's "Choice Manual."

"Good night, sir!" said Mrs. Botherby.

"Go to the d—!" said the disappointed ghost-hunter.

An hour—two—rolled on, and still no spectral visitation; nor did aught intervene to make night hideous; and when the turret-clock sounded at length the hour of three, Ingoldsby, whose patience and grog were alike exhausted, sprang from his chair, saying—

"This is all infernal nonsense, my good fellow. Deuce of any ghost shall we see to-night; it's long past the canonical hour. I'm off to bed; and as to your breeches, I'll insure them for the next twenty-four hours at least, at the price of the buckram."

"Certainly.—Oh! thank'ee;—to be sure!" stammered Charles, rousing himself from a reverie, which had degenerated into an absolute snooze.

"Good night, my boy! Bolt the door behind me; and defy the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender!—"

Seaforth followed his friend's advice, and the next morning came down to breakfast dressed in the habiliments of the preceding day. The charm was broken, the demon defeated; the light greys with the red stripe down the seams were yet *in rerum natura*, and adorned the person of their lawful proprietor.

Tom felicitated himself and his partner of the watch on the result of their vigilance; but there is a rustic adage, which warns us against self-gratulation before we are quite "out of the wood."—Seaforth was yet within its verge.

* * * * *

A rap at Tom Ingoldsby's door the following morning startled him as he was shaving:—he cut his chin.

"Come in, and be d—d to you!" said the martyr, pressing his thumb on the scarified epidermis.—The door opened, and exhibited Mr. Barney Maguire.

"Well, Barney, what is it?" quoth the sufferer, adopting the vernacular of his visitant.

"The master, sir——"

"Well, what does he want?"

"The loanst of a breeches, plase your honour."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me—By Heaven, this is too good!" shouted Tom, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "Why, Barney, you don't mean to say the ghost has got them again?"

Mr. Maguire did not respond to the young squire's risibility; the cast of his countenance was decidedly serious.

"Faith, then, it's gone they are, sure enough! Hasn't"

meself been looking over the bed, and under the bed, and *in* the bed, for the matter of that, and divil a ha'p'orth of breeches is there to the fore at all:—I'm bothered entirely!"

"Hark'ee! Mr. Barney," said Tom, incautiously removing his thumb, and letting a crimson stream "incarnadine the multitudinous" lather that plastered his throat,—“this may be all very well with your master, but you don't humbug *me*, sir:—tell me instantly what have you done with the clothes?"

This abrupt transition from "lively to severe" certainly took Maguire by surprise, and he seemed for an instant as much disconcerted as it is possible to disconcert an Irish gentleman's gentleman.

"Me! is it meself, then, that 's the Ghost to your honour's thinking?" said he, after a moment's pause, and with a slight shade of indignation in his tones: "is it I would stale the master's things,—and what would I do with them?"

"That you best know:—what your purpose is I can't guess, for I don't think you mean to 'stale' them, as you call it; but that you are concerned in their disappearance, I am satisfied. Confound this blood!—give me a towel, Barney."

Maguire acquitted himself of the commission. "As I've a sowl, your honour," said he solemnly, "little it is meself knows of the matter; and after what I seen——"

"What you've seen? Why, what *have* you seen?—Barney, I don't want to inquire into your flirtations; but don't suppose you can palm off your saucer eyes and gig-lamps upon me!"

"Then, as sure as your honour's standing there I saw him : and why wouldn't I, when Miss *Pauline* was to the fore as well as meself, and——"

"Get along with your nonsense,—leave the room, sir!"

"But the master?" said Barney, imploringly; "and without a breeches?—sure he'll be catching cowl!"

"Take that, rascal!" replied Ingoldsby, throwing a pair of pantaloons at, rather than to, him; "but don't suppose, sir, you shall carry on your tricks here with impunity; recollect there is such a thing as a treadmill, and that my father is a county magistrate."

Barney's eye flashed fire,—he stood erect, and was about to speak; but, mastering himself, not without an effort, he took up the garment, and left the room as perpendicular as a Quaker.

* * * * *

"Ingoldsby," said Charles Seaforth, after breakfast, "this is now past a joke; to-day is the last of my stay; for, notwithstanding the ties which detain me, common decency obliges me to visit home after so long an absence. I shall come to an immediate explanation with your father on the subject nearest my heart, and depart while I have a change of dress left. On his answer will my return depend! in the meantime tell me candidly,—I ask it in all seriousness, and as a friend,—am I not a dupe to your well-known propensity to hoaxing? have you not a hand in ——"

"No, by Heaven! Seaforth; I see what you mean: on my honour, I am as much mystified as yourself; and if your servant ——"

"Not he:—if there be a trick, he at least is not privy to it."

"If there *be* a trick? Why, Charles, do you think ——"

"I know not *what* to think, Tom. As surely as you are a living man, so surely did that spectral anatomy visit my room again last night, grin in my face, and walk away with my trousers; nor was I able to spring from my bed, or break the chain which seemed to bind me to my pillow."

"Seaforth!" said Ingoldsby, after a short pause, "I will—but hush! here are the girls and my father.—I will carry off the females, and leave you a clear field with the Governor: carry your point with him, and we will talk about your breeches afterwards."

Tom's diversion was successful; he carried off the ladies *en masse* to look at a remarkable specimen of the class *Dodecandria Monogynia*,—which they could not find;—while Seaforth marched boldly up to the encounter, and carried "the Governor's" outworks by a *coup de main*. I shall not stop to describe the progress of the attack; suffice it that it was as successful as could have been wished, and that Seaforth was referred back again to the lady. The happy lover was off at a tangent; the botanical party was soon overtaken; and the arm of Caroline, whom a vain endeavour to spell out the Linnæan name of a daffy-down-dilly had detained a little in the rear of the others, was soon firmly looked in his own.

"What was the world to them,
Its noise, its nonsense, and its 'breeches' all?"

Seaforth was in the seventh heaven ; he retired to his room that night as happy as if no such thing as a goblin had ever been heard of, and personal chattels were as well fenced in by law as real property. Not so Tom Ingoldsby : the mystery—for mystery there evidently was,—had not only piqued his curiosity, but ruffled his temper. The watch of the previous night had been unsuccessful, probably because it was undisguised. To-night he would “ensconce himself,”—not indeed “behind the arras,”—for the little that remained was, as we have seen, nailed to the wall,—but in a small closet which opened from one corner of the room, and, by leaving the door ajar, would give to its occupant a view of all that might pass in the apartment. Here did the young Ghost-hunter take up a position, with a good stout sapling under his arm, a full half-hour before Seaforth retired for the night. Not even his friend did he let into his confidence, fully determined that if his plan did not succeed, the failure should be attributed to himself alone.

At the usual hour of separation for the night, Tom saw, from his concealment, the Lieutenant enter his room, and, after taking a few turns in it, with an expression so joyous as to betoken that his thoughts were mainly occupied by his approaching happiness, proceed slowly to disrobe himself. The coat, the waistcoat, the black silk stock, were gradually discarded ; the green morocco slippers were kicked off, and then—ay, and then—his countenance grew grave ; it seemed to occur to him all at once that this was his last stake,—nay, that the very breeches he

had on were not his own,—that to-morrow morning was his last, and that if he lost *them* —— A glance showed that his mind was made up ; he replaced the single button he had just subducted, and threw himself upon the bed in a state of transition,—half chrysalis, half-grub.

Wearily did Tom Ingoldsby watch the sleeper by the flickering light of the night-lamp, till the clock, striking one, induced him to increase the narrow opening which he had left for the purpose of observation. The motion, slight as it was, seemed to attract Charles's attention ; for he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, listened for a moment, and then stood upright upon the floor. Ingoldsby was on the point of discovering himself, when, the light flashing full upon his friend's countenance, he perceived that, though his eyes were open, "their sense was shut,"—that he was yet under the influence of sleep. Seaforth advanced slowly to the toilet, lit his candle at the lamp that stood on it, then, going back to the bed's foot, appeared to search eagerly for something which he could not find. For a few moments he seemed restless and uneasy, walking round the apartment and examining the chairs, till, coming fully in front of a large swing-glass that flanked the dressing-table, he paused, as if contemplating his figure in it. He now returned towards the bed ; put on his slippers, and, with cautious and stealthy steps, proceeded towards the little arched doorway that opened on the private staircase.

As he drew the bolt, Tom Ingoldsby emerged from his hiding-place ; but the sleep-walker heard him not ; he proceeded softly down stairs, followed at a due dis-

tance by his friend; opened the door which led out upon the gardens; and stood at once among the thickest of the shrubs, which there clustered round the base of a corner turret, and screened the postern from common observation. At this moment Ingoldsby had nearly spoiled all by making a false step: the sound attracted Seaforth's attention,—he paused and turned; and, as the full moon shed her light directly upon his pale and troubled features, Tom marked, almost with dismay, the fixed and rayless appearance of his eyes:—

“There was no speculation in those orbs
That he did glare withal.”

The perfect stillness preserved by his follower seemed to reassure him; he turned aside; and from the midst of a thickset laurustinus, drew forth a gardener's spade, shouldering which he proceeded with greater rapidity into the midst of the shrubbery. Arrived at a certain point where the earth seemed to have been recently disturbed, he set himself heartily to the task of digging, till, having thrown up several shovelfuls of mould, he stopped, flung down his tool, and very composedly began to disencumber himself of his pantaloons.

Up to this moment Tom had watched him with a wary eye; he now advanced cautiously, and, as his friend was busily engaged in disentangling himself from his garment, made himself master of the spade. Seaforth, meanwhile, had accomplished his purpose: he stood for a moment with

“His streamers waving in the wind,”

occupied in carefully rolling up the small-clothes into as

compact a form as possible, and all heedless of the breath of heaven, which might certainly be supposed, at such a moment, and in such a plight, to "visit his frame too roughly."

—He was in the act of stooping low to deposit the pantaloons in the grave which he had been digging for them, when Tom Ingoldsby came close behind him, and with the flat side of the spade——

* * * * *

The shock was effectual;—never again was Lieutenant Seaforth known to act the part of a somnambulist. One by one, his breeches,—his trousers,—his pantaloons,—his silk-net tights,—his patent cords,—his showy greys with the broad red stripe of the Bombay Fencibles, were brought to light,—rescued from the grave in which they had been buried like the strata of a Christmas pie; and, after having been well aired by Mrs. Botherby, became once again effective.

The family, the ladies especially, laughed;—the Peterses laughed;—the Simpkinsons laughed;—Barney Maguire cried "Botheration!" and *Ma'mselle Pauline*, "*Mon Dieu!*"

Charles Seaforth, unable to face the quizzing which awaited him on all sides, started off two hours earlier than he had proposed:—he soon returned, however and having, at his father-in-law's request, given up the occupation of Rajah-hunting and shooting nabobs, led his blushing bride to the altar.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath did not attend the ceremony, being engaged at the Grand Junction Meeting of *Scavans*, then congregating from all parts of the known world in the city of Dublin. His essay, demonstrating

that the globe is a great custard, whipped into coagulation by whirlwinds, and cooked by electricity,—a little too much baked in the Isle of Portland, and a thought underdone about the Bog of Allan,—was highly spoken of, and narrowly escaped obtaining a Bridgewater prize.

Miss Simpkinson and her sister acted as bridesmaids on the occasion; the former wrote an *epithalamium*, and the latter cried "Lassy me!" at the clergyman's wig. Some years have since rolled on; the union has been crowned with two or three tidy little offshoots from the family tree, of whom Master Neddy is "grand-papa's darling," and Mary-Anne mamma's particular "Sock." I shall only add, that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth are living together quite as happily as two good-hearted, good-tempered bodies, very fond of each other, can possibly do: and that, since the day of his marriage, Charles has shown no disposition to jump out of bed, or ramble out of doors o' nights,—though, from his entire devotion to every wish and whim of his young wife, Tom insinuates that the fair Caroline does still occasionally take advantage of it so far as to "slip on the Breeches."

It was not till some years after the events just recorded, that Miss Mary-Anne, the "Pet Sock" before alluded to, was made acquainted with the following piece of family biography. It was communicated to her in strict confidence by Nurse Botherby, a maiden niece of the old lady's, then recently promoted from the ranks in the

still-room to be second in command in the Nursery department.

The story is connected with a dingy wizen-faced portrait in an oval frame, generally known by the name of "Uncle Stephen," though from the style of his cut-velvet, it is evident that some generations must have passed away since any living being could have stood towards him in that degree of consanguinity.

THE NURSE'S STORY.

THE HAND OF GLORY.

"Maledica quedam auguriatrix in Angliâ fuit, quam demones horribiles extraxerunt, et imponentes super equum terribilem, per aera rapuerunt, Clamoresque terribiles (ut ferunt) per quatuor ferme miliaria audiebantur."

Nuremb. Chron

On the lone bleak moor,
At the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand
The Murderers stand
By one, by two, by three!
And the Moon that night
With a grey, cold light
Each baleful object tips;
One half of her form
Is seen through the storm,
The other half's hid in Eclipse.
And the cold Wind howls,
And the Thunder growls,
And the Lightning is broad and bright;
And altogether
It's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a night!
"Now mount who list,
And close by the wrist
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist!—

Now climb who dare
 Where he swings in air,
 And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair!"

* * * * *

There's an old woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,
 She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,
 And some people fancy a great many more
 Her nose it is hook'd,
 Her back it is crook'd,
 Her eyes blear and red :
 On the top of her head
 Is a mutch, and on that
 A shocking bad hat,
 Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat!
 Then,—My Gracious!—her beard!—it would sadly perplex
 A spectator at first to distinguish her sex ;
 Nor, I'll venture to say, without scrutiny could he
 Pronounce her, off-handed, a Punch or a Judy.
 Did you see her, in short, that mud-hovel within,
 With her knees to her nose, and her nose to her chin,
 Leering up with that queer, indescribable grin,
 You'd lift up your hands in amazement, and cry,
 "—Well!—I never *did* see such a regular Guy!"

And now before
 That old Woman's door,
 Where naught that's good may be,
 Hand in hand
 The Murderers stand
 By one, by two, by three!

Oh! 'tis a horrible sight to view,
 In that horrible hovel, that horrible crew,
 By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,
 Doing the deed that hath never a name!
 'Tis awful to hear
 Those words of fear!

The pray'r mutter'd backwards, and said with a sneer!
 (Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when
 A witch says her pray'rs, she begins with "Amen.")—

—'Tis awful to see
 On that Old Woman's knee
 The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee!
 And now, with care,
 The five locks of hair
 From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
 With the grease and the fat
 Of a black Tom Cat
 She hastens to mix,
 And to twist into wicks,
 And one on the thumb, and each finger to fix,—
 (For another receipt the same charm to prepare,
 Consult Mr. Ainsworth and *Petit Albert*.)

“Now open lock
 To the Dead Man's knock!
 Fly bolt, and bar, and band!—
 Nor move, nor swerve
 Joint, muscle, or nerve,
 At the spell of the Dead Man's hand!
 Sleep all who sleep!—Wake all who wake!—
 And be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake!!”

* * * * *

All is silent! all is still,
 Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
 As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill;
 And in Tappington Hall
 Great and Small,
 Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,
 Each one hath sought his separate room,
 And sleep her dark mantle hath o'er them cast,
 For the midnight hour hath long been past!

All is darksome in earth and sky,
 Save, from yon casement, narrow and high,
 A quivering beam
 On the tiny stream
 Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam:
 By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement, narrow and high,
 In his secret lair, where none may spy,
 Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,
 And the thin grey locks of his failing hair
 Have left his little bald pate all bare;
 For his full-bottom'd wig
 Hangs, bushy and big,
 On the top of his old-fashion'd, high-back'd chair.
 Unbraced are his clothes,
 Ungarter'd his hose,
 His gown is bedizened with tulip and rose,
 Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
 Flowers such as Eden never knew;
 —And there, by many a sparkling heap
 Of the good red gold,
 The tale is told
 What powerful spell avails to keep
 That care-worn man from his needful sleep!
 Haply, he deems no eye can see
 As he gloats on his treasure greedily,—
 The shining store
 Of glittering ore,
 The fair Rose-Noble, the bright Moidore,
 And the broad Double Joe from ayont the sea,—
 But there's one that watches as well as he;
 For, wakeful and sly,
 In a closet hard by,
 On his truckle-bed lieth a little Foot-page,
 A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,
 Like young Master Horner,
 Who erst in a corner
 Sat eating his Christmas pie:
 And, while that Old Gentleman's counting his hoards,
 Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards!
 * * * * *
 There's a voice in the air,
 There's a step on the stair,
 The old man starts in his cane-back'd chair;

At the first faint sound
 He gazes around,
 And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.
 Then half arose
 From beside his toes
 His little pug-dog with his little pug nose,
 But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,
 That little pug-dog stands stark and stiff,
 For low, yet clear,
 Now fall on the ear,
 —Where once pronounced for ever they dwell,—
 The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell!
 "Open lock
 To the Dead Man's knock!
 Fly bolt, and bar, and band!
 Nor move, nor swerve
 Joint, muscle, or nerve,
 At the spell of the Dead Man's hand!
 Sleep all who sleep!—Wake all who wake!—
 But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake!!"

Now lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,
 Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.
 Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,
 Though they had been oil'd in the course of the week;
 The door opens wide as wide may be,
 And there they stand,
 That murderous band,
 Let by the light of that GLORIOUS HAND,
 By one!—by two!—by three!

They have pass'd through the porch, they have pass' through
 the hall,
 Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall;
 The very snore froze
 In his very snub nose,
 You'd have verily deem'd he had snored his last
 When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him past!

'E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat
 At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,
 Though half dead with affright,
 Paused in its flight;
 And the cat, that was chasing that little wee thing,
 Lay crouch'd as a statue in act to spring!
 And now they are there,
 On the head of the stair,
 And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare!
 —I really don't think any money would bribe
 Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,
 Or the wild, wild glare
 Of that old man's eye,
 His dumb despair,
 And deep agony.

The kid from the pen, and the lamb from the fold,
 Unmoved may the blade of the butcher behold;
 They dream not—ah, happier they!—that the knife,
 Though uplifted, can menace their innocent life;
 It falls;—the frail thread of their being is riven,
 They dread not, suspect not, the blow till 'tis given.—
 But, oh! what a thing 'tis to see and to know
 That the bare knife is raised in the hand of the foe,
 Without hope to repel, or to ward off the blow!—
 —Enough!—let's pass over as fast as we can
 The fate of that grey, that unhappy old man!

 But fancy poor Hugh,
 Aghast at the view,
 Powerless alike to speak or to do!
 In vain doth he try
 To open the eye

That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the chink,
 Though he'd give all the world to be able to wink!—
 No!—for all that this world can give or refuse,
 I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,
 Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's!

—'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall
 He has peep'd through so long, is so narrow and small!
 Wailing voices, sounds of woe,
 Such as follow departing friends,
 That fatal night round Tappington go,
 Its long-drawn roofs and its gable ends:
 Ethereal Spirits, gentle and good,
 Aye weep and lament o'er a deed of blood!

* * * * *

'Tis early dawn—the morn is grey,
 And the clouds and the tempest have pass'd away,
 And all things betoken a very fine day;
 But, while the lark her carol is singing,
 Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing!
 Upstarting all,
 Great and small,
 Each one who's found within Tappington Hall,
 Gentle and Simple, Squire or Groom,
 All seek at once that old Gentleman's room;
 And there, on the floor,
 Drench'd in its gore,
 A ghastly corpse lies exposed to the view,
 Carotid and jugular both cut through!
 And there, by its side,
 'Mid the crimson tide,
 Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years;
 Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears
 Are coursing each other round and big,
 And he's staunching the blood with a full-bottom'd wig
 Alas! and alack for his staunching!—'tis plain,
 As anatomists tell us, that never again
 Shall life revisit the foully slain,
 When once they've been cut through the jugular vein.

* * * * *

There's a hue and a cry through the County of Kent,
 And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable's sent,
 But no one can tell the man which way they went.

There's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,
And a little pug-dog with a little pug-nose.

* * * *

In Rochester town
At the sign of the Crown,
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down
To a fat stubble-geese, with potatoes down brown;
When a little Foot-page
Rushes in, in a rage,
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions, and sage.
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,
And a Constable seizes the one more remote;
And fair rose-nobles and broad moidores,
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores,
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and stare;
And the Constable says, with a dignified air,
"You're *wanted*, Gen'lemen, one and all,
For that 'ere precious lark at Tappington Hall!"

There's a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,
Where a former black gibbet has frown'd before;

It is as black as black may be,
And murderers there
Are dangling in air,
By one!—by two!—by three!

There's a horrid old hag in a steeple-crown'd hat,
Round her neck they have tied to a hempen cravat
A Dead Man's hand, and a dead Tom Cat!

They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up her toes,
They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her limbs!
Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes

With a whoop and a halloo!—"She swims!—She swims!"

They have dragg'd her to land,
And every one's hand,
Is grasping a faggot, a billet, or brand,

When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,
Snatches up that old harridan just like a sack
To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,
Makes a daah through the crowd, and is off in a crack!—

No one can tell,

Though they guess pretty well,

Which way that grim rider and old woman go,
For all see he's a sort of infernal Ducrow;

And she scream'd so, and cried,

We may fairly decide

That the old woman did not much relish her ride!

MORAL.

This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
That truest of adages—"Murder will out!"
In vain may the blood-spiller "double" and fly,
In vain even witchcraft and sorcery try:
Although for a time he may 'scape, by-and-by
He'll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry.

ONE marvel follows another as naturally as one "shoulder of mutton" is said "to drive another down." A little Welsh girl, who sometimes makes her way from the kitchen into the nursery, after listening with intense interest to this tale, immediately started off at score with the sum and substance of what, in due reverence for such authority, I shall call—

PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

FTTE L

"Look at the Clock!" quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,
Then paus'd to give him a piece of advice,

"You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock!

Is this the way, you

Wretch, every day you

Treat her who vow'd to love and obey you!—

Out all night!

Me in a fright;

Staggering home as it's just getting light!

You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—

Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,

Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoat green,

Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,

And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;

Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,

Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tucked through the pocket-holes;

A face like a ferret

Betoken'd her spirit:

To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,

Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce
 Had one dar'ling vice;
 Remarkably partial to anything nice,
 Nought that was good to him came amiss,
 Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!
 Especially ale—
 If it was not too stale
 I really believe he'd have emptied a pail;
 Not that in Wales
 They talk of their Ales;
 To pronounce the word they make use of naught trouble you,
 Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day,
 As I've heard people say,
 Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
 And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,
 The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-Boots,
 With a couple more soakers,
 Thoroughbred smokers,
 Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
 And, long after day had drawn to a close,
 And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in repose,
 They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar hydd y nos;"
 While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
 Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the
 Moon!

What have we with day to do!
 Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!"—
 At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
 Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door:
 And then came that knock,
 And the sensible shock
 David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock!"
 For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
 The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!
 That self-same clock had long been a bone
 Of contention between this Darby and Joan;

And often, among their pother and rout,
 When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,
 Pryce would drop a cool hint
 With an ominous squint
 At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who'd a "Spout."
 That horrid word "Spout"
 No sooner came out,
 Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,
 And with scorn on her lip,
 And a hand on each hip,
 "Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip,
 "You thundering Willin,
 I know you'd be killing
 Your wife —ay, a dozen of wives,—for a shilling!
 You may do what you please,
 You may sell my chemise,
 (Mrs. P. was too well bred to mention her stock.)
 But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;
 But patience is apt to wear out at last,
 And David Pryce in temper was quick,
 So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick;
 Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
 But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
 So he threw it, instead,
 Direct at her head;
 It knock'd off her hat;
 Down she fell flat;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that:
 But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
 Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
 Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,
 I can't say for certain,—but *this* I can,
 When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
 Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne

The fearful catastrophe
 Named in my last strophe
 As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,
 Made a great noise ; and the shocking fatality
 Ran over, like wild-fire, the whole Principality.
 And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
 With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.
 Mr. Pryce to commence
 His "ingenious defence,"
 Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's "good sense,"
 "The world he must defy
 Even to justify
 Any presumption of 'Malice Prepense ;'—
 The unlucky lick
 From the end of his stick
 He "deplored,"—he was "apt to be rather too quick ;"—
 But, really, her prating
 Was so aggravating :
 Some trifling correction was just what he meant ;—all
 The rest, he assured them, was "quite accidental !"

Then he calls Mr. Jones,
 Who depones to her tones,
 And her gestures, and hints about "breaking his bones."
 While Mr. Ap Morgan and Mr. Ap Rhys
 Declared the Deceased
 Had styled him "a Beast,"
 And swear they had witness'd, with grief and surprise,
 The allusions she made to his limbs and his eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
 The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,
 Return'd about half-past eleven at night
 The following verdict, "We find, *Sarve her right !*"

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
 Felt lonely, and moped ; and one evening he said
 He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

Not far from his dwelling,
From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.
Its first syllable "PEN,"
Is pronounceable;—then
Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N;
About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow:
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "PEN."

Well—the moon shone bright
Upon "PEN" that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
Was scaling its side
With that sort of a stride
A man puts on when walking in search of a bride,
Mounting higher and higher,
He began to perspire,
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling opprest
By a pain in his chest,
He paus'd, and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest;
A walk all up hill is apt, we know,
To make one, however robust, puff and blow,
So he stopp'd and look'd down on the valley below.

O'er fell, and o'er fen,
Over mountain and glen,
All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and then
All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd been taught

Of her Heroes of old,
 So brave and so bold,—
 Of her Bards with long beards, and harpe mounted in gold;
 Of King Edward the First,
 Of memory accurst;
 And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
 Killing Poets by dozens,
 With their uncles and cousins,
 Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved.—
 Of the Court Ball, at which by a lucky mishap,
 Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katherine's lap;
 And how Mr. Tudor
 Successfully woo'd her,
 Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
 And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur, and Merlin of yore,
 On Gryffith ap Conan, and Owen Glendour;
 On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
 He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
 And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce;
 When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart.
 Which went pit-a-pat
 As he cried out "What's that?"
 That very queer sound!
 Does it come from the ground?
 Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or around!—
 It is not like Talking,
 It is not like Walking,
 It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
 Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—
 Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,—
 It's really a deuced odd sort of noise!
 Not unlike a cart's,—but that can't be; for when
 Could "all the King's horses and all the King's men,"
 With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up "PEN!"

Pryce, usually brimful of valour when drunk,
Now experienced what schoolboys denominate "funk."

In vain he look'd back

On the whole of the track

He had traversed ; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,
At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,
And did not seem likely to pass away soon ;

While clearer and clearer,

'Twas plain to the hearer,

Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,
And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,
Very much "like a Coffin a-walking up stairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun

To "make up" for a run,

As in such a companion he saw no great fun,

When a single bright ray

Shone out on the way

He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock !"

'Twas so !—it had certainly moved from its place,

And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase ;

'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,

And nothing was altered at all—but the Face !

In that he perceived, with no little surprise,

The two little winder-holes turned into eyes

Blazing with ire,

Like two coals of fire ;

And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,

And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.

No !—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life !

The identical face of his poor defunct Wife !

One glance was enough,

Completely "*Quant. Suff.*"

As the doctors write down when they send you their "stuff,"—

Like a Weather-cock whirled by a vehement puff,

David turned himself round ;
 Ten feet of ground
 He clear'd, in his start, at the very first bound !

I 've seen people run at West-End Fair for cheeses—
 I 've seen Ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises —
 At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,
 And one from a Bailiff much faster than that—
 At foot-ball I 've seen lads run after the bladder—
 I 've seen Irish Bricklayers run up a ladder—
 I 've seen little boys run away from a cane—
 And I 've seen (that is, *read of*) good running in Spain,*
 But I never did read
 Of, or witness, such speed
 As David exerted that evening—Indeed
 All I ever have heard of boys, women, or men,
 Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "PEN!"

He now reaches its brow,—
 He has past it,—and now
 Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he
 Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity ;
 But, run as he will,
 Or roll down the hill,
 That bugbear behind him is after him still !
 And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
 The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,
 Till, exhausted and sore,
 He can't run any more,
 But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
 And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,
 "Oh ! Look at the Clock !—Do !—Look at the Clock !!"

Miss Davis look'd up, Miss Davis look'd down,
 She saw nothing there to alarm her ;—a frown

* I-run, is a town said to have been so named from something of this sort.

Came o'er her white forehead,
 She said, "It was horrid
 A man should come knocking at that time of night,
 And give her Mamma and herself such a fright ;—
 To squall and to bawl
 About nothing at all!"—
 She begg'd "he'd not think of repeating his call,
 His late wife's disaster
 By no means had past her,"
 She 'd "have him to know she was meat for his Master!"
 Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,
 She turn'd on her heel and she turned up her nose.

Poor David in vain
 Implored to remain,
 He "dared not," he said, "cross the mountain again."
 Why the fair was obdurate
 None knows,—to be sure, it
 Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate ;—
 Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
 Pryce found to creep into that night was the Coal-hole!
 In that shady retreat
 With nothing to eat,
 And with very bruised limbs, and with very sore feet,
 All night close he kept ;
 I can't say he slept ;
 But he sigh'd, and he sobb'd, and he groan'd, and he wept,
 Lamenting his sins,
 And his two broken shins,
 Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,
 And her he once thought a complete *Rara Avis*,
 Consigning to Satan,—viz. cruel Miss Davis!

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,
 And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
 To make a grand speech,
 And to preach and to teach

People that "they can't brew their malt liquor too small!"
 That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,
 Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN UDOR!"
 Which means "The pure Element
 Is for Man's belly meant!"
 And that *Gin* 's but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder!

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
 Mr. Pryce, if he 's there,
 Will get into "The Chair,"
 And make all his *quondam* associates stare
 By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
 "Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
 The dial he constantly watches; and when
 The long hand 's at the "XII," and the short at the "X,"
 He gets on his legs,
 Drains his glass to the dregs,
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
 With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,
 And says solemnly—"Gentlemen!
 "LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"

THE succeeding Legend has long been an established favourite with all of us, as containing much of the personal history of one of the greatest ornaments of the family tree.

To the wedding between the sole heiress of this redoubted hero and a direct ancestor is it owing that the Lioncels of Shurland hang so lovingly parallel with the Saltire of the Ingoldsbys, and now form as cherished a quartering in their escutcheon as the "dozen white lowses" in the "old coat" of Shallow.

GREY DOLPHIN.

A LEGEND OF SHEPPEY.

"Ha won't—won't he! Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

Consternation was at its height in the castle of Shurland—a caitiff had dared to disobey the Baron! and—the Baron had called for his boots!

A thunderbolt in the great hall had been a *bagatelle* to it.

A few days before, a notable miracle had been wrought in the neighbourhood; and in those times miracles were not so common as they are now;—no royal balloons, no steam, no railroads,—while the few Saints who took the trouble to walk with their heads under their arms, or to pull the Devil by the nose, scarcely appeared above once in a century; so the affair made the greater sensation.

The clock had done striking twelve, and the Clerk of Chatham was untrussing his points preparatory to seeking his truckle-bed; a half-emptied tankard of mild ale stood at his elbow, the roasted crab yet floating on its surface. Midnight had surprised the worthy functionary while occupied in discussing it, and with his task yet unaccomplished. He meditated a mighty draft: one

hand was fumbling with his tags, while the other was extended in the act of grasping the jorum, when a knock on the portal, solemn and sonorous, arrested his fingers. It was repeated thrice ere Emmanuel Saddleton had presence of mind sufficient to inquire who sought admittance at that untimely hour.

"Open! open! good Clerk of St. Bridget's," said a female voice, small, yet distinct and sweet,—an excellent thing in woman.

The Clerk arose, crossed to the doorway, and undid the latchet.

On the threshold stood a Lady of surpassing beauty: her robes were rich, and large, and full; and a diadem, sparkling with gems that shed a halo around, crowned her brow: she beckoned the Clerk as he stood in astonishment before her.

"Emmanuel!" said the Lady; and her tones sounded like those of a silver flute. "Emmanuel Saddleton, truss up your points, and follow me!"

The worthy Clerk stared aghast at the vision; the purple robe, the cymar, the coronet,—above all, the smile; no, there was no mistaking her;—it was the blessed St. Bridget herself!

And what could have brought the sainted lady out of her warm shrine at such a time of night? and on such a night? for it was as dark as pitch, and, metaphorically speaking, "rained cats and dogs."

Emmanuel could not speak, so he looked the question.

"No matter for that," said the Saint, answering to his thought. "No matter for that, Emmanuel Saddleton; only follow me, and you'll see!"

The Clerk turned a wistful eye at the corner-cup-board.

"Oh! never mind the lantern, Emmanuel: you'll not want it: but you may bring a mattock and a shovel." As she spoke, the beautiful apparition held up her delicate hand. From the tip of each of her long taper fingers issued a lambent flame of such surpassing brilliancy as would have plunged a whole gas company into despair—it was a "Hand of Glory,"* such a one as tradition tells us yet burns in Rochester Castle every St. Mark's Eve. Many are the daring individuals who have watched in Gundulph's Tower, hoping to find it, and the treasure it guards;—but none of them ever did.

"This way, Emmanuel!" and a flame of peculiar radiance streamed from her little finger as it pointed to the pathway leading to the churchyard.

Saddleton shouldered his tools, and followed in silence.

The cemetery of St. Bridget's was some half-mile distant from the Clerk's domicile, and adjoined a chapel dedicated to that illustrious lady, who, after leading but a so-so life, had died in the odour of sanctity. Emmanuel Saddleton was fat and scant of breath, the mattock was heavy, and the Saint walked too fast for him: he paused to take a second wind at the end of the first furlong.

"Emmanuel," said the holy lady, good-humouredly, for she heard him puffing; "rest awhile, Emmanuel, and I'll tell you what I want with you."

* One of the uses to which this mystic chandelier was put, was the protection of secret treasure. Blow out all the fingers at one puff and you had the money.

Her auditor wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and looked all attention and obedience.

"Emmanuel," continued she, "what did you and Father Fothergill, and the rest of you, mean yesterday by burying that drowned man so close to me? He died in mortal sin, Emmanuel; no shrift, no unction, no absolution: why, he might as well have been excommunicated. He plagues me with his grinning, and I can't have any peace in my shrine. You must howk him up again, Emmanuel."

"To be sure, madam,—my lady,—that is, your holiness," stammered Saddleton, trembling at the thought of the task assigned him. "To be sure, your ladyship; only—that is—"

"Emmanuel," said the Saint, "you'll do my bidding; or it would be better you had!" and her eye changed from a dove's eye to that of a hawk, and a flash came from it as bright as the one from her little finger. The Clerk shook in his shoes; and, again dashing the cold perspiration from his brow, followed the footsteps of his mysterious guide.

* * * * *

The next morning all Chatham was in an uproar. The Clerk of St. Bridget's had found himself at home at daybreak, seated in his own arm-chair, the fire out, and—the tankard of ale out too! Who had drunk it?—where had he been?—how had he got home?—all was a mystery!—he remembered "a mass of things, but nothing distinctly." All was fog and fantasy. What he could clearly recollect was, that he had dug up the Grinning Sailor, and that the Saint had helped to throw him into the river again. All was thenceforth wonder-

ment and devotion. Masses were sung, tapers were kindled, bells were tolled ; the monks of St. Romauld had a solemn procession, the abbot at their head, the sacristan at their tail, and the holy breeches of St. Thomas a Becket in the centre ;—Father Fothergill brewed a XXX puncheon of holy-water. The Rood of Gillingham was deserted ; the chapel of Rainham forsaken ; every one who had a soul to be saved, flocked with his offering to St. Bridget's shrine, and Emmanuel Saddleton gathered more fees from the promiscuous piety of that one week than he had pocketed during the twelve preceding months.

Meanwhile the corpse of the ejected reprobate oscillated like a pendulum between Sheerness and Gillingham Reach. Now borne by the Medway into the Western Swale,—now carried by the reflux tide back to the vicinity of its old quarters,—it seemed as though the River god and Neptune were amusing themselves with a game of subaqueous battledore, and had chosen this unfortunate carcass as a marine shuttlecock. For some time the alternation was kept up with great spirit, till Boreas, interfering in the shape of a stiffish “Nor'-wester,” drifted the bone (and flesh) of contention ashore on the Shurland domain, where it lay in all the majesty of mud. It was soon discovered by the retainers, and dragged from its oozy bed, grinning worse than ever. Tidings of the god-send were of course carried instantly to the castle ; for the Baron was a very great man ; and if a dun cow had flown across his property unannounced by the warder, the Baron would have kicked him, the said warder, from the topmost battlement into the bottommost ditch,—a descent of peril,

and one which "Ludwig the leaper," or the illustrious Trenck himself, might well have shrunk from encountering.

"An't please your lordship—" said Peter Periwinkle.

"No, villain! it does not please me!" roared the Baron.

His lordship was deeply engaged with a peck of Feversham oysters,—he doated on shellfish, hated interruption at meals, and had not yet despatched more than twenty dozen of the "natives."

"There's a body, my lord, washed ashore in the lower creek," said the Seneschal.

The Baron was going to throw the shells at his head; but paused in the act, and said with much dignity,—

"Turn out the fellow's pockets!"

But the defunct had before been subjected to the double scrutiny of Father Fothergill, and the Clerk of St. Bridget's. It was ill gleaning after such hands; there was not a single maravedi.

We have already said that Sir Robert de Shurland, Lord of the Isle of Sheppey, and of many a fair manor on the main-land, was a man of worship. He had rights of freewarren, saccage and sockage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe and outfang theofe: and all waifs and strays belonged to him in fee simple.

"Turn out his pockets!" said the Knight.

"An't please you, my lord, I must say as how they was turned out afore, and the devil a rap's left."

"Then bury the blackguard!"

"Please your lordship, he has been buried once."

"Then bury him again, and be——!" The Baron bestowed a benediction.

The Seneschal bowed low as he left the room, and the Baron went on with his oysters.

Scarcely ten dozen more had vanished when Periwinkle reappeared.

"An't please you, my lord, Father Fothergill says as how that it's the Grinning Sailor, and he won't bury him anyhow."

"Oh! he won't—won't he?" said the Baron. Can it be wondered at that he called for his boots?

Sir Robert Shurland, Lord of Shurland and Minster, Baron of Sheppey *in comitatu* Kent, was, as has been before hinted, a very great man. He was also a very little man; that is, he was relatively great, and relatively little,—or physically little, and metaphorically great,—like Sir Sidney Smith and the late Mr. Bonaparte. To the frame of a dwarf he united the soul of a giant, and the valour of a gamecock. Then, for so small a man, his strength was prodigious; his fist would fell an ox, and his kick—oh! his kick was tremendous, and, when he had his boots on, would,—to use an expression of his own, which he had picked up in the holy wars,—would "send a man from Jericho to June." He was bull-necked and bandy-legged; his chest was broad and deep, his head large and uncommonly thick, his eyes a little blood-shot, and his nose *retroussé* with a remarkably red tip. Strictly speaking, the Baron could not be called handsome: but his *tout ensemble* was singularly impressive: and when he called for his boots, everybody trembled and dreaded the worst.

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, as he encased his better leg, "let the grave be twenty feet deep!"

"Your lordship's command is law."

"And, Periwinkle,"—Sir Robert stamped his left heel into its receptacle,—“and, Periwinkle, see that it be wide enough to hold not exceeding two!”

“Ye—ye—yes, my lord.”

“And, Periwinkle, tell Father Fothergill I would fain speak with his Reverence.”

“Ye—ye—yes, my lord.”

The Baron's beard was peaked; and his mustaches, stiff and stumpy, projected horizontally like those of a Tom Cat; he twirled the one, he stroked the other, he drew the buckle of his surcingle a thought tighter, and strode down the great staircase three steps at a stride.

The vassals were assembled in the great hall of Shurland Castle; every cheek was pale, every tongue was mute: expectation and perplexity were visible on every brow. What would his lordship do?—Were the recusant anybody else, gyves to the heels and hemp to the throat were but too good for him:—but it was Father Fothergill who had said “I won't;” and though the Baron was a very great man, the Pope was a greater, and the pope was Father Fothergill's great friend—some people said he was his uncle.

Father Fothergill was busy in the refectory trying conclusions with a venison pasty, when he received the summons of his patron to attend him in the chapel cemetery. Of course he lost no time in obeying it, for obedience was the general rule in Shurland Castle. If any body ever said “I won't,” it was the exception; and, like all other exceptions, only proved the rule the stronger. The Father was a friar of the Augustine persuasion; a brotherhood which, having been planted in Kent some few centuries earlier, had taken very kindly

to the soil, and overspread the county much as hops did some few centuries later. He was plump and portly, a little thick-winded, especially after dinner,—stood five feet four in his sandals, and weighed hard upon eighteen stone. He was moreover a personage of singular piety; and the iron girdle which, he said, he wore under his cassock to mortify withal, might have been well mistaken for the tire of a cart-wheel.—When he arrived, Sir Robert was pacing up and down by the side of a newly opened grave.

“*Benedicite!* fair son,”—(the Baron was as brown as a cigar.)—“*Benedicite!*” said the Chaplain.

The Baron was too angry to stand upon compliment.—“Bury me that grinning caitiff there!” quoth he, pointing to the defunct.

“It may not be, fair son,” said the Friar; “he hath perished without absolution.”

“Bury the body!” roared Sir Robert.

“Water and earth alike reject him,” returned the Chaplain; “holy St. Bridget herself——”

“Bridget me no Bridgets!—do me thine office quickly, Sir Shaveling; or, by the Piper that played before Moses!——” The oath was a fearful one; and whenever the Baron swore to do mischief, he was never known to perjure himself. He was playing with the hilt of his sword.—“Do me thine office, I say. Give him his passport to Heaven!”

“He is already gone to hell!” stammered the Friar.

“Then do you go after him!” thundered the Lord of Shurland.

His sword half leaped from its scabbard. No!—the trenchant blade, that had cut Suleiman Ben Malek Ben

Buckskin from helmet to chine, disdained to daub itself with the cerebellum of a miserable monk ;—it leaped back again ;—and as the Chaplain, scared at its flash, turned him in terror, the Baron gave him a kick !—one kick !—it was but one !—but such a one ! Despite its obesity, up flew his holy body in an angle of forty-five degrees ; then, having reached its highest point of elevation, sunk headlong into the open grave that yawned to receive it. If the reverend gentleman had possessed such a thing as a neck, he had infallibly broken it ; as he did not, he only dislocated his vertebræ,—but that did quite as well. He was as dead as ditch-water !

“ In with the other rascal ! ” said the Baron,—and he was obeyed ; for there he stood in his boots. Mattock and shovel made short work of it ; twenty feet of superincumbent mould pressed down alike the saint and the sinner. “ Now sing a requiem who list ! ” said the Baron, and his lordship went back to his oysters.

The vassals at Castle Shurland were astounded, or, as the Seneschal Hugh better expressed it, “ perfectly conglomerated,” by this event. What ! murder a monk in the odour of sanctity,—and on consecrated ground too ! —They trembled for the health of the Baron’s soul. To the unsophisticated many it seemed that matters could not have been much worse had he shot a bishop’s coach-horse ;—all looked for some signal judgment. The melancholy catastrophe of their neighbours at Canterbury was yet rife in their memories : not two centuries had elapsed since those miserable sinners had cut off the tail of the blessed St. Thomas’s mule. The tail of the mule, it was well known, had been forthwith affixed to

that of the mayor; and rumour said it had since been hereditary in the corporation. The least that could be expected was, that Sir Robert should have a friar tacked on to his for the term of his natural life! Some bolder spirits there were, 'tis true, who viewed the matter in various lights, according to their different temperaments and dispositions; for perfect unanimity existed not even in the good old times. The verderer, roistering Rob Roebuck, swore roundly "Twere as good a deed as eat to kick down the chapel as well as the monk."—Hob had stood there in a white sheet for kissing Giles Miller's daughter. On the other hand, Simpkin Agnew, the bell-ringer, doubted if the devil's cellar, which runs under the bottomless abyss, were quite deep enough for the delinquent, and speculated on the probability of a hole being dug in it for his especial accommodation. The philosophers and economists thought, with Saunders McBullock, the Baron's bagpiper, that "a feckless monk more or less was nae great subject for a clamjamphry," especially as "the supply considerably exceeded the demand;" while Malthouse, the tapster, was arguing to Dame Martin that a murder now and then was a seasonable check to population, without which the Isle of Sheppey would in time be devoured, like a mouldy cheese, by inhabitants of its own producing.—Meanwhile, the Baron ate his oysters and thought no more of the matter.

But this tranquillity of his lordship was not to last. A couple of Saints had been seriously offended; and we have all of us read at school that celestial minds are by no means insensible to the provocations of anger. There were those who expected that St. Bridget would

come in person, and have the friar up again, as she did the sailor; but perhaps her ladyship did not care to trust herself within the walls of Shurland Castle. To say the truth, it was scarcely a decent house for a female Saint to be seen in. The Baron's gallantries, since he became a widower, had been but too notorious; and her own reputation was a little blown upon in the earlier days of her earthly pilgrimage: then things were so apt to be misrepresented: in short, she would leave the whole affair to St. Austin, who, being a gentleman, could interfere with propriety, avenge her affront as well as his own, and leave no loop-hole for scandal. St. Austin himself seems to have had his scruples, though their precise nature it would be difficult to determine, for it were idle to suppose him at all afraid of the Baron's boots. Be this as it may, the mode which he adopted was at once prudent and efficacious. As an ecclesiastic, he could not well call the Baron out,—had his boots been out of the question;—so he resolved to have recourse to the law. Instead of Shurland Castle, therefore, he repaired forthwith to his own magnificent monastery, situate just without the walls of Canterbury, and presented himself in a vision to its abbot. No one who has ever visited that ancient city, can fail to recollect the splendid gateway which terminates the vista of St. Paul's street, and stands there yet in all its pristine beauty. The tiny train of miniature artillery which now adorns its battlements is, it is true, an ornament of a later date; and is said to have been added some centuries after by a learned but jealous proprietor, for the purpose of shooting any wiser man than himself who might chance to come that way. Tradition is silent as

to any discharge having taken place, nor can the oldest inhabitant of modern days recollect any such occurrence.* Here it was, in a handsome chamber, immediately over the lofty archway, that the Superior of the monastery lay buried in a brief slumber snatched from his accustomed vigils. His mitre—for he was a Mitred Abbot, and had a seat in parliament—rested on a table beside him; near it stood a silver flagon of Gascony wine, ready, no doubt, for the pious uses of the morrow. Fasting and watching had made him more than usually somnolent, than which nothing could have been better for the purpose of the Saint, who now appeared to him radiant in all the colours of the rainbow.

“Anselm!”—said the beatific vision,—“Anselm! are you not a pretty fellow to lie snoring there, when your brethren are being knocked at head, and Mother Church herself is menaced!—It is a sin and a shame, Anselm!”

“What’s the matter?—Who are you?” cried the Abbot, rubbing his eyes, which the celestial splendour of his visitor had set a-winking. “Ave Maria! St. Austin himself!—Speak, *Beatissime*! what would you with the humblest of your votaries?”

“Anselm!” said the saint, “a brother of our order, whose soul Heaven assoilzie! hath been foully murdered. He hath been ignominiously kicked to the death, Anselm; and there he lieth cheek-by-jowl with a wretched carcass, which our sister Bridget has turned out of her cemetery for unseemly grinning.—Arouse thee, Anselm!”

* Since the appearance of the first edition of this Legend “the guns” have been dismounted. Rumour hints at some alarm on the part of the Town Council.

"Ay, so please you, *Sanctissime*!" said the Abbot!
"I will order forthwith that thirty masses be said, thirty *Paters*, and thirty *Aves*."

"Thirty fools' heads!" interrupted his patron, who was a little peppery.

"I will send for bell, book, and candle—"

"Send for an inkhorn, Anselm.—Write me now a letter to his Holiness the Pope in good round terms, and another to the Coroner, and another to the Sheriff, and seize me the never-enough-to-be anathematised villain who hath done this deed! Hang him as high as Haman, Anselm!—up with him!—down with his dwelling-place, root and branch, hearthstone and roof-tree,—down with it all, and sow the site with salt and sawdust!"

St. Austin, it will be perceived, was a radical reformer.

"Marry will I," quoth the Abbot, warming with the Saint's eloquence; "ay, marry will I, and that *instantly*. But there is one thing you have forgotten, most Beati-fied—the name of the culprit."

"Robert de Shurland."

"The Lord of Sheppey! Bless me!" said the Abbot, crossing himself, "won't that be rather inconvenient! Sir Robert is a bold baron, and a powerful;—blows will come and go, and crowns will be cracked, and——"

"What is that to you, since yours will not be of the number?"

"Very true, *Beatissime*!—I will don me with speed, and do your bidding."

"Do so, Anselm!—fail not to hang the baron, burn

his castle, confiscate his estate, and buy me two large wax candles for my own particular shrine out of your share of the property."

With this solemn injunction the vision began to fade.

"One thing more!" cried the Abbot, grasping his rosary.

"What is that?" asked the Saint.

"O Beate Augustine, ora pro nobis!"

"Of course I shall," said St. Austin. "*Pax vobiscum!*"—and Abbot Anselm was left alone.

Within an hour all Canterbury was in commotion. A friar had been murdered,—two friars—ten—twenty; a whole convent had been assaulted,—sacked,—burnt,—all the monks had been killed, and all the nuns had been kissed!—Murder!—fire!—Sacrilege! Never was a city in such an uproar. From St. George's gate to St. Dunstan's suburb, from the Donjon to the borough of Staplegate, all was noise and hubbub. "Where was it?"—"When was it?"—"How was it?" The mayor caught up his chain, the Aldermen donned their furred gowns, the Town-clerk put on his spectacles. "Who was he?"—"What was he?"—"Where was he?"—he should be hanged,—he should be burned,—he should be broiled,—he should be fried,—he should be scraped to death with red-hot oyster shells! "Who was he?"—"What was his name?"

The Abbot's Apparitor drew forth his roll and read aloud:—"Sir Robert de Shurland, Knight banneret, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey."

The Mayor put his chain in his pocket, the Aldermen took off their gowns, the Town-clerk put his pen behind

his ear.—It was a county business altogether:—the Sheriff had better call out the *posse comitatus*.

While saints and sinners were thus leaguering against him, the Baron de Shurland was quietly eating his breakfast. He had passed a tranquil night, undisturbed by dreams of cowl or capuchin; nor was his appetite more affected than his conscience. On the contrary, he sat rather longer over his meal than usual; luncheon-time came, and he was ready as ever for his oysters: but scarcely had Dame Martin opened his first half-dozen when the warder's horn was heard from the barbican.

"Who the devil's that?" said Sir Robert. "I'm not at home, Periwinkle. I hate to be disturbed at meals, and I won't be at home to anybody."

"An't please your lordship," answered the Seneschal, "Paul Prior hath given notice that there is a body——"

"Another body!" roared the Baron. "Am I to be everlastingly plagued with bodies? No time allowed me to swallow a morsel. Throw it into the moat!"

"So please you, my lord, it is a body of horse—and —and Paul says there is a still larger body of foot behind it; and he thinks, my lord,—that is, he does not know, but he thinks—and we all think, my lord, that they are coming to—to besiege the castle!"

"Besiege the castle! Who? What? What for?"

"Paul says, my lord, that he can see the banner of St. Austin, and the bleeding heart of Hamo de Creve-cœur, the Abbot's chief vassal;—and there is John de Northwood, the sheriff, with his red-cross engrailed; and Hever, and Leybourne, and Heaven knows how many more; and they are all coming on as fast as ever they can."

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, "up with the draw-bridge; down with the portcullis; bring me a cup of canary, and my nightcap. I won't be bothered with them. I shall go to bed."

"To bed, my lord?" cried Periwinkle, with a look that seemed to say, "He's crazy!"

At this moment the shrill tones of a trumpet were heard to sound thrice from the champaign. It was the signal for parley: the Baron changed his mind; instead of going to bed he went to the ramparts.

"Well, rascallions! and what now!" said the Baron.

A herald, two pursuivants, and a trumpeter, occupied the foreground of the scene; behind them, some three hundred paces off, upon a rising ground, was drawn up in battle array the main body of the ecclesiastical forces.

"Hear you, Robert de Shurland, Knight, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey, and know all men by these presents, that I do hereby attach you, the said Robert, of murder and sacrilege, now, or of late, done and committed by you, the said Robert, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity: and I do hereby require and charge you the said Robert, to forthwith surrender and give up your own proper person, together with the castle of Shurland aforesaid, in order that the same may be duly dealt with according to law. And here standeth John de Northwood, Esquire, good man and true, sheriff of this his Majesty's most loyal county of Kent, to enforce the same, if need be, with his *posse comitatus*—"

"His what?" said the Baron.

"His *posse comitatus*, and——"

"Go to Bath!" said the Baron.

A defiance so contemptuous roused the ire of the adverse commanders. A volley of missiles rattled about the Baron's ears. Nightcaps avail little against contusions. He left the walls, and returned to the great hall.

"Let them pelt away," quoth the Baron: "there are no windows to break, and they can't get in."—So he took his afternoon nap, and the siege went on.

Towards evening his lordship awoke, and grew tired of the din. Guy Pearson, too, had got a black eye from a brick-bat, and the assailants were clambering over the outer wall. So the Baron called for his Sunday hauberk of Milan steel, and his great two-handed sword with the terrible name:—it was the fashion in feudal times to give names to swords: King Arthur's was christened Excalibar; the Baron called his Tickletoby, and whenever he took it in hand it was no joke.

"Up with the portcullis! down with the bridge!" said Sir Robert; and out he sallied, followed by the *élite* of his retainers. Then there was a pretty to-do. Heads flew one way—arms and legs another; round went Tickletoby; and, wherever it alighted, down came horse and man: the Baron excelled himself that day. All that he had done in Palestine faded in the comparison; he had fought for fun there, but now it was for life and lands. Away went John de Northwood; away went William of Hever, and Roger of Leybourne. Hamo de Crevecoeur, with the church vassals and the banner of St. Austin, had been gone some time. The siege was

raised, and the Lord of Sheppey was left alone in his glory.

But, brave as the Baron undoubtedly was, and total as had been the defeat of his enemies, it cannot be supposed that *La Stoccata* would be allowed to carry it away thus. It has before been hinted that Abbot Anselm had written to the Pope, and Boniface the Eighth piqued himself on his punctuality as a correspondent in all matters connected with church discipline. He sent back an answer by return of post; and by it all Christian people were strictly enjoined to aid in exterminating the offender, on pain of the greater excommunication in this world, and a million of years of purgatory in the next. But then, again, Boniface the Eighth was rather at a discount in England just then. He had affronted Longshanks, as the loyal lieges had nicknamed their monarch; and Longshanks had been rather sharp upon the clergy in consequence. If the Baron de Shurland could but get the King's pardon for what, in his cooler moments, he admitted to be a peccadillo, he might sniff at the Pope, and bid him "do his devilmost."

Fortune, who, as the poet says, delights to favour the bold, stood his friend on this occasion. Edward had been, for some time, collecting a large force on the coast of Kent, to carry on his French wars for the recovery of Guienne; he was expected shortly to review it in person; but, then, the troops lay principally in cantonments about the mouth of the Thames, and his Majesty was to come down by water. What was to be done?—the royal barge was in sight, and John de Northwood and Hamo de Crevecœur had broken up all

the boats to boil their camp-kettles. A truly great mind is never without resources.

"Bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

They brought him his boots, and his dapple-grey steed along with them. Such a courser! all blood and bone, short-backed, broad-chested, and,—but that he was a little ewe-necked,—faultless in form and figure. The Baron sprang upon his back, and dashed at once into the river.

The barge which carried Edward Longshanks and his fortunes had by this time nearly reached the Nore; the stream was broad and the current strong, but Sir Robert and his steed were almost as broad, and a great deal stronger. After breasting the tide gallantly for a couple of miles, the Knight was near enough to hail the steersman.

"What have we got here?" said the King. "It's a mermaid," said one. "It's a grampus," said another. "It's the devil," said a third. But they were all wrong; it was only Robert de Shurland. "Grammercy," quoth the King, "that fellow was never born to be drowned!"

It has been said before that the Baron had fought in the Holy wars; in fact, he had accompanied Longshanks, when only heir apparent, in his expedition twenty-five years before, although his name is unaccountably omitted by Sir Harris Nicolas in his list of crusaders. He had been present at Acre when Amirand of Joppa stabbed the prince with a poisoned dagger, and had lent Princess Eleanor his own tooth-brush after she had sucked out the venom from the wound. He had slain certain Saracens, conterted himself with his

own plunder, and never dunned the commissariat for arrears of pay. Of course he ranked high in Edward's good graces, and had received the honour of knight-hood at his hands on the field of battle.

In one so circumstanced it cannot be supposed that such a trifle as the killing of a frowzy friar would be much resented, even had he not taken so bold a measure to obtain his pardon. His petition was granted, of course, as soon as asked; and so it would have been had the indictment drawn up by the Canterbury town-clerk, viz. "That he the said Robert de Shurland, &c. had then and there, with several, to wit, one thousand pairs of boots, given sundry, to wit, two thousand kicks, and therewith and thereby killed divers, to wit, ten thousand, Austin friars," been true to the letter.

Thrice did the gallant grey circumnavigate the barge, while Robert de Winchelsey, the chancellor, and archbishop to boot, was making out, albeit with great reluctance, the royal pardon. The interval was sufficiently long to enable His Majesty, who, gracious as he was, had always an eye to business, just to hint that the gratitude he felt towards the Baron was not unmixed with a lively sense of services to come; and that, if life were now spared him, common decency must oblige him to make himself useful. Before the archbishop, who had scalded his fingers with the wax in affixing the great seal, had time to take them out of his mouth, all was settled, and the Baron de Shurland had pledged himself to be forthwith in readiness, *cum suis*, to accompany his liege lord to Guienne.

With the royal pardon secured in his vest, boldly did his lordship turn again to the shore; and as boldly did

his courser oppose his breadth of chest to the stream, It was a work of no common difficulty or danger; a steed of less "metal and bone" had long since sunk in the effort: as it was, the Baron's boots were full of water, and Grey Dolphin's chamfrain more than once dipped beneath the wave. The convulsive snorts of the noble animal showed his distress; each instant they became more loud and frequent; when his hoof touched the strand, and "the horse and his rider" stood once again in safety on the shore.

Rapidly dismounting, the Baron was loosening the girths of his demi-pique, to give the panting animal breath, when he was aware of as ugly an old woman as he had ever clapped eyes upon, peeping at him under the horse's belly.

"Make much of your steed, Robert Shurland! Make much of your steed!" cried the hag, shaking at him her long and bony finger. "Groom to the hide and corn to the manger! He has saved your life, Robert Shurland, for the nonce; but he shall yet be the means of your losing it, for all that!"

The Baron started: "What's that you say, you old faggot?" He ran round by his horse's tail;—the woman was gone!

The Baron paused; his great soul was not to be shaken by trifles; he looked around him, and solemnly ejaculated the word "Humbug!"—then slinging the bridle across his arm, walked slowly on in the direction of the castle.

The appearance, and still more, the disappearance of the crone, had however made an impression; every step he took he became more thoughtful. "Twould be

deuced provoking though, if he *should* break my neck after all." He turned, and gazed at Dolphin with the scrutinizing eye of a veterinary surgeon. "I'll be shot if he is not groggy!" said the Baron.

With his lordship, like another great Commander, "Once to be in doubt, was once to be resolved:" it would never do to go to the wars on a rickety prad. He dropped the rein, drew forth Tickletohy, and as the enfranchised Dolphin, good easy horse, stretched out his ewe-neck to the herbage, struck off his head at a single blow. "There, you lying old beldame!" said the Baron; "now take him away to the knacker's."

* * * * *

Three years were come and gone. King Edward's French wars were over; both parties, having fought till they came to a stand-still, shook hands; and the quarrel, as usual, was patched up by a royal marriage. This happy event gave his Majesty leisure to turn his attention to Scotland, where things, through the intervention of William Wallace, were looking rather queerish. As his reconciliation with Philip now allowed of his fighting the Scotch in peace and quietness, the monarch lost no time in marching his long legs across the border, and the short ones of the Baron followed him of course. At Falkirk, Tickletohy was in great request; and, in the year following, we find a contemporary poet hinting at his master's prowess under the walls of Caerlaverock,

Ober eus fu achfime;
 Et beau Robert de Shurland
 Et tant seolt sur le chebal
 Ne s'und'ost home te someille.

A quatrain which Mr. Simpkinson translates,

"With them was marching
The good Robert de Shurland,
Who, when seated on horseback,
Does not resemble a man asleep!"

So thoroughly awake, indeed, does he seem to have proved himself, that the bard subsequently exclaims, in an extasy of admiration,

*Si le estoie une pucelette
Je li donroie ceur et cors
Cant est de lu bons li rrecors.*

"If I were a young maiden,
I would give my heart and person,
So great is his fame!"

Fortunately the poet was a tough old monk of Exeter; since such a present to a nobleman, now in his grand climacteric, would hardly have been worth the carriage. With the reduction of this stronghold of the Maxwells seem to have concluded the Baron's military services; as on the very first day of the fourteenth century we find him once more landed on his native shore, and marching, with such of his retainers as the wars had left him, towards the hospitable shelter of Shurland Castle. It was then, upon that very beach, some hundred yards distant from high-water mark, that his eye fell upon something like an ugly old woman in a red cloak! She was seated on what seemed to be a large stone, in an interesting attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees, and her chin upon her thumbs. The Baron started: the remembrance of his interview with a similar personage in the same place, some three

years since, flashed upon his recollection. He rushed towards the spot, but the form was gone;—nothing remained but the seat it had appeared to occupy. This, on examination, turned out to be no stone, but the whitened skull of a dead horse!—A tender remembrance of the deceased Grey Dolphin shot a momentary pang into the Baron's bosom; he drew the back of his hand across his face; the thought of the hag's prediction in an instant rose, and banished all softer emotions. In utter contempt of his own weakness, yet with a tremour that deprived his redoubtable kick of half its wonted force, he spurned the relic with his foot. One word alone issued from his lips, elucidatory of what was passing in his mind,—it long remained imprinted on the memory of his faithful followers,—that word was "Gammon!" The skull bounded across the beach till it reached the very margin of the stream;—one instant more and it would be engulfed for ever. At that moment a loud "Ha! ha! ha!" was distinctly heard by the whole train to issue from its bleached and toothless jaws: it sank beneath the flood in a horse laugh!

Meanwhile Sir Robert de Shurland felt an odd sort of sensation in his right foot. His boots had suffered in the wars. Great pains had been taken for their preservation. They had been "soled" and "heeled" more than once;—had they been "goloshed," their owner might have defied Fate! Well has it been said that "there is no such thing as a trifle." A nobleman's life depended upon a question of ninepence!

The Baron marched on; the uneasiness in his foot increased. He plucked off his boot;—a horse's tooth was sticking in his great toe!

The result may be anticipated. Lame as he was, his lordship, with characteristic decision, would hobble on to Shurland; his walk increased the inflammation; a flagon of *aqua vitæ* did not mend matters. He was in a high fever; he took to his bed. Next morning the toe presented the appearance of a Bedfordshire carrot; by dinner-time it had deepened to beet-root; and when Bargrave, the leech, at last sliced it off, the gangrene was too confirmed to admit of remedy. Dame Martin thought it high time to send for Miss Margaret, who, ever since her mother's death, had been living with her maternal aunt, the abbess, in the Ursuline convent at Greenwich. The young lady came, and with her came one Master Ingoldsby, her cousin-german by the mother's side; but the Baron was too far gone in the dead-thaw to recognise either. He died as he lived, unconquered and unconquerable. His last words were—"Tell the old hag she may go to ——" Whither remains a secret. He expired without fully articulating the place of her destination.

But who and what *was* the crone who prophesied the catastrophe? Ay, "that is the mystery of this wonderful history."—Some say it was Dame Fothergill, the late confessor's mamma; others, St. Bridget herself; others thought it was nobody at all, but only a phantom conjured up by conscience. As we do not know, we decline giving an opinion.

And what became of the Clerk of Chatham?—Mr. Simpkinson avers that he lived to a good old age, and was at last hanged by Jack Cade, with his inkhorn about his neck, for "setting boys copies." In support of this he adduces his name "Emmanuel," and refers to

the historian Shakspeare. Mr. Peters, on the contrary, considers this to be what he calls one of Mr. Simpkinson's "Anacreonisms," inasmuch as, at the introduction of Mr. Cade's reform measure, the Clerk, if alive, would have been hard upon two hundred years old. The probability is, that the unfortunate alluded to was his great-grand son.

Margaret Shurland in due course became Margaret Ingoldsby, her portrait still hangs in the gallery at Tappington. The features are handsome, but shrewish, betraying, as it were, a touch of the old Baron's temperament; but we never could learn that she actually kicked her husband. She brought him a very pretty fortune in chains, owches, and Saracen ear-rings; the barony, being a male fief, reverted to the Crown.

In the abbey-church at Minster may yet be seen the tomb of a recumbent warrior, clad in the chain-mail of the 13th century.* His hands are clasped in prayer; his legs, crossed in that position so prized by Templars in ancient, and tailors in modern, days, bespeak him a soldier of the faith in Palestine. Close behind his dexter calf lies sculptured in bold relief a horse's head; and a respectable elderly lady, as she shews the monument, fails not to read her auditors a fine moral lesson on the sin of ingratitude, or to claim a sympathising tear to the memory of poor "Grey Dolphin!"

* Subsequent to the first appearance of the foregoing narrative, the tomb alluded to has been opened during the course of certain repairs which the church has undergone. Mr. Simpkinson, who was present at the exhumation of the body within, and has enriched his collection with three of its grinders, says the bones of one of the great toes were wanting. He speaks in terms of great admiration at the thickness of the skull, and is of opinion that the skeleton is that of a great patriot much addicted to Lundy-foot.

It is on my own personal reminiscences that I draw for the following story ; the scene of its leading event was most familiar to me in early life. If the principal actor in it be yet living, he must have reached a very advanced age. He was often at the Hall, in my infancy, on professional visits. It is, however, only from those who "prated of his whereabouts" that I learned the history of his adventure with

THE GHOST.

~~There~~ stands a City,—neither large nor small,
 Its air and situation sweet and pretty;
 It matters very little—if at all—
 Whether its denizens are dull or witty,
 Whether the ladies there are short or tall,
 Brunettes or blondes, only, there stands a city!—
 Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute
 That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it.

A fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,
 And kings and heroes lie entomb'd within her;
 There pious Saints in marble pomp repose,
 Whose shrines are worn by knees of many a Sinner;
 There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose
 Roll'd its loud diapason after dinner;
 And there stood high the holy sconce of Becket,
 —Till four assassins came from France to crack it.

The Castle was a huge and antique mound,
 Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
 Ere those abominable guns were found
 To send cold lead through gallant warrior's liver.
 It stands upon a gently rising ground,
 Sloping down gradually to the river,
 Resembling (to compare great things with smaller)
 A well-scooped, mouldy Stilton cheese,—but taller.

The Keep, I find, 's been sadly alter'd lately,
 And, 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honour jealous,
 In martial panoply so grand and stately,
 Its walls are filled with money-making fellows.

And stuff'd, unless I 'm misinformed greatly,
 With leaden pipes, and cooke, and coals, and bellows;
 In short, so great a change has come to pass,
 'Tis now a manufactory of Gas.

But to my tale.—Before this profanation,
 And ere its ancient glories were cut short all,
 A poor hard-working Cobbler took his station
 In a small house, just opposite the portal;
 His birth, his parentage, and education,
 I know but little of—a strange, odd mortal
 His aspect, air, and gait, were all ridiculous;
 His name was Mason—he'd been christened Nicholas.

Nick had a wife possessed of many a charm,
 And of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion;
 But, spite of all her piety, her arm
 She'd sometimes exercise when in a passion;
 And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
 Would now and then seize, upon small occasion,
 A stick, or stool, or anything that round did lie,
 And baste her lord and master most confoundedly.

No matter!—'tis a thing that's not uncommon,
 'Tis what we all have heard, and most have read of,—
 I mean, a bruizing, pugilistic woman,
 Such as I own I entertain a dread of,
 —And so did Nick,—whom sometimes there would come on
 A sort of fear his Spouse might knock his head off,
 Demolish half his teeth, or drive a rib in,
 She shone so much in “facers” and in “fibbing.”

“Here's time and place for all things,” said a sage,
 (King Solomon, I think,) and this I can say,
 Within a well-roped ring, or on a stage,
 Boxing may be a very pretty *Fancy*,
 When Messrs. Burke or Bendigo engage;
 —'Tis not so well in Susan, Jane, or Nancy:—

To get well mill'd by any one's an evil,
But by a lady—'tis the very Devil.

And so thought Nicholas, whose only trouble,
(At least his worst), was this his rib's propensity,
For sometimes from the alehouse he would hobble,
His senses lost in a sublime immensity
Of cogitation—then he couldn't cobble—
And then his wife would often try the density
Of his poor skull, and strike with all her might,
As fast as kitchen-wench's strike a light.

Mason, meek soul, who ever hated strife,
Of this same striking had a morbid dread,
He hated it like poison—or his wife—
A vast antipathy!—but so he said—
And very often, for a quiet life,
On these occasions he'd sneak up to bed,
Groped darkling in, and, soon as at the door
He heard his lady—he'd pretend to snore.

One night, then, ever partial to society,
Nick, with a friend (another jovial fellow),
Went to a Club—I should have said Society—
At the "City Arms," once call'd the Porto-Bello
A Spouting party, which, though some decry it, I
Consider no bad lounge when one is mellow;
There they discuss the tax on salt, and leather,
And change of ministers and change of weather.

In short, it was a kind of British Forum,
Like John Gale Jones's, erst in Piccadilly,
Only they managed things with more decorum,
And the Orations were not *quite* so silly;
Far different questions, too, would come before 'em,
Not always Politics, which, will ye nill ye,
Their London prototypes were always willing,
To give one *quantum suff. of*—for a shilling.

It more resembled one of later date,
 And tenfold talent, as I'm told in Bow Street,
 Where kindlier natured souls do congregate,
 And, though there are who deem that same a low street,
 Yet, I'm assured, for frolicsome debate
 And genuine humour it's surpassed by no street,
 When the "Chief Baron" enters, and assumes
 To "rule" o'er mimic "Thesigers" and "Broughams."

Here they would oft forget their Rulers' faults,
 And waste in ancient lore the midnight taper,
 Inquire if Orpheus first produced the Waltz,
 How Gas-lights differ from the Delphic Vapour,
 Whether Hippocrates gave Glauber's Salts,
 And what the Romans wrote on ere they'd paper;—
 This night the subject of their disquisitions
 Was Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Sprites, and Apparitions.

One learned gentleman, "a sage grave man,"
 Talk'd of the Ghst in Hamlet, "sheath'd in steel;"—
 His well-read friend, who next to speak began,
 Said, "That was Poetry, and nothing real;"
 A third, of more extensive learning, ran
 To Sir George Villiers' Ghost, and Mrs. Veal;
 Of sheeted Spectres spoke with shorten'd breath,
 And thrice he quoted "Drelinecourt on Death."

Nick smoked, and smoked, and trembled as he heard
 The point discussed, and all they said upon it,
 How, frequently, some murder'd man appear'd,
 To tell his wife and children who had done it;
 Or how a Miser's ghost, with grisly beard,
 And pale lean visage, in an old Scotch bonnet,
 Wander'd about to watch his buried money!
 When all at once Nick heard the clock strike One,—he

Sprang from his seat, not doubting but a lecture
 Impended from his fond and faithful She;

Nor could he well to pardon him expect her,
For he had promised to "be home to tea;"
But having luckily the key o' the back door,
He fondly hoped that, unperceived, he
Might creep up stairs again, pretend to doze,
And hoax his spouse with music from his nose.

Vain, fruitless hope—The wearied sentinel
At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
Till ere his hand can sound the alarum-bell,
He sinks beneath the unexpected blow;
Before the whiskers of Grimalkin fell,
When slumbering on her post, the mouse may go;—
But woman, wakeful woman, 's never weary,
—Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

Soon Mrs. Mason heard the well-known tread;
She heard the key slow creaking in the door.
Spied through the gloom obscure, towards the bed
Nick creeping soft, as oft he had crept before;
When, bang, she threw a something at his head,
And Nick at once lay prostrate on the floor;
While she exclaimed with her indignant face on,—
"How dare you use your wife so, Mr. Mason!"

Spare we to tell how fiercely she debated,
Especially the length of her oration,—
Spare we to tell how Nick expostulated,
Roused by the bump into a good set passion,
So great, that more than once he execrated,
Ere he crawl'd into bed in his usual fashion;
—The Muses hate brawls; suffice it then to say,
He duck'd beneath the clothes—and there he lay!

'Twas now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards groan, and graves give up their dead,
And many a mischievous, enfranchised, Sprite
Had long since burst his bonds of stone or lead,

And hurried off, with schoolboy-like delight,
 To play his pranks near some poor wretch's bed
 Sleeping perhaps serenely as a porpoise,
 Nor dreaming of this fiendish Habeas Corpus.

Not so our Nicholas, his meditations
 Still to the same tremendous theme recurred,
 The same dread subject of the dark narrations,
 Which, back'd with such authority, he'd heard
 Lost in his own horrific contemplations,
 He ponder'd o'er each well-remember'd word;
 When at his bed's foot, close beside the post,
 He verily believed he saw—a Ghost!

Plain and more plain the unsubstantial Sprite
 To his astonished gaze each moment grew;
 Ghastly and gaunt, it rear'd its shadowy height,
 Of more than mortal seeming to the view.
 And round its long, thin, bony fingers drew
 A tatter'd winding-sheet, of course *all white* ;—
 The moon that moment peeping through a cloud,
 Nick very plainly saw it *through the shroud* !

And now those matted locks, which never yet
 Had yielded to the comb's unkind divorce,
 Their long-contracted amity forget,
 And spring asunder with elastic force;
 Nay, e'en the very cap, of texture coarse,
 Whose ruby cincture crown'd that brow of jet
 Uprose in agony—the Gorgon's head
 Was but a type of Nick's up-squatting in the bed.

From every pore distill'd a clammy dew,
 Quaked every limb,—the candle too no doubt
En règle, would have burnt extremely blue,
 But Nick unluckily had put it out;
 And he, though naturally bold and stout,
 In short, was in a most tremendous stew ;—



The room was filled with a sulphureous smell,
But where that came from Mason could not tell.

All motionless the Spectre stood,—and now
Its rev'rend form more clearly shone confest;
From the pale cheek a beard of purest snow
Descended o'er its venerable breast;
The thin grey hairs, that crown'd its furrow'd brow,
Told of years long gone by.—An awful guest
It stood, and with an action of command,
Beckon'd the Cobbler with its wan right hand.

"Whence, and what art thou, Execrable Shape!"
Nick *might* have cried, could he have found a tongue,
But his distended jaws could only gape,
And not a sound upon the welkin rung.
His gooseberry orbs seem'd as they would have sprung
Forth from their sockets,—like a frightened Ape
He sat upon his haunches, bolt upright,
And shook, and grinn'd, and chatter'd with affright.

And still the shadowy finger, long and lean,
Now beckon'd Nick, now pointed to the door;
And many an ireful glance, and frown, between,
The angry visage of the Phantom wore,
As if quite vex'd that Nick would do no more
Than stare, without e'en asking, "What d'ye mean?"
Because, as we are told,—a sad old joke too,—
Ghosts, like the ladies, "never speak till spoke to."

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations,
Derive a sort of courage from despair,
And then perform, from downright desperation,
Much more than many a bolder man would dare.
Nick saw the Ghost was getting in a passion,
And therefore, groping till he found the chair,
Seized on his awl, crept softly out of bed,
And follow'd quaking where the Spectre led.

And down the winding stair, with noiseless tread,
The tenant of the tomb pass'd slowly on,
Each mazy turning of the humble shed
Seem'd to his step at once familiar grown,
So safe and sure the labyrinth did he tread
As though the domicile had been his own,
Though Nick himself, in passing through the shop,
Had almost broke his nose against the mop.

Despite its wooden bolt, with jarring sound,
The door upon its hinges open flew;
And forth the Spirit issued,—yet around
It turn'd as if its follower's fears it knew,
And, once more beckoning, pointed to the mound,
The antique Keep, on which the bright moon threw
With such effulgence her mild silvery gleam,
The visionary form seem'd melting in her beam.

Beneath a pond'rous archway's sombre shade,
Where once the huge portcullis swung sublime,
Mid ivied battlements in ruin laid,
Sole, sad memorials of the olden time,
The Phantom held its way,—and though afraid,
Even of the owls that sung their vesper chime,
Pale Nicholas pursued, its steps attending,
And wondering what on earth it all would end in.

Within the mouldering fabric's deep recess
At length they reach a court obscure and lone;—
It seem'd a drear and desolate wilderness,
The blacken'd walls with ivy all o'ergrown;
The night-bird shriek'd her note of wild distress,
Disturb'd upon her solitary throne,
As though indignant mortal step should dare,
So led, at such an hour, to venture there!

—The Apparition paused, and would have spoke
Pointing to what Nick thought an iron ring,

But then a neighbouring chanticleer awoke,
And loudly 'gan his early matins sing ;
And then "it started like a guilty thing,"
As that shrill clarion the silence broke.
—We know how much dead gentlefolks eschew
The appalling sound of "Cock-a-doodle-do !"

The vision was no more—and Nick alone—
"His streamers waving" in the midnight wind,
Which through the ruins ceased not to groan ;
—His garment, too, was somewhat short behind,—
And, worst of all, he knew not where to find
The ring,—which made him most his fate bemoan—
The iron ring—no doubt of some trap door,
'Neath which the old dead Miser kept his store.

"What's to be done!" he cried, "Twere vain to stay
Here in the dark without a single clue—
Oh, for a candle now, or moonlight ray !
'Fore George, I'm vastly puzzled what to do,"
(Then clapped his hand behind)—"'Tis chilly too—
I'll mark the spot, and come again by day.
What can I mark it by ?—Oh, here's the wall—
The mortar's yielding—Here I'll stick my awl !"

Then rose from earth to sky a withering shriek,
A loud, a long protracted note of woe,
Such as when tempests roar, and timbers creak,
And o'er the side the masts in thunder go ;
While on the deck resistless billows break,
And drag their victims to the gulfs below ;—
Such was the scream when, for the want of candle,
Nick Mason drove his awl in up to the handle.

Scared by his Lady's heart-appalling cry,
Vanished at once poor Mason's golden dream—
For dream it was ;—and all his visions high,
Of wealth and grandeur, fled before that scream—

And still he listens with averted eye,
When gibing neighbours make "the Ghost" their theme;
While ever from that hour they all declare
That Mrs. Mason used a cushion in her chair!

Confound not, I beseech thee, reader, the subject of the following monody with the hapless hero of the teaturn, Cupid, of "Yow-Yow"-ing memory. Tray was an attached favourite of many years' standing. Most people worth loving have had a friend of this kind; Lord Byron says he "never had but one, and here he (the dog, not the nobleman,) lies!"

THE CYNOTAPH.

*Poor Tray chermant !**Poor Tray de mon Ami !**Dog-bury, and Vergere.*

Oh ! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
 Now his fleeting breath has passed away !—
 Seventeen years I can venture to say,
 Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and play,
 Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,
 As though every one of his months was May,
 And the whole of his life one long holiday—
 Now he's a lifeless lump of clay,
 Oh ! where shall I bury my faithful Tray ?

I am almost tempted to think it hard
 That it may not be there, in yon sunny churchyard,
 Where the green willows wave
 O'er the peaceful grave,
 Which holds all that once was honest and brave,
 Kind, and courteous, and faithful, and true ;
 Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.
 But it may not be—yon sacred ground,
 By holiest feelings fenced around,
 May ne'er within its hallow'd bound
 Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
 Where the mid-day sun through the storied pane
 Throws on the pavement a crimson stain ;

Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing
O'er the pinnaced tomb of the Warrior King,
With helmet and shield, and all that sort of thing.

No! come what may,

My gentle Tray

Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder
Whom you see on their backs,
In stone or in wax,

Though the Sacristans now are "forbidden to ax"
For what Mister Hume calls "a scandalous tax;"
While the Chartists insist they've a right to go anacks.—
No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby
Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.

Besides, in the place

They say there's not space

To bury what wet-nurses call "a Babby."
Even "Rare Ben Jonson," that famous wight,
I am told, is interr'd there bolt upright,
In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.

The epitaph, too,

Would scarcely do

For what could it say, but "Here lies Tray,
A very good kind of a dog in his day!"
And satirical folks might be apt to imagine it
Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No! no!—The abbey may do very well
For a feudal "Nob," or poetical "Swell,"
"Crusaders," or "Poets," or "Knights of St. John,"
Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once went on
To the ~~Castle of Good~~ *Castle of Good* ~~Lord~~ *Lord* ~~Eglintonne~~.
Count Fiddle-fumkin, and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
"Sir Craven," "Sir Gael," and "Sir Campbell of Saddell."
(Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
"Was somehow knock'd out of his family-seat;")

The Esquires of the body
 To my Lord Tomnoddy ;
 'Sir Fairlie,' 'Sir Lamb,'
 And the "Knight of the Ram,"
 The "Knight of the Rose," and the "Knight of the Dragon,"
 Who, save at the flagon,
 And prog in the wagon,
 The newspapers tell us did little "to brag on ;"
 And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,
 "Sir Hopkins," "Sir Popkins," "Sir Gage," and "Sir Jerning
 ham."

All *Proux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
 Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.—
 —(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
 To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long ;
 Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
 "The word 'Chivalry' is but a 'rhyme to the eye.'"

 And I own it is clear
 A fastidious ear
 Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you when you in-
 sert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine.
 As to pleasing the "eye"
 'Tisn't worth while to try,

Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit "Spinach"
 Is perfectly antiphonetic to "Greenwich.")—
 But stay!—I say!—
 Let me pause while I may—
 This digression is leading me sadly astray
 From my object—A grave for my poor dog Tray!

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
 And proud o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's!
 Though I've always consider'd Sir Christopher Wren,
 As an architect, one of the greatest of men ;
 And,—talking of Epitaphs,—Much I admire his,
 "*Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris ;*"
 Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
 "If you ask for his monumeat, *Sir-comes-spy-see !*—"

No!—I should not know where
 To place him there;
 I would not have him by surly Johnson be;—
 Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Ponsonby;—
 Or those ugly minxes
 The sister Sphynxes,
 Mix'd creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*,
 (Denon says,) the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo*;
 On one of the backs of which singular jumble,
 Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
 With a thump which alone were enough to despatch him,
 If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him.

No! I'd not have him there,—nor nearer the door,
 Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,*
 And are quietly letting him down through the floor,
 By Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,
 Alone from the row;—
 Neither he, nor Lord Howe
 Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.
 'No, Tray, we must yield,
 And go further a-field;
 To lay you by Nelson were downright effrontry;
 —We'll be off from the City, and look at the country.

It shall not be there,
 In that sepulchred square,
 Where folks are interr'd for the sake of the air,
 (Though, pay but the dues, they could hardly refuse
 To Tray what they grant to Thugga, and Hindoos,
 Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and Jews,)
 Where the tombstones are placed
 In the very *best taste*,
 At the feet and the head
 Of the elegant Dead,
 And no one's received who's not "buried in lead:

* See note at end of "The Cynotaph."

For, there lie the bones of Deputy Jones,
 Whom the widow's tears, and the orphan's groans
 Affected as much as they do the stones
 His executors laid on the Deputy's bones;

Little rest, poor knave!
 Would Tray have in his grave;
 Since Spirits, 'tis plain,
 Are sent back again,

To roam round their bodies,—the bad ones in pain,—
 Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack chain;
 Whenever they met, alarm'd by its groans, his
 Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid
 By that cross Old Maid,
 Miss Penelope Bird,—of whom it is said
 All the dogs in the parish were ever afraid.

He must not be placed
 By one so strait-laced
 In her temper, her taste, and her morals, and waist.
 For, 'tis said, when she went up to heaven, and St. Peter,
 Who happened to meet her,
 Came forward to greet her

She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature,
 And bade him "Get out for a horrid Male Creature!"
 So, the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,
 Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,
 And not being willing,—or able,—to beat her,
 Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew sweeter,
 With an epithet—which I decline to repeat here.

No,—if Tray were interr'd
 By Penelope Bird,

No dog would be e'er so be—"whelp" 'd and be—"cur" 'd—
 All the night long her cantankerous Sprite
 Would be running about in the pale moon-light,
 Chasing him round, and attempting to lick
 The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a stick.

Stay!—let me see!—
 Ay—here it shall be
 At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,
 Where Tray and I
 Would often lie,
 And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
 In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
 When the sun was bidding the world good b'ye;
 And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
 Pour'd forth her mournful melody;
 While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
 Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
 "How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!"

Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view
 Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.
 Simple and few,
 Tender and true
 The lines o'er his grave.—They have, some of them too,
 The advantage of being remarkably new.

Epitaph.

Affliction sore
 Long time he bore,
 Physicians were in vain!—
 Grown blind, alas! he'd
 Some Prussic Acid,
 And that put him out of his pain!

NOTE, PAGE 112.

In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of this gallant officer might have been the production of Lord Byron's Muse, the late Mr. Sydney Taylor, somewhat indignant-

ry, claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* "Doctor Marshall," who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain "Doctor Peppercorn" put forth *his* pretensions to what he averred was the only "true and original" version, viz. :—

Not a *sous* had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the Landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning;
We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dew,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor 's as drunk as the d——," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.—

Loudly they talk'd of his money that 's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory!!

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

VIRGIL.

I wrote the lines—* * owned them—he told stories!

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

MRS. BOTHERBY'S STORY.

THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE.

READER, were you ever bewitched?—I do not mean by a “white wench’s black eye,” or by love-potions imbibed from a ruby lip;—but, were you ever really and *bonâ fide* bewitched, in the true Matthew Hopkins sense of the word? Did you ever, for instance, find yourself from head to heel one vast complication of cramps?—or burst out into sudorific exudation like a cold thaw, with the thermometer at zero?—Were your eyes ever turned upside down, exhibiting nothing but their whites?—Did you ever vomit a paper of crooked pins? or expectorate Whitechapel needles?—These are genuine and undoubted marks of possession; and if you never experienced any of them,—why, “happy man be his dole!”

Yet such things have been: yea, we are assured, and that on no mean authority, still are.

The World, according to the best geographers, is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh. In this last-named, and fifth, quarter of the globe, a Witch may still be occasionally discovered in favourable, *i. e.* stormy seasons, weathering Dungeness Point in an egg-shell, or careering on her broomstick

over Dymchurch wall. A cow may yet be sometimes seen galloping like mad, with tail erect, and an old pair of breeches on her horns, an unerring guide to the door of the crone whose magic arts have drained her udder. I do not, however, remember to have heard that any Conjuror has, of late, been detected in the district.

Not many miles removed from the verge of this recondite region, stands a collection of houses, which its maligners call a fishing-town, and its well-wishers a Watering-place. A limb of one of the Cinque Ports, it has, (or lately had,) a corporation of its own, and has been thought considerable enough to give a second title to a noble family. Rome stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built upon seventy. Its streets, lanes, and alleys,—fanciful distinctions without much real difference,—are agreeable enough to persons who do not mind running up and down stairs; and the only inconvenience at all felt by such of its inhabitants as are not asthmatic, is when some heedless urchin tumbles down a chimney, or an impertinent pedestrian peeps into a garret window.

At the eastern extremity of the town, on the sea-beach, and scarcely above high water mark, stood, in the good old times, a row of houses then denominated "Frog-hole." Modern refinement subsequently euphonized the name into "East street;" but "what's in a name?"—the encroachments of Ocean have long since levelled all in one common ruin.

Here, in the early part of the seventeenth century, flourished in somewhat doubtful reputation, but comparative opulence, a compounder of medicines, one Master Erasmus Buckthorne; the effluvia of whose

drugs from within, mingling agreeably with the "ancient and fish-like smells" from without, wafted a delicious perfume throughout the neighbourhood.

At seven of the clock, on the morning when Mrs. Botherby's narrative commences, a stout Suffolk "punch," about thirteen hands and a half in height, was slowly led up and down before the door of the pharmacopolist by a lean and withered lad, whose appearance warranted an opinion, pretty generally expressed, that his master found him as useful in experimentalizing as in household drudgery; and that, for every pound avoirdupoise of solid meat, he swallowed, at the least, two pounds troy weight of chemicals and galenicals. As the town clock struck the quarter, Master Buckthorne emerged from his laboratory, and, putting the key carefully into his pocket, mounted the surefooted cob aforesaid, and proceeded up and down the acclivities and declivities of the town with the gravity due to his station and profession. When he reached the open country, his pace was increased to a sedate canter, which, in somewhat more than half an hour, brought "the horse and his rider" in front of a handsome and substantial mansion, the numerous gable-ends and bayed windows of which bespoke the owner a man of worship, and one well to do in the world.

"How now, Hodge Gardener?" quoth the Leech, scarcely drawing bit; for Punch seemed to be aware that he had reached his destination, and paused of his own accord; "How now, man? How fares thine employer, worthy Master Marsh? How hath he done? How hath he slept?—My potion hath done its office? Ha!"

"Alack! ill at ease, worthy sir—ill at ease," returned the hind; "his honour is up and stirring; but he hath rested none, and complaineth that the same gnawing pain devoureth, as it were, his very vitals; in sooth he is ill at ease."

"Morrow, doctor!" interrupted a voice from a casement opening on the lawn. "Good morrow! I have looked for, longed for, thy coming this hour and more; enter at once; the pasty and tankard are impatient for thine attack!"

"Marry, Heaven forbid that I should baulk their fancy!" quoth the Leech *sotto voce*, as, abandoning the bridle to honest Hodge, he dismounted, and followed a buxom-looking handmaiden into the breakfast parlour.

There, at the head of his well-furnished board, sat Master Thomas Marsh, of Marston-hall, a Yeoman well respected in his degree: one of that sturdy and sterling class which, taking rank immediately below the Esquire, (a title in its origin purely military,) occupied, in the wealthier counties, the position in society now filled by the Country Gentleman. He was one of those of whom the proverb ran:

"A Knight of Calais,
A Gentleman of Wales,
And a Laird of the North Countree;
A Yeoman of Kent,
With his yearly rent,
Will buy them out all three!"

A cold sirloin, big enough to frighten a Frenchman, filled the place of honour, counter-checked by a game-pie of no stinted dimensions; while a silver flagon of "humming-bub,"—*viz.* ale strong enough to blow a

man's beaver off,—smiled opposite in treacherous amenity. The sideboard groaned beneath sundry massive cups and waiters of the purest silver; while the huge skull of a fallow deer, with its branching horns, frowned majestically above. All spoke of affluence, of comfort,—all save the master, whose restless eye and feverish look hinted but too plainly the severest mental or bodily disorder. By the side of the proprietor of the mansion sat his consort, a lady now past the bloom of youth, yet still retaining many of its charms. The clear olive of her complexion, and “the darkness of her Andalusian eye,” at once betrayed her foreign origin; in fact, her “lord and master,” as husbands were even then, by a legal fiction, denominated, had taken her to his bosom in a foreign country. The cadet of his family, Master Thomas Marsh, had early in life been engaged in commerce. In the pursuit of his vocation he had visited Antwerp, Hamburg, and most of the Hanse Towns; and had already formed a tender connexion with the orphan offspring of one of old Alva's officers, when the unexpected deaths of one immediate, and two presumptive, heirs placed him next in succession to the family acres. He married, and brought home his bride; who, by the decease of the venerable possessor, heart-broken at the loss of his elder children, became eventually lady of Marston-Hall. It has been said that she was beautiful, yet was her beauty of a character that operates on the fancy more than the affections; she was one to be admired rather than loved. The proud curl of her lip, the firmness of her tread, her arched brow, and stately carriage, showed the decision, not to say haughtiness, of her soul; while her glances, whether lightening with

anger, or melting in extreme softness, betrayed the existence of passions as intense in kind as opposite in quality. She rose as Erasmus entered the parlour, and, bestowing on him a look fraught with meaning, quitted the room, leaving him in unrestrained communication with his patient.

"Fore George, Master Buckthorne!" exclaimed the latter, as the Leech drew near, "I will no more of your pharmacy;—burn, burn—gnaw, gnaw,—I had as lief the foul fiend were in my gizzard as one of your drugs. Tell me in the devil's name, what is the matter with me!"

Thus conjured, the practitioner paused, and even turned somewhat pale. There was a perceptible faltering in his voice, as, evading the question, he asked, "What say your other physicians?"

"Doctor Phiz says it is wind,—Doctor Fuz says it is water,—and Doctor Buz says it is something between wind and water."

"They are all of them wrong," said Erasmus Buckthorne.

"Truly, I think so," returned the patient. "They are manifest asses; but you, good Leech, you are a horse of another colour. The world talks loudly of your learning, your skill, and cunning in arts the most abstruse; nay, sooth to say, some look coldly on you therefore, and stickle not to aver that you are cater-cousin with Beelzebub himself."

"It is ever the fate of science," murmured the professor, "to be maligned by the ignorant and superstitious. But a truce with such folly;—let me examine your palate."

Master Marsh thrust out a tongue long, clear, and red

as beet-root. "There is nothing wrong there," said the Leech. "Your wrist:—no;—the pulse is firm and regular, the skin cool and temperate. Sir, there is nothing the matter with you!"

"Nothing the matter with me, Sir 'Potecary!—But I tell you there is the matter with me,—much the matter with me. Why is it that something seems ever gnawing at my heart-strings?—Whence this pain in the region of the liver?—Why is it that I sleep not o' nights,—rest not o' days? Why——"

"You are fidgety, Master Marsh," said the doctor.

Master Marsh's brow grew dark; he half rose from his seat, supported himself by both hands on the arms of his elbow-chair, and in accents of mingled anger and astonishment repeated the word "Fidgety!"

"Ay, fidgety," returned the doctor calmly. "Tut, man, there is naught ails thee save thine own over-weening fancies. Take less of food, more air, put aside thy flagon, call for thy horse; be boot and saddle the word! Why,—hast thou not youth?—"

"I have," said the patient.

"Wealth and a fair domain?"

"Granted," quoth Marsh cheerily.

"And a fair wife?"

"Yea," was the response, but in a tone something less satisfied.

"Then arouse thee, man, shake off this fantasy, betake thyself to thy lawful occasions,—use thy good rap,—follow thy pleasures, and think no more of these fancied ailments."

"But I tell you, master mine, these ailments are not fancied. I lose my rest. I loathe my food, my doublet

sits loosely on me,—these racking pains. My wife, too, when I meet her gaze, the cold sweat stands on my forehead, and I could almost think——” Marsh paused abruptly, mused awhile, then added, looking steadily at his visitor, “These things are not right; they pass the common, Master Erasmus Buckthorne.”

A slight shade crossed the brow of the Leech, but its passage was momentary; his features softened to a smile in which pity seemed slightly blended with contempt. “Have done with such follies, Master Marsh. You are well, an you would but think so. Ride, I say, hunt, shoot, do anything,—disperse these melancholic humours, and become yourself again.”

“Well, I will do your bidding,” said Marsh, thoughtfully. “It may be so; and yet,—but I will do your bidding. Master Cobbe of Brenzet writes me that he hath a score or two of fat ewes to be sold a pennyworth; I had thought to have sent Ralph Looker, but I will essay to go myself. Ho, there!—saddle me the brown mare, and bid Ralph be ready to attend me on the gelding.”

An expression of pain contracted the features of Master Marsh as he rose and slowly quitted the apartment to prepare for his journey; while the Leech, having bidden him farewell, vanished through an opposite door, and betook himself to the private boudour of the fair mistress of Marston, muttering as he went a quotation from a then newly-published play,

“Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou own’st yesterday.”

* * * *

Of what passed at this interview between the Folkestone doctor and the fair Spaniard, Mrs. Botherby declares she could never obtain any satisfactory elucidation. Not that tradition is silent on the subject,—quite the contrary; it is the abundance, not paucity, of the materials she supplies, and the consequent embarrassment of selection, that makes the difficulty. Some have averred that the Leech, whose character, as has been before hinted, was more than threadbare, employed his time in teaching her the mode of administering certain noxious compounds, the unconscious partaker whereof would pine and die so slowly and gradually as to defy suspicion. Others there were who affirmed that Lucifer himself was then and there raised *in propria persona*, with all his personal attributes of horn and hoof. In support of this assertion, they adduce the testimony of the aforesaid buxom housemaid, who protested that the Hall smelt that evening like a manufactory of matches. All, however, seemed to agree that the confabulation, whether human or infernal, was conducted with profound secrecy, and protracted to a considerable length; that its object, as far as could be divined, meant anything but good to the head of the family; that the lady, moreover, was heartily tired of her husband; and that, in the event of his removal by disease or casualty, Master Erasmus Buckthorne, albeit a great philosopher, would have no violent objection to “throw physic to the dogs,” and exchange his laboratory for the estate of Marston, its live stock included. Some, too, have inferred that to him did Madam Isabel seriously incline; while others have thought, induced perhaps by subsequent events, that she was merely using him for her

purposes ; that one José, a tall, bright-eyed, hook-nosed stripling from her native land, was a personage not unlikely to put a spoke in the doctor's wheel ; and that should such a chance arise, the Sage, wise as he was, would after all run no slight risk of being "bamboozled."

Master José was a youth well-favoured, and comely to look upon. His office was that of page to the dame ; an office which, after long remaining in abeyance, has been of late years revived, as may well be seen in the persons of sundry smart hobbledehoyes, now constantly to be met with on staircases and in boudoirs, clad, for the most part, in garments fitted tightly to the shape, the lower moiety adorned with a broad stripe of crimson or silver lace, and the upper with what the first Wit of our times has described as "a favourable eruption of buttons." The precise duties of this employment have never, as far as we have heard, been accurately defined. The perfuming a handkerchief, the combing a lap-dog, and the occasional presentation of a sippet-shaped *billet-doux*, are, and always have been, among them ; but these a young gentleman standing five foot ten, and aged nineteen "last grass," might well be supposed to have outgrown. José, however, kept his place, perhaps because he was not fit for any other. To the conferences between his mistrees and physician he had not been admitted ; his post was to keep watch and ward in the ante-room ; and, when the interview was concluded, he attended the lady and her visitor as far as the court-yard, where he held, with all due respect, the stirrup for the latter, as he once more resumed his position on the back of Punch.

Who was it that says "little pitchers have large

ears?" Some deep metaphysician of the potteries, who might have added that they have also quick eyes, and sometimes silent tongues. There was a little metaphorical piece of crockery of this class, who, screened by a huge elbow-chair, had sat a quiet and unobserved spectator of the whole proceedings between her mamma and Master Erasmus Buckthorne. This was Miss Marian Marsh, a rosy-cheeked laughter-loving imp of some six years old ; but one who could be mute as a mouse when the fit was on her. A handsome and highly polished cabinet of the darkest ebony occupied a recess at one end of the apartment ; this had long been a great subject of speculation to little Miss. Her curiosity, however, had always been repelled ; nor had all her coaxing ever won her an inspection of the thousand and one pretty things which its recesses no doubt contained. On this occasion it was unlocked, and Marian was about to rush forward in eager anticipation of a peep at its interior, when, child as she was, the reflection struck her that she would stand a better chance of carrying her point by remaining *perdue*. Fortune for once favoured her : she crouched closer than before, and saw her mother take something from one of the drawers, which she handed over to the Leech. Strange mutterings followed, and words whose sounds were foreign to her youthful ears. Had she been older, their import, perhaps, might have been equally unknown. After a while there was a pause ; and then the lady, as in answer to a requisition from the gentleman, placed in his hand a something which she took from her toilet. The transaction, whatever its nature, seemed now to be complete, and the article was

carefully replaced in the drawer from which it had been taken. A long, and apparently interesting, conversation then took place between the parties, carried on in a low tone. At its termination, Mistress Marsh and Master Erasmus Buckthorne quitted the boudoir together. But the cabinet!—ay, that was left unfastened: the folding-doors still remained invitingly expanded, the bunch of keys dangling from the lock. In an instant the spoiled child was in a chair; the drawer so recently closed, yielded at once to her hand, and her hurried researches were rewarded by the prettiest little waxen doll imaginable. It was a first-rate prize, and Miss lost no time in appropriating it to herself. Long before Madame Marsh had returned to her *Sanctum*, Marian was seated under a laurustinus in the garden, nursing her new baby with the most affectionate solicitude.

* * * * *

“Susan, look here; see what a nasty scratch I have got upon my hand,” said the young lady, when routed out at length from her hiding place to her noontide meal.

“Yes, Miss, this is always the way with you! mend, mend, mend,—nothing but mend! Scrambling about among the bushes, and tearing your clothes to rags. What with you, and with madam’s farthingales and kirtles, a poor bower-maiden has a fine time of it!”

“But I have not torn my clothes, Susan, and it was not the bushes; it was the doll: only see what a great ugly pin I have pulled out of it! and look, here is another!” As she spoke, Marian drew forth one of those extended pieces of black pointed wire, with which,

in the days of toupees and pompoons, our foremothers were wont to secure their fly-caps and head-gear from the impertinent assaults of "Zephyrus and the Little Breezes."

"And pray, Miss, where did you get this pretty doll, as you call it?" asked Susan, turning over the puppet, and viewing it with a scrutinizing eye.

"Mamma gave it me," said the child.—This was a fib!

"Indeed!" quoth the girl thoughtfully; and then, in half soliloquy, and a lower key, "Well! I wish I may die if it doesn't look like master!—But come to your dinner, Miss! Hark! the *bell is striking One!*"

Meanwhile Master Thomas Marsh, and his man Ralph, were threading the devious paths, then, as now, most pseudonymously dignified with the name of roads, that wound between Marston-Hall and the frontier of Romney Marsh. Their progress was comparatively slow; for though the brown mare was as good a roadster as man might back, and the gelding no mean nag of his hands, yet the tracts, rarely traversed save by the rude wains of the day, miry in the "bottoms," and covered with loose and rolling stones on the higher grounds, rendered barely passable the perpetual alternation of hill and valley.

The master rode on in pain, and the man in listlessness; although the intercourse between two individuals so situated was much less restrained in those days than might suit the refinement of a later age, little passed approximating to conversation beyond an occasional and half-stifled groan from the one, or a vacant whistle from the other. An hour's riding had brought them

among the woods of Acryse; and they were about to descend one of those green and leafy lanes, rendered by matted and overarching branches alike impervious to shower or sunbeam, when a sudden and violent spasm seized on Master Marsh, and nearly caused him to fall from his horse. With some difficulty he succeeded in dismounting, and seating himself by the road side. Here he remained for a full half hour in great apparent agony; the cold sweat rolled in large round drops adown his clammy forehead, a universal shivering palsied every limb, his eye-balls appeared to be starting from their sockets, and to his attached, though dull and heavy serving-man, he seemed as one struggling in the pangs of impending dissolution. His groans rose thick and frequent; and the alarmed Ralph was hesitating between his disinclination to leave him, and his desire to procure such assistance as one of the few cottages, rarely sprinkled in that wild country, might afford, when, after a long-drawn sigh, his master's features as suddenly relaxed; he declared himself better, the pang had passed away, and, to use his own expression, he, "felt as if a knife had been drawn from out his very heart." With Ralph's assistance, after a while, he again reached his saddle; and, though still ill at ease from a deep-seated and gnawing pain, which ceased not, as he averred, to torment him, the violence of the paroxysm was spent, and it returned no more.

Master and man pursued their way with increased speed, as, emerging from the wooded defiles, they at length neared the coast; then, leaving the romantic castle of Saltwood, with its neighbouring town of Hithe, a little on their left, they proceeded along the

ancient paved causeway, and, crossing the old Roman road, or Watling, plunged again into the woods that stretched between Lympne and Ostenhanger.

The sun rode high in the heavens, and its meridian blaze was powerfully felt by man and horse, when, again quitting their leafy covert, the travellers debouched on the open plain of Aldington Frith, a wide tract of unenclosed country stretching down to the very borders of "the Marsh" itself.

Here it was, in the neighbouring chapelry, the site of which may yet be traced by the curious antiquary, that Elizabeth Barton, the "Holy Maid of Kent," had, something less than a hundred years previous to the period of our narrative, commenced that series of supernatural pranks which eventually procured for her head an unenvied elevation upon London Bridge; and though the parish had since enjoyed the benefit of the incumbency of Master Erasmus's illustrious and enlightened Namesake, still, truth to tell, some of the old leaven was even yet supposed to be at work. The place had, in fact, an ill name; and, though Popish miracles had ceased to electrify its denizens, spells and charms, operating by a no less wondrous agency, were said to have taken their place. Warlocks, and other unholy subjects of Satan, were reported to make its wild recesses their favourite rendezvous, and that to an extent which eventually attracted the notice of no less a personage than the sagacious Matthew Hopkins himself, Witchfinder-General to the British government.

A great portion of the Frith, or Fright, as the name was then, and is still pronounced, had formerly been a Chase, with rights of Free-warren, &c., appertaining to

the Archbishops of the Province. Since the Reformation, however, it had been disparked; and when Master Thomas Marsh, and his man Ralph, entered upon its confines, the open greensward exhibited a lively scene, sufficiently explanatory of certain sounds that had already reached their ears while yet within the sylvan screen which concealed their origin.

It was Fair-day: booths, stalls, and all the rude *paraphernalia* of an assembly that then met as much for the purposes of traffic as festivity, were scattered irregularly over the turf; pedlars, with their packs, horse-croupers, pig-merchants, itinerant venders of crockery and cutlery, wandered promiscuously among the mingled groups, exposing their several wares and commodities, and soliciting custom. On one side was the gaudy riband, making its mute appeal to rustic gallantry; on the other the delicious brandy-ball and alluring lollipop, compounded after the most approved receipt in the "True Gentlewoman's Garland," and "raising the waters" in the mouth of many an expectant urchin.

Nor were rural sports wanting to those whom pleasure, rather than business, had drawn from their humble homes. Here was the tall and slippery pole, glittering in its grease, and crowned with the ample cheese, that mocked the hopes of the discomfited climber. There the fugitive pippin, swimming in water not of the purest, and bobbing from the expanded lips of the juvenile Tantalus. In this quarter the ear was pierced by squeaks from some beleaguered porker, whisking his well-soaped tail from the grasp of one already in fancy his captor. In that, the eye rested, with undisguised delight, upon

the grimaces of grinning candidates for the honours of the horse-collar. All was fun, frolic, courtship, junketing, and jollity.

Maid Marian, indeed, with her lieges, Robin Hood, Scarlet, and little John, was wanting; Friar Tuck was absent; even the Hobby-horse had disappeared; but the agile Morrice-dancers yet were there, and jingled their bells merrily among stalls well stored with gingerbread, tops, whips, whistles, and all those noisy instruments of domestic torture in which scenes like these are even now so fertile. Had I a foe whom I held at deadliest feud, I would entice his favourite child to a Fair, and buy him a Whistle and a Penny-trumpet.

In one corner of the green, a little apart from the thickest of the throng, stood a small square stage, nearly level with the chins of the spectators, whose repeated bursts of laughter seemed to intimate the presence of something more than usually amusing. The platform was divided into two unequal portions; the smaller of which, surrounded by curtains of a coarse canvass, veiled from the eyes of the profane the *penetralia* of this moveable temple of Esculapius, for such it was. Within its interior, and secure from vulgar curiosity, the Quack-salver had hitherto kept himself ensconced; occupied, no doubt, in the preparation and arrangement of that wonderful *panacea* which was hereafter to shed the blessings of health among the admiring crowd. Meanwhile his attendant Jack-pudding was busily employed on the *proscenium*, doing his best to attract attention by a practical facetiousness which took wonderfully with the spectators, interspersing it with the melodious notes of a huge cow's horn. The fellow's

costume varied but little in character from that in which the late (alas! that we should have to write the word—late!) Mr. Joseph Grimaldi was accustomed to present himself before “a generous and enlightened public;” the principal difference consisted in this, that the upper garment was a long white tunic of a coarse linen, surmounted by a caricature of the ruff then fast falling into disuse, and was secured from the throat downwards by a single row of broad white metal buttons; and his legs were cased in loose wide trousers of the same material; while his sleeves, prolonged to a most disproportionate extent, descended far below the fingers, and acted as flappers in the somersets and caracoles, with which he diversified and enlivened his antics. Consummate impudence, not altogether unmixed with a certain sly humour, sparkled in his eye through the chalk and ochre with which his features were plentifully bedaubed; and especially displayed itself in a succession of jokes, the coarseness of which did not seem to detract from their merit in the eyes of his applauding audience.

He was in the midst of a long and animated harangue explanatory of his master's high pretensions; he had informed his gaping auditors that the latter was the seventh son of a seventh son, and of course, as they very well knew, an Unborn Doctor; that to this happy accident of birth he added the advantage of most extensive travel; that in search after science he had not only perambulated the whole of this world, but had trespassed on the boundaries of the next: that the depths of the Ocean and the bowels of the Earth were alike familiar to him; that besides salves and cataplasms of sovereign virtue, by combining sundry mosses, ga-

thered many thousand fathoms below the surface of the sea, with certain unknown drugs found in an undiscovered island, and boiling the whole in the lava of Vesuvius, he had succeeded in producing his celebrated balsam of Crackapanoko, the never-failing remedy for all human disorders, and which, with a proper trial allowed, would go near to reanimate the dead. "Draw near!" continued the worthy, "draw near, my masters! and you, my good mistresses, draw near, every one of you. Fear not high and haughty carriage; though greater than King or Kaiser, yet is the mighty Aldrovando milder than mother's milk; flint to the proud, to the humble he is as melting as wax; he asks not your disorders, he sees them himself at a glance—nay, without a glance; he tells your ailments with his eyes shut!—Draw near! draw near! the more incurable the better! List to the illustrious Doctor Aldrovando, first Physician to Prester John, Leech to the Grand Llama, and Hakim in Ordinary to Mustapha Muley Bey!"

"Hath your master ever a charm for the toothache, an't please you?" asked an elderly countryman, whose swollen cheek bespoke his interest in the question.

"A charm!—a thousand, and every one of them infallible. Toothache, quotha! I had hoped you had come with every bone in your body fractured or out of joint. A toothache!—propound a tester, master o' mine—we ask not more for such trifles: do my bidding, and thy jaws, even with the word, shall cease to trouble thee."

The clown, fumbling a while in a deep leathern purse, at length produced a sixpence, which he tendered to the jester. "Now to thy master, and bring me the charm forthwith."

"Nay, honest man; to disturb the mighty Aldrovando on such slight occasion were pity of my life: areed my counsel aright, and I will warrant thee for the nonce. Hie thee home, friend; infuse this powder in cold spring-water, fill thy mouth with the mixture, and sit upon thy fire till it boils!"

"Out on thee for a pestilent knave!" cried the cozened countryman; but the roar of merriment around bespoke the by-standers well pleased with the jape put upon him. He retired, venting his spleen in audible murmurs; and the mountebank, finding the feelings of the mob enlisted on his side, waxed more impudent every instant, filling up the intervals between his fooleries with sundry capers and contortions, and discordant notes from the cow's horn.

"Draw near, draw near, my masters! Here have ye a remedy for every evil under the sun, moral, physical, natural, and supernatural! Hath any man a termagant wife?—here is that will tame her presently! Hath any one a smoky chimney?—here is an incontinent cure!"

To the first infliction no man ventured to plead guilty, though there were those standing by who thought their neighbours might have profited withal. For the last named recipe started forth at least a dozen candidates. With the greatest gravity imaginable, Pierrot, having pocketed their groats, delivered to each a small packet, curiously folded and closely sealed, containing, as he averred, directions which, if truly observed, would preclude any chimney from smoking for a whole year. They whose curiosity led them to dive into the mystery, found that a sprig of mountain ash, culled by

moonlight, was the charm recommended, coupled, however, with the proviso that no fire should be lighted on the hearth during its exercise.

The frequent bursts of merriment proceeding from this quarter, at length attracted the attention of Master Marsh, whose line of road necessarily brought him near this end of the fair; he drew bit in front of the stage just as its noisy occupant, having laid aside his formidable horn, was drawing still more largely on the amazement of "the public" by a feat of especial wonder,—he was eating fire! Curiosity mingled with astonishment was at its height; and feelings not unallied to alarm were beginning to manifest themselves, among the softer sex especially, as they gazed on the flames that issued from the mouth of the living volcano. All eyes, indeed, were fixed upon the fire-eater, with an intentness that left no room for observing another worthy who had now emerged upon the scene. This was, however, no less a personage than the *Deus ex machina*,—the illustrious Aldrovando himself.

Short in stature and spare in form, the sage had somewhat increased the former by a steeple-crowned hat, adorned with a cock's feather; while the thick shoulder-padding of a quilted doublet, surmounted by a falling band, added a little to his personal importance in point of breadth. His habit was composed throughout of black serge, relieved with scarlet slashes in the sleeves and trunks; red was the feather in his hat, red were the roses in his shoes, which rejoiced moreover in a pair of red heels. The lining of a short cloak of faded velvet, that hung transversely over his left shoulder, was also red. Indeed, from all that we could ever see or hear

this agreeable alternation of red and black appears to be the mixture of colours most approved at the court of Beelzebub, and the one most generally adopted by his friends and favourites. His features were sharp and shrewd, and a fire sparkled in his keen grey eye, much at variance with the wrinkles that ran their irregular furrows above his prominent and bushy brows. He had advanced slowly from behind his screen while the attention of the multitude was absorbed by the pyrotechnics of Mr. Merryman, and, stationing himself at the extreme corner of the stage, stood quietly leaning on a crutch-handle walking-staff of blackest ebony, his glance steadily fixed on the face of Marsh, from whose countenance the amusement he had insensibly begun to derive had not succeeded in removing all traces of bodily pain.

For a while the latter was unobservant of the inquisitorial survey with which he was regarded; the eyes of the parties, however, at length met. The brown mare had a fine shoulder; she stood pretty nearly sixteen hands. Marsh himself, though slightly bowed by ill health and the "coming autumn" of life, was full six feet in height. His elevation giving him an unobstructed view over the heads of the pedestrians, he had naturally fallen into the rear of the assembly, which brought him close to the diminutive Doctor, with whose face, despite the red heels, his own was about upon a level.

"And what makes Master Marsh here?—what sees he in the mummeries of a miserable buffoon to divert him when his life is in jeopardy?" said a shrill cracked voice that sounded as in his very ear. It was the Doctor who spoke.

"Knowest thou me, friend?" said Marsh, scanning with awakened interest the figure of his questioner: "I call thee not to mind; and yet—stay, where have we met?"

"It skills not to declare," was the answer; "suffice it we *have* met,—in other climes perchance,—and now meet happily again—happily at least for thee."

"Why truly the trick of thy countenance reminds me of somewhat I have seen before; where or when I know not: but what wouldst thou with me?"

"Nay, rather what wouldst thou here, Thomas Marsh? What wouldst thou on the Frith of Aldington!—is it a score or two of paltry sheep? or is it something *nearer to thy heart?*"

Marsh started as the last words were pronounced with more than common significance: a pang shot through him at the moment, and the vinegar aspect of the charlatan seemed to relax into a smile half compassionate, half sardonic.

"Grammercy," quoth Marsh, after a long-drawn breath, "what knowest thou of me, fellow, or of my concerns? What knowest thou ——"

"This know I, Master Thomas Marsh," said the stranger gravely, "that thy life is even now perilled, evil practices are against thee; but no matter, thou art quit for the nonce—other hands than mine have saved thee! Thy pains are over. Hark! *the clock strikes One!*" As he spoke, a single toll from the bell-tower of Belsington came, wafted by the western breeze, over the thick-set and lofty oaks which intervened between the Frith and what had been once a priory. Doctor Aldrovando turned as the sound

came floating on the wind, and was moving, as if half in anger, towards the other side of the stage, where the mountebank, his fires extinct, was now disgoring to the admiring crowd yard after yard of gaudy-coloured riband.

"Stay! Nay, prithee stay!" cried Marsh eagerly, "I was wrong; in faith I was. A change, and that a sudden and most marvellous, hath indeed come over me; I am free; I breathe again; I feel as though a load of years had been removed; and—is it possible?—hast thou done this?"

"Thomas Marsh!" said the doctor, pausing, and turning for the moment on his heel, "I have *not*: I repeat, that other and more innocent hands than mine have done this deed. Nevertheless, heed my counsel well! Thou art parlously encompassed; I, and I only, have the means of relieving thee. Follow thy courses; pursue thy journey; but as thou valuest life and more than life, be at the foot of yonder woody knoll what time the rising moon throws her first beam upon the bare and blighted summit that towers above its trees."

He crossed abruptly to the opposite quarter of the scaffolding, and was in an instant deeply engaged in listening to those whom the cow's horn had attracted, and in prescribing for their real or fancied ailments. Vain were all Marsh's efforts again to attract his notice; it was evident that he studiously avoided him; and when, after an hour or more spent in useless endeavour, he saw the object of his anxiety seclude himself once more within his canvass screen, he rode slowly and thoughtfully off the field.

What should he do? Was the man a mere quack? an impostor?—His name thus obtained?—that might be easily done. But then, his secret griefs: the doctor's knowledge of them; their cure; for he felt that his pains were gone, his healthful feelings restored!

True; Aldrovando, if that were his name, had disclaimed all co-operation in his recovery: but he knew, or he at least announced it. Nay, more; he had hinted that he was yet in jeopardy; that practices—and the chord sounded strangely in unison with one that had before vibrated within him—that practices were in operation against his life! It was enough! He would keep tryst with the Conjuror, if conjurer he were; and, at least, ascertain who and what he was, and how he had become acquainted with his own person and secret afflictions.

When the late Mr. Pitt was determined to keep out Bonaparte, and prevent his gaining a settlement in the county of Kent, among other ingenious devices adopted for that purpose, he caused to be constructed what was then, and has ever since been, conventionally termed a "Military Canal." This is a not very practicable ditch, some thirty feet wide, and nearly nine feet deep—in the middle,—extending from the town and port of Hithe to within a mile of the town and port of Rye, a distance of about twenty miles; and forming as it were, the cord of a bow, the arc of which constitutes that remote fifth quarter of the globe spoken of by travellers. Trivial objections to the plan were made at the time by cavillers; and an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who proposed as a cheap substitute, to put down his own cocked-hat upon a pole, was deserv-

edly pooh-pooh'd down; in fact, the job, though rather an expensive one, was found to answer remarkably well. The French managed, indeed, to scramble over the Rhine, and the Rhone, and other insignificant currents; but they never did, nor could, pass Mr. Pitt's "Military Canal." At no great distance from the centre of this cord rises abruptly a sort of woody promontory, in shape almost conical; its sides covered with thick underwood, above which is seen a bare and brown summit rising like an Alp in miniature. The "defence of the nation" not being then in existence, Master Marsh met with no obstruction in reaching this place of appointment long before the time prescribed.

So much, indeed, was his mind occupied by his adventure and extraordinary cure, that his original design had been abandoned, and Master Cobbe remained unvisited. A rude hostel in the neighbourhood furnished entertainment for man and horse; and here, a full hour before the rising of the moon, he left Ralph and the other beasts, proceeding to his rendezvous on foot and alone.

"You are punctual, Master Marsh," squeaked the shrill voice of the doctor, issuing from the thicket as the first silvery gleam trembled on the aspens above. "Tis well: now follow me and in silence."

The first part of the command Marsh hesitated not to obey; the second was more difficult of observance.

"Who and what are you? Whither are you leading me?" burst not unnaturally from his lips; but all question was at once cut short by the peremptory tones of his guide.

"Hush! I say; your finger on your lip, there be

nawks abroad : follow me, and that silently and quickly." The little man turned as he spoke, and led the way through a scarcely perceptible path, or track, which wound among the underwood. The lapse of a few minutes brought them to the door of a low building, so hidden by the surrounding trees that few would have suspected its existence. It was a cottage of rather extraordinary dimensions, but consisting of only one floor. No smoke rose from its solitary chimney ; no cheering ray streamed from its single window, which was, however, secured by a shutter of such thickness as to preclude the possibility of any stray beam issuing from within. The exact size of the building it was, in that uncertain light, difficult to distinguish, a portion of it seeming buried in the wood behind. The door gave way on the application of a key, and Marsh followed his conductor resolutely, but cautiously, along a narrow passage, feebly lighted by a small taper that winked and twinkled at its farther extremity. The Doctor, as he approached, raised it from the ground, and, opening an adjoining door, ushered his guest into the room beyond.

It was a large and oddly furnished apartment, insufficiently lighted by an iron lamp that hung from the roof, and scarcely illumined the walls and angles, which seemed to be composed of some dark-coloured wood. On one side, however, Master Marsh could discover an article bearing strong resemblance to a coffin ; on the other was a large oval mirror in an ebony frame, and in the midst of the floor was described, in red chalk, a double circle, about six feet in diameter, its inner verge inscribed with sundry hieroglyphics, agreeably relieved at intervals with an alternation of skulls and cross bones.

In the very centre was deposited one skull of such surpassing size and thickness as would have filled the soul of a Spurzheim or De Ville with wonderment. A large book, a naked sword, an hour glass, a chafing dish, and a black cat, completed the list of moveables; with the exception of a couple of tapers which stood on each side of the mirror, and which the strange gentleman now proceeded to light from the one in his hand. As they flared up with what Marsh thought a most unnatural brilliancy, he perceived, reflected in the glass behind, a dial suspended over the coffin-like article already mentioned; the hand was fast verging towards the hour of nine. The eyes of the little Doctor seemed riveted on the horologe.

"Now strip thee, Master Marsh, and that quickly: untruss, I say! discard thy boots, doff doublet and hose, and place thyself incontinent in yonder bath."

The visiter cast his eyes again upon the formidable-looking article, and perceived that it was nearly filled with water. A cold bath, at such an hour and under such auspices, was anything but inviting: he hesitated, and turned his eyes alternately on the Doctor and the Black Cat.

"Trifle not the time, man, an you be wise," said the former: "Passion of my heart! let but yon minute-hand reach the hour, and thou not immersed, thy life were not worth a pin's fee!"

The Black Cat gave vent to a single Mew,—a most unnatural sound for a mouser,—it seemed as it were mewed through a cow's horn.

"Quick, Master Marsh! uncase, or you perish!" repeated his strange host, throwing as he spoke a hand-

ful of some dingy-looking powders into the brasier. "Behold the attack is begun!" A thick cloud rose from the embers; a cold shivering shook the astonished Yeoman; sharp pricking pains penetrated his ankles and the palms of his hands, and, as the smoke cleared away, he distinctly saw and recognised in the mirror the boudoir of Marston Hall.

The doors of the well-known ebony cabinet were closed; but fixed against them, and standing out in strong relief from the contrast afforded by the sable background, was a waxen image—of himself! It appeared to be secured, and sustained in an upright posture, by large black pins driven through the feet and palms, the latter of which were extended in a cruciform position. To the right and left stood his wife and José; in the middle, with his back towards him, was a figure which he had no difficulty in recognising as that of the Leech of Folkestone. The latter had just succeeded in fastening the dexter hand of the image, and was now in the act of drawing a broad and keen-edged sabre from its sheath. The Black Cat mewed again. "Haste or you die!" said the Doctor,—Marsh looked at the dial; it wanted but four minutes of nine: he felt that the crisis of his fate was come. Off went his heavy boots; doublet to the right, galligaskins to the left; never was man more swiftly disrobed: in two minutes, to use an Indian expression, "he was all face!" in another he was on his back, and up to his chin, in a bath which smelt strongly as of brimstone and garlic.

"Heed well the clock!" cried the Conjuror: "with the first stroke of Nine plunge thy head beneath the

water, suffer not a hair above the surface ; plunge deeply or thou art lost !”

The little man had seated himself in the centre of the circle upon the large skull, elevating his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he spun round with a velocity to be equalled only by that of a tee-totum, the red roses on his insteps seeming to describe a circle of fire. The best buckskins that ever mounted at Melton had soon yielded to such rotatory friction—but he spun on—the Cat mewed, bats and obscene birds fluttered over head ; Erasmus was seen to raise his weapon, the clock struck !—and Marsh, who had “ ducked ” at the instant, popped up his head again, spitting and sputtering, half-choked with the infernal solution, which had insinuated itself into his mouth, and ears, and nose. All disgust at his nauseous dip, was, however, at once removed, when, casting his eyes on the glass, he saw the consternation of the party whose persons it exhibited. Erasmus had evidently made his blow and failed ; the figure was unmutilated ; the hilt remained in the hand of the striker, while the shivered blade lay in shining fragments on the floor.

The Conjuror ceased his spinning, and brought himself to an anchor ; the Black Cat purred,—its purring seemed strangely mixed with the self-satisfied chuckle of a human being.—Where had Marsh heard something like it before ?

He was rising from his unsavoury couch, when a motion from the little man checked him. “ Rest where you are, Thomas Marsh ; so far all goes well, but the danger is not yet over !” He looked again, and perceived that the shadowy triumvirate were in deep and

eager consultation; the fragments of the shattered weapon appeared to undergo a close scrutiny. The result was clearly unsatisfactory; the lips of the parties moved rapidly, and much gesticulation might be observed, but no sound fell upon the ear. The hand of the dial had nearly reached the quarter: at once the parties separated: and Buckthorne stood again before the figure, his hand armed with a long and sharp-pointed *misericorde*, a dagger little in use of late, but such as, a century before, often performed the part of a modern oyster-knife, in tickling the osteology of a dismounted cavalier through the shelly defences of his plate armour. Again he raised his arm. "Duck!" roared the Doctor, spinning away upon his cephalic pivot:—the black Cat cocked his tail, and seemed to mew the word "Duck!"—Down went Master Marsh's head;—one of his hands had unluckily been resting on the edge of the bath: he drew it hastily in, but not altogether scathless; the stump of a rusty nail, projecting from the margin of the bath, had caught and slightly grazed it. The pain was more acute than is usually produced by such trivial accidents; and Marsh, on once more raising his head, beheld the dagger of the Leech sticking in the little finger of the wax figure, which it had seemingly nailed to the cabinet door.

"By my truly, a scape o' the narrowest!" quoth the Conjuror: "the next course, dive you not the readier, there is no more life in you than in a pickled herring.—What! courage, Master Marsh: but be heedful; an they miss again, let them bide the issue!"

He drew his hand athwart his brow as he spoke and dashed off the perspiration, which the violence of his

exercise had drawn from every pore. Black Tom sprang upon the edge of the bath, and stared full in the face of the bather: his sea-green eyes were lambent with unholy fire, but their marvellous obliquity of vision was not to be mistaken; the very countenance, too!—Could it be?—the features were feline, but their expression was that of the Jack Pudding! Was the Mountebank a Cat?—or the Cat a Mountebank?—it was all a mystery;—and Heaven knows how long Marsh might have continued staring at Grimalkin, had not his attention been again called by Aldrovando to the magic mirror.

Great dissatisfaction, not to say dismay, seemed now to pervade the conspirators; Dame Isabel was closely inspecting the figure's wounded hand, while José was aiding the pharmacopolist to charge a huge petronel with powder and bullets. The load was a heavy one; but Erasmus seemed determined this time to make sure of his object. Somewhat of trepidation might be observed in his manner as he rammed down the balls, and his withered cheek appeared to have acquired an increase of paleness; but amazement rather than fear was the prevailing symptom, and his countenance betrayed no jot of irresolution. As the clock was about to chime half-past nine, he planted himself with a firm foot in front of the image, waved his unoccupied hand with a cautionary gesture to his companions, and, as they hastily retired on either side, brought the muzzle of his weapon within half a foot of his mark. As the shadowy form was about to draw the trigger, Marsh again plunged his head beneath the surface; and the sound of an explosion, as of fire-arms, mingled with the

rush of water that poured into his ears. His immersion was but momentary, yet did he feel as though half suffocated: he sprang from the bath, and, as his eye fell on the mirror, he saw,—or thought he saw,—the Leech of Folkestone lying dead on the floor of his wife's boudoir, his head shattered to pieces, and his hand still grasping the stock of a bursten petronel.

He saw no more; his head swam, his senses reeled, the whole room was turning round, and, as he fell to the ground, the last impressions to which he was conscious were the chucklings of a hoarse laughter, and the mewings of a Tom Cat!

Master Marsh was found the next morning by his bewildered serving-man, stretched before the door of the humble hostel at which he sojourned. His clothes were somewhat torn and much bemired! and deeply did honest Ralph marvel that one so staid and grave as Master Marsh of Marston should thus have played the roisterer, missing, perchance, a profitable bargain for the drunken orgies of midnight wassail, or the endearments of some rustic light-o'-love. Tenfold was his astonishment increased when, after retracing in silence their journey of the preceding day, the Hall, on their arrival about noon, was found in a state of uttermost confusion. No wife stood there to greet with the smile of bland affection her returning spouse; no page to hold his stirrup, or receive his gloves, his hat, and riding-rod.—The doors were open, the rooms in most admired disorder; men and maidens peeping, hurrying hither and thither, and popping in and out, like rabbits in a warren.—The lady of the mansion was nowhere to be found.

José, too, had disappeared; the latter had been last seen riding furiously towards Folkestone early in the preceding afternoon; to a question from Hodge Gardener he had hastily answered, that he bore a missive of moment from his mistress. The lean apprentice of Erasmus Buckthorne declared that the page had summoned his master, in haste, about six of the clock, and that they had rode forth together, as he verily believed, on their way back to the Hall, where he had supposed Master Buckthorne's services to be suddenly required on some pressing emergency. Since that time he had seen nought of either of them: the grey cob, however, had returned late at night, masterless, with his girths loose, and the saddle turned upside down.

Nor was Master Erasmus Buckthorne ever seen again. Strict search was made through the neighbourhood, but without success; and it was at length presumed that he must, for reasons which nobody could divine, have absconded, together with José and his faithless mistress. The latter had carried off with her the strong box, divers articles of valuable plate, and jewels of price. Her boudoir appeared to have been completely ransacked; the cabinet and drawers stood open and empty; the very carpet, a luxury then newly introduced into England, was gone. Marsh, however, could trace no vestige of the visionary scene which he affirmed to have been last night presented to his eyes.

Much did the neighbours marvel at his story:—some thought him mad; others, that he was merely indulging in that privilege to which, as a traveller, he had a right indefeasible. Trusty Ralph said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders; and, falling into the rear,

imitated the act on of raising a wine-cup to his lips. An opinion, indeed, soon prevailed, that Master Thomas Marsh had gotten, in common parlance, exceedingly drunk on the preceding evening, and had dreamt all that he so circumstantially related. This belief acquired additional credit when they, whom curiosity induced to visit the woody knoll of Aldington Mount, declared that they could find no building such as that described, nor any cottage near; save one, indeed, a low-roofed hovel, once a house of public entertainment, but now half in ruins. The "Old Cat and Fiddle"—so was the tenement called—had been long uninhabited; yet still exhibited the remains of a broken sign, on which the keen observer might decipher something like a rude portrait of the animal from which it derived its name. It was also supposed still to afford an occasional asylum to the smugglers of the coast, but no trace of any visit from sage or mountebank could be detected; nor was the wise Aldrovando, whom many remembered to have seen at the fair, ever found again on all that country side.

Of the runaways, nothing was ever certainly known. A boat, the property of an old fisherman who plied his trade on the outskirts of the town, had been seen to quit the bay that night; and there were those who declared that she had more hands on board than Carden and his son, her usual complement; but, as a gale came on, and the frail bark was eventually found keel upwards on the Goodwin Sands, it was presumed that she had struck on that fatal quicksand in the dark, and that all on board had perished.

Little Marian, whom her profligate mother had

abandoned, grew up to be a fine girl, as I a handsome. She became, moreover, heiress to Marston Hall, and brought the estate into the Ingoldsby family by her marriage with one of its scions.

Thus far Mrs. Botherby.

It is a little singular that, on pulling down the old Hall in my grandfather's time, a human skeleton was discovered among the rubbish: under what particular part of the building, I could never with any accuracy ascertain; but it was found enveloped in a tattered cloth, that seemed to have been once a carpet, and which fell to pieces almost immediately on being exposed to the air. The bones were perfect, but those of one hand were wanting; and the skull, perhaps from the labourer's pick-axe, had received considerable injury; the worm-eaten stock of an old-fashioned pistol lay near, together with a rusty piece of iron which a workman, more sagacious than his fellows, pronounced a portion of the lock, but nothing was found which the utmost stretch of human ingenuity could twist into a barrel.

The portrait of the fair Marian hangs yet in the Gallery of Tappington; and near it is another, of a young man in the prime of life, whom Mrs. Botherby affirms to be that of her father. It exhibits a mild and rather melancholy countenance, with a high forehead, and the peaked beard and moustaches of the seventeenth century. The signet-finger of the left hand is gone, and appears, on close inspection, to have been painted out by some later artist; possibly in compliment to the tradition, which, *teste Botherby*, records that of Mr. Marsh to have gangrened, and to have undergone am-

putation at the knuckle-joint. If really the resemblance of the gentleman alluded to, it must have been taken at some period antecedent to his marriage. There is neither date nor painter's name ; but, a little above the head, on the dexter side of the picture, is an escutcheon, bearing "Quarterly, Gules and Argent, in the first quarter a horse's head of the second ;" beneath it are the words "*Ætatis suæ* 26." On the opposite side is a mark, which Mr. Simpkinson declares to be that of a Merchant of the Staple, and pretends to discover, in the monogram comprised in it, all the characters which compose the name of THOMAS MARSH, of MARSTON.

Respect for the feelings of an honourable family,—nearly connected with the Ingoldsbys,—has induced me to veil the *real* “sponsorial and patronymic appellations” of my next hero under a *sobriquet* interfering neither with rhyme nor rhythm.* I shall merely add that every incident in the story bears, on the face of it, the stamp of veracity, and that many “persons of honour” in the county of Berks who well recollected Sir George Rooke’s expedition against Gibraltar, would, if they were now alive, gladly bear testimony to the truth of every syllable.

* Pack o’ nonsense!—Every body as belongs to him is dead and gone—and every body knows that the poor young gentleman’s real name wasn’t *Sobriquet* at all, but Hampden Pye, Esq., and that one of his uncles—or cousins—used to make verses about the king and the queen, and had a sack of money for doing it every year;—and that’s his picture in the blue coat and little gold-laced cocked hat, that hangs on the stairs over the door of the passage that leads to the blue room.—*Sobriquet*?—but there!—The Squire wrote it after dinner!

ELIZABETH BOTHERBY.

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

THE Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
 With a troubled brow and a bended neck;
 One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
 The other turns up to the truck on the mast;
 Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
 "Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!"

The Captain again the letter hath read
 Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
 Still, since the good ship sail'd away,
 He reads that letter three times a-day;
 Yet the writing is broad and fair to see,
 As a Skipper may read in his degree.
 And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
 As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat:
 He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
 "Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!"

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
 "On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!"
 That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
 And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.

"The breeze is blowing—huzza! huzza!
 The breeze is blowing—away! away!
 The breeze is blowing—a race! a race!
 The breeze is blowing—we near the chase!
 Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
 Oh where will be then young Hamilton Tighe!"

—"On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
 With his sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
 Cockswain or boatswain, or reefer may try,
 But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe!"

* * * *

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
 Between a ginger-bread-nut and a Jew,
 And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
 Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick
 Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade;
 He stands by the breech of a long carronade,
 The linstock glows in his bony hand,
 Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

"The bullets are flying—huzza! huzza!
 The bullets are flying—away! away!"—
 The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
 And are over their buckles in blood and in brains:
 On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,

Young Hamilton Tighe
 Waves his cutlass high,

And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
 Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command:—

A wink comes sly
 From that sinister eye—

Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
 And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe!

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
 Her pages and handmaidens come at her call:
 "Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
 How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee
 The maidens smile, and, her thoughts to destroy,
 They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy;
 And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother dear,
 Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a year!"

The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
 She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood;—
 "Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
 And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
 And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe!"



Her coach and four
Draws up to the door

With her groom, and her footman, and half a score more
The Lady steps into her coach alone,
And they hear her sigh, and they hear her groan;
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never stepped in!
All the way there and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick;
And the grooms and the footmen wonder, and say,
"What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?"
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in, and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees!

'Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That Lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fixed on an empty chair;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
"She talks to a man with never a head!"

* * * * *

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As gray as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears;
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown;
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out at the door;
There are rusty locks and dusty bags,
And rusty phials, and fusty rags,

And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man!

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pigtail is withered and gone ;
And he cries, "Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap!"
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
"What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick!"

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can.
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe.

The When,—the Where,—and the How,—of the succeeding narrative speak for themselves. It may be proper, however, to observe, that the ruins here alluded to, and improperly termed "the Abbey," are not those of Bolsover, described in a preceding page, but the remains of a Preceptory once belonging to the Knights Templars, situate near Swynfield, Swinkefield, or, as it is now generally spelt and pronounced, Swingfield, Minnis, a rough tract of common land now undergoing the process of enclosure, and adjoining the woods and arable lands of Tappington, at the distance of some two miles from the Hall, to the South-eastern windows of which the time-worn walls in question, as seen over the intervening coppices, present a picturesque and striking object.

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

Scene, the "Snuggery" at Tappington.—Grandpapa in a high-backed cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing ; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotatory motion described by lexicographers as "twiddling."—The "Hope of the family" astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork mustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Roused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

Come hither, come hither, my little boy Ned !

Come hither unto my knee—

I cannot away with that horrible din,
That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.

Oh, better to wander frank and free
Through the Fair of good Saint Bartlemy,
Than list to such awful minstrelsie.

Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,
And I'll rede ye a lay of Grammarye.

Grandpapa riseth, yawneeth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophizeth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Grey ruin,

I joy thy form to see,

Though reft of all,

Cell, cloister, and hall,

Nothing is left save a tottering wall

That awfully grand and darkly dull,

Threatened to fall and demolish my skull,

As, ages ago, I wander'd along

Careless thy grass-grown courts among,

In sky-blue jacket, and trowsers laced,

The latter uncommonly short in the waist.

Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin grey,
 Than the Squire's verandah over the way ;
 And fairer, I wean,
 The ivy sheen
 That thy mouldering turret binds,
 Than the Alderman's house about half a mile off,
 With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,
 In many a bygone day,
 Of darksome deeds, which of old befell
 In thee, thou Ruin grey !
 And I the readiest ear would lend,
 And stare like frighten'd pig !
 While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up on end.
 Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread—
 Now lithe and listen, my little boy Ned !

* * * * *

Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,
 Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,
 In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
 Of a gentleman called King James,
 In quilted doublet, and great trunk breeches,
 Who held in abhorrence Tobacco and Witches.

Well,—in King James's golden days,—
 For the days were golden then,—
 They could not be less, for good Queen Bess
 Had died, aged three score and ten,

 And her days we know,

 Were all of them so ;

While the Court poets sung, and the Court gallants swore
 That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,
 Who historical points would unsettle,
 Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt
 Of the genuine ring of the metal ;

But who can believe to a monarch so wise
People would dare tell a parcel of lies!

—Well, then, in good King James's days,—
Golden or not does not matter a jot,—
Yon Ruin a sort of a roof had got;
For though, repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking
Since Harry the Eighth sent its people a-packing,
 Though joists, and floors,
 And windows, and doors
Had all disappear'd, yet pillars by scores
Remain'd, and still própp'd up a ceiling or two,
While the belfry was almost as good as new;
You are not to suppose matters look'd just so
In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in that farthestmost angle, where
There are still the remains of a winding-stair,
One turret especially high in air
 Uprear'd its tall gaunt form;
As if defying the power of Fate, or
The hand of "Time the Innovator;"
 And though to the pitiless storm
Its weaker brethren all around
Bowing, in ruin had strew'd the ground,
Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strew'd,
Like a four-bottle man in a company "screw'd,"
Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in sixteen hundred and six,—
I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,—
 The month was May,
 Though I can't well say
At this distance of time the particular day—
Bnt oh! that night, that horrible night!
—Folks ever afterwards said with affright
That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fiery red ;
And if that evening he laid his head
In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
He must have scalded the goddess's knees.
He left behind him a lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black,
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside, and around,

Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree !
So that some people thought old Belzebub must
Have been lock'd out of doors, and was blowing the dust
From the pipe of his street-door key.
And then a hollow moaning blast
Came, sounding more dismally still than the last ;
And the lightning flash'd and the thunder growl'd,
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin "was a citizen ;"
But though of some "renown,"
Of no great "credit" in his own,
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,
For ever in the alehouse boozing ;
Or romping,—which is quite as bad,—
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,
An assignation with Miss Slade,—
Their trysting-place that same grey Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid,
And to keep her appointment unwilling,

When she spied the rain on her window-pane
In drops as big as a shilling;
She put off her hat and her mantle again,—
“He'll never expect me in all this rain!”

But little he recked of the fears of the sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be,
He had stood there a good half hour
Ere yet had commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree!

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,
But he sees not her whom he loves the best;
Robin looks up, and Robin looks down,
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last,—loud roar'd the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast;
The tempest grew; and the straggling yew,
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through,
Rob was half dead with cold and fright,
When he spies in the Ruins a twinkling light—
A hep, two skips, and a jump, and straight
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,
By one, by two, by three:
Two were an old ill-favour'd pair,
But the third was young, and passing fair,
With laughing eyes, and with coal-black hair;
A dainty quean was she!
Rob would have given his ears to sip
But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,
In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,
On each one's head was a steeple-crown'd hat,
On each one's knee was a coal-black cat;

Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—
It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

"Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,
What foot unhallow'd wends this way!
Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me aright,
Who roams the old Ruins this drearysome night!"

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,
And she spake both loud and clear;
"Oh, be it for weal, or be it for woe,
Enter friend, or enter foe,
Rob Gilpin is welcome here!"

"Now tread we a measure! a hall! a hall!

Now tread we a measure," quoth she—

The heart of Robin

Beat thick and throbbing—

"Roving Bob, tread a measure with me!"

"Ay, lassie!" quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,

"Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes."

Now around they go, and around, and around,
With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,

Such sailing and gliding,

Such sinking and sliding,

Such lofty curvetting,

And grand pirouetting;

Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Gilbert

And Miss Taglioni were capering there!

And oh! such awful music!—ne'er

Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear,

There were the tones of a dying man's groans

Mix'd with the rattling of dead men's bones:

Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals and the squeaks

You'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,
Heel to heel, and toe to toe,

Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,
Toe to toe, and heel to heel.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,
To dance thus beneath the nightshade bough!"

"Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
Where may we sup this frolicsome night?"

"Mine host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal!
The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon, and teal;
But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,
A pasty made of the good red deer,
A huge grouse pie, and a fine Florentine,
A fat roast goose, and a turkey and chine."
—"Madge Gray, Madge Gray,
Now tell me, I pray,
Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay!"

"—There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,
But the Squire* is a churl, and his drink is small;
 Mine host of the Dragon
 Hath many a flaggon
Of double ale, lamb's wool, and *eau de vie*,
 But Sir Thopas the Vicar,
 Hath costlier liquor,—
A butt of the choicest *Malvoisie*
 He doth not lack
 Canary or sack;
And a good pint stoop of Clary wine
Smacks merrily off with a Turkey and Chine!"

"Now away! and away! without delay,
Hey *Cockolorum*! my Broomstick gay!

* Stephen Ingoldsby, surnamed "The Niggard," second cousin and successor to "The Bad Sir Giles." (Visitation of Kent, 1666.) For an account of his murder by burglars, and their subsequent execution, see Dodsley's "Remarkable Trials," &c. London. 1776, vol. ii. p. 264, ex the present volume, Art. "Hand of Glory."

We must be back ere the dawn of the day;
 Hey up the chimney! away! away!"—

Old Goody Price
 Mounts in a trice,

In showing her legs she is not over nice;

Old Goody Jones,
 All skin and bones,

Follows "like winking."—Away go the crones,

Knees and nose in a line with the toes,

Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows;

Latest and last

The damsel pass'd,

One glance of her coal-black eye she cast;

She laugh'd with glee loud laughter three,

"Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me?"—

Oh, never might man unscath'd espy

One single glance from that coal-black eye.

—Away she flew!—

Without more ado

Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,

"Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey after you!"

It's a very fine thing, on a fine day in June,

To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon;

But you'll find very soon, if you aim at the Moon

In a carriage like that, you're a bit of a "Spoon,"

For the largest can't fly

Above twenty miles high,

And you're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh;

While no man alive

Could ever contrive,

Mr. Green has declared, to get higher than five.

And the soundest Philosophers hold that, perhaps,

If you reach'd twenty miles your balloon would collapse,

Or pass by such action

The sphere of attraction,

Getting into the track of some Comet—Good-lack!

'Tis a thousand to one that you'd never come back;

And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,
 Raashly protruding beyond our own atmosphere.

No, no; when I try

A trip to the sky,

I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,
 Though Messieurs Monk Mason, and Spencer, and Beazly,
 All join in saying it travels so easily.

No; there's nothing so good

As a pony of wood—

Not like that which, of late, they stuck up on the gate
 At the end of the Park, which caused so much debate,
 And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,—

But a regular Broomstick—you'll find that the favourite--
 Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.

—Stay—really I dread—

I am losing the thread

Of my tale; and it's time you should be in your bed,
 So lithe now, and listen, my little boy Ned!

* * * * *

The Vicarage walls are lofty and thick,
 And the copings are stone, and the sides are brick,
 The casements are narrow, and bolted and barr'd,
 And the stout oak door is heavy and hard;
 Moreover, by way of additional guard,
 A great big dog runs loose in the yard,
 And a horse-shoe is nail'd on the threshold sill,—
 To keep out aught that savours of ill,—
 But, alack! the chimney-pot's open still!
 —That great big dog begins to quail,
 Between his hind-legs he drops his tail
 Crouch'd on the ground, the terrified hound
 Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound;
 It is not a bark, loud, open, and free,
 As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be;
 It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,
 But a something between a whine and a howl.
 And, hark!—a sound from the window high

Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry :

It is not a moan,

It is not a groan :

It comes from a nose,—but is not what a nose

Produces in healthy and sound repose.

Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,

And his respirations are heavy and deep !

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more

As he's aye been accustom'd to snore before,

And as men of his kidney are wont to snore ;—

(Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four ;)

He draws his breath like a man distress'd

By pain or grief, or like one oppress'd

By some ugly old Incubus perch'd on his breast.

A something seems

To disturb his dreams,

And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear, .

Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near,

In still small accents, faint and few,

“Hey down the chimney-pot!—Hey after you !”

Throughout the Vicarage, near and far,

There is no lack of bolt or of bar ;

There are plenty of locks

To closet and box,

Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar !

And the little low door, through which you must go,

Down some half-dozen steps, to the cellar below,

Is also unfastened, though no one may know,

By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so ;

For wicket and door,

The evening before,

Were both of them lock'd, and the key safely placed

On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's
waist.

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view

In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew !

Old Goody Price
 Had got something nice,
 A turkey-poult larded with bacon and spice;—
 Old Goody Jones
 Would touch nought that had bones,—
 She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.
 Goody Jones, in sooth, hath got never a tooth,
 And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums
 Is the dish of all others that suiteth her gums.

Madge Gray was picking
 The breast of a chicken.
 Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,
 Was fixed on Rob Gilpin himself sitting by
 With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie;
 Grouse pie, with hare
 In the middle, is fare
 Which, duly concocted with science and care,
 Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;
 And a tenderer leveret
 Robin had never ate;
 So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

"Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health! a health!
 Sweet are the pleasures obtain'd by stealth!
 Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup
 Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!
 Here's to thee, Goody Price!—Goody Jones, to thee!—
 To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me!
 Many a sip, never a slip
 Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

The cups pass quick,
 The toasts fly thick,
 Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,
 But hears the words "Scratch," and "Old Bogey," and "Nick."
 More familiar grown,
 Now he stands up alone,
 Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.

FIRST SERIES.

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"A bumper of wine!
 Fill thine! Fill mine!
 Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!"
 Oh then what sneezing,
 What coughing and wheezing,
 Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing!
 Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,
 All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke
 Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,
 As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,
 Every soul in the house at that instant awoke!
 And, hearing the din from barrel and bin,
 Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.
 Up jump'd the Cook and caught hold of her spit:
 Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit;
 Up jump'd the Gardener and shoulder'd his spade:
 Up jump'd the Scullion,—the Footman,—the Maid;
 (The two last, by the way, occasioned some scandal,
 By appearing together with only one candle,
 Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle;)
 Up jump'd the Swineherd,—and up jump'd the big boy,
 A nondescript under him, acting as Pig-boy;
 Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top
 Everybody jump'd up without parley or stop,
 With the weapon which first in their way chanced to drop,
 Whip, warming-pan, wig-block, mug, musket, and mop.

Last of all doth appear,
 With some symptoms of fear,
 Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,
 In a mix'd kind of costume half *Pontificalibus*,
 Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*;
 Nay, the truth to express,
 As you 'll easily guess,
 They have none of them time to attend much to dress:

But He, or She,
 As the case may be,
 He or She seizes what He or She pleases,
 Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises.
 And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,
 Muster at once in the Vicarage-hall,
 With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shorten'd breath,
 Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,
 When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.
 And hark!—what accents clear and strong,
 To the listening throng came floating along!
 'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—
 "Very good song! very well sung!
 Jolly companions every one!"

On, on to the cellar! away! away!
 On, on, to the cellar without more delay!
 The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array—
 Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
 Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray.
 When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied
 Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide,
 And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside!—
 "Boot and saddle's the word! mount, Cummers, and ride!"
 Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenous
 By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house;
 Quick from the view
 Away they all flew,
 With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo,
 "Hey up the chinney! Hey after you!"—
 The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy
 From Corioli, "flutter'd like doves" by Macready.

They are gone,—save one
 Robin alone!
 Robin, whose high state of civilization
 Precludes all idea of aërostation,

And who now has no notion
Of more locomotion

Than suffices to kick, with much zeal and devotion,
Right and left at the party, who pounced on their victim,
And maul'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and priek'd
him,

As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,
And believing it all but a part of the fun,
Hic—hiccoughing out the same strain he'd begun,
"Jol—jolly companions every one!"

* * * * *

Morning gray

Scarce bursts into day

Ere at Tappington Hall there's the deuce to pay;
The tables and chairs are all placed in array
In the old oak-parlour, and in and out
Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,
Are walking, and whispering, and standing about.

And the Squire is there

In his large arm-chair,

Leaning back with a grave magisterial air;

In the front of a seat a

Huge volume, called Fleta,

And Bracton, a tome of an old-fashion'd look,

And Coke upon Lyttleton, then a new book;

And he moistens his lips

With occasional sips

From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard
Close by on a side-table—not that he drank hard,

But because at that day,

I hardly need say,

The Hong Merchants had not yet invented How Qua,

Nor as yet would you see Souchong or Bohea

At the tables of persons of any degree;

How our ancestors managed to do without tea

I must fairly confess is a mystery to me;

Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers

Had no cups and saucers;



Their breakfast, in fact; and the best they could get,
Was a sort of a *déjeuner à la fourchette*;

Instead of our alops

They had cutlets and chops,
And sack-possets, and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots;
And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and 'schalots

Now the Squire lifts his hand
With an air of command,
And gives them a sign, which they all understand,
To bring in the culprit; and straightway the carter
And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,
Still kicking and crying, "Come,—what are you arter!"
The charge is prepared, and the evidence clear,
"He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer!
And came there, there's very great reason to fear,
With companions,—to say but the least of them,—queer;

Such as Witches, and creatures
With horrible features,
And horrible grins,
And hook'd noses and chins,
Who'd been playing the deuce with his Reverence's binna."

The face of his worship grows graver and graver,
As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour;
Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,
Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,

With all proper diction,
And due "legal fiction;"

Viz: "That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,
Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,
With divers, that is to say, two thousand people,
In two thousand hats, each hat peak'd like a steeple,

With force and with arms,
And with sorcery and charms,
Upon two thousand brooms
Entered four thousand rooms;

To wit, two thousand pantries, and two thousand cellars
 Put in bodily fear twenty thousand in-dwellers,
 And with sundry,—that is to say, two thousand,—forks,
 Drew divers,—that is to say, ten thousand—corks,
 And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand bottles,
 Emptied various,—that is to say, ten thousand—bottles,
 All in breach of the peace,—moved by Satan's malignity—
 And in spite of King James, and his Crown, and his Dig
 nity."

At words so profound
 Rob gazes around,
 But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
 —No glance, did I say!
 Yes, one!—Madge Gray!—
 She is there, in the midst of the crowd standing by,
 And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,
 One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear,—
 (That's a line which I've stolen from Sir Walter I fear,)
 While nobody near
 Seems to see her or hear;
 As his worship takes up, and surveys, with a strict eye,
 The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,
 Ere his fingers can clasp,
 It is snatch'd from his grasp,
 The end pok'd in his chest with a force makes him gasp,
 And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,
 His worship's upset, and so too is his jorum;
 And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.
 "*Hocus Pocus!* Quick, *Presto!* and *Hey Cockolorum!*
 Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!—
 —Hey up the chimney-pot! hey after you!"

Through the mystified group,
 With a halloo and whoop,
 Madge on the pommel, and Robin *en croupe*,
 The pair though the air ride as if in a chair,
 While the party below stand mouth open and stare!

"Clean bumbaized" and amazed, and fix'd, all the room
stick,

"Oh! what's gone with Robin,—and Madge,—and the
broomstick!"

Ay, "what's gone" indeed, Ned!—of what befell
Madge Gray and the broomstick, I never heard tell:
But Robin was found, that morn on the ground,
In yon old grey Ruin again, safe and sound,
Except that at first he complain'd much of thirst,
And a shocking bad headach, of all ills the worst,

And close by his knee

A flask you might see,

But an empty one, smelling of *eau de vie*.

Rob from this hour is an alter'd man;
He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can.

Sticks to his trade,

Marries Miss Slade,

Becomes a Tee-totaller—that is the same

As Tee-totallers now, one in all but the name;

Grows fond of Small-beer, which is always a steady sign,

Never drinks spirits except as a medicine,

Learns to despise

Coal-black eyes,

Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys;

Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies!

Now, my little boy Ned,

Brush off to your bed,

Tie your night-cap on safe, or a napkin instead,

Or these terrible nights you'll catch cold in your head;

And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,

Which you'll find much the same as what Solomon preaches

Don't flirt with young ladies! don't practise soft speeches;

Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose, and knee-
breeches.—

Frequent not grey Ruins,—shun riot and revelry,

Hocus Pocus, and Conjuring, and all sorts of devilry;—

Don't meddle with broomsticks,—they're Beelzebub's
switches;
Of cellars keep clear,—they're the devil's own ditches;
And beware of balls, banquettings, brandy, and—witches!
Above all! don't run after black eyes!—if you do,—
Depend on't you'll find what I say will come true,—
Old Nick, some fine morning, will "hey after you!"

Strange as the events detailed in the succeeding narrative may appear, they are, I have not the slightest doubt, true to the letter. Whatever impression they may make upon the Reader, that produced by them on the narrator, I can aver, was neither light nor transient.

SINGULAR PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE HENRY HARRIS, D. D.

AS RELATED BY THE REV. JOSEPH INGOLDSBY, M.A., HIS
FRIEND AND EXECUTOR.

IN order that the extraordinary circumstance which I am about to relate, may meet with the credit it deserves, I think it necessary to premise, that my reverend friend, among whose papers I find it recorded, was, in his lifetime, ever esteemed as a man of good plain understanding, strict veracity, and unimpeached morals —by no means of a nervous temperament, or one likely to attach undue weight to any occurrence out of the common course of events, merely because his reflections might not, at the moment, afford him a ready solution of its difficulties.

On the truth of his narrative, as far as he was personally concerned, no one who knew him would hesitate to place the most implicit reliance. His history is briefly this :—He had married early in life, and was a widower at the age of thirty-nine, with an only daughter, who had then arrived at puberty, and was just married to a near connection of our own family. The sudden death of her husband, occasioned by a fall from his horse, only three days after her confinement, was abruptly communicated to Mrs. S—— by a thoughtless girl, who

saw her master brought lifeless into the house, and, with all that inexplicable anxiety to be the first to tell bad news, so common among the lower orders, rushed at once into the sick-room with her intelligence. The shock was too severe; and though the young widow survived the fatal event several months, yet she gradually sunk under the blow, and expired, leaving a boy, not a twelvemonth old, to the care of his maternal grandfather.

My poor friend was sadly shaken by this melancholy catastrophe; time, however, and a strong religious feeling, succeeded at length in moderating the poignancy of his grief—a consummation much advanced by his infant charge, who now succeeded, as it were by inheritance, to the place in his affections left vacant by his daughter's decease. Frederick S—— grew up to be a fine lad; his person and features were decidedly handsome; still there was, as I remember, an unpleasant expression in his countenance, and an air of reserve, attributed, by the few persons who called occasionally at the vicarage, to the retired life led by his grandfather, and the little opportunity he had, in consequence, of mixing in the society of his equals in age and intellect. Brought up entirely at home, his progress in the common branches of education was, without any great display of precocity, rather in advance of the generality of boys of his own standing; partly owing, perhaps, to the turn which even his amusements took from the first. His sole associate was the son of the village apothecary, a boy about two years older than himself, whose father, being really clever in his profession, and a good operative chemist, had constructed for himself a small labo-

ratory, in which, as he was fond of children, the two boys spent a great portion of their leisure time, witnessing many of those little experiments so attractive to youth, and in time aspiring to imitate what they admired.

In such society, it is not surprising that Frederick S—— should imbibe a strong taste for the sciences which formed his principal amusement; or that, when, in process of time, it became necessary to choose his walk in life, a profession so intimately connected with his favourite pursuit, as that of medicine, should be eagerly selected. No opposition was offered by my friend, who, knowing that the greater part of his own income would expire with his life, and that the remainder would prove an insufficient resource to his grandchild, was only anxious that he should follow such a path as would secure him that moderate and respectable competency which is, perhaps, more conducive to real happiness than a more elevated or wealthy station. Frederick was, accordingly, at the proper age, matriculated at Oxford, with the view of studying the higher branches of medicine, a few months after his friend, John W——, had proceeded to Leyden, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the practice of surgery in the hospitals and lecture-rooms attached to that university. The boyish intimacy of their younger days did not, as is frequently the case, yield to separation; on the contrary, a close correspondence was kept up between them. Dr. Harris was even prevailed upon to allow Frederick to take a trip to Holland to see his friend; and John returned the visit to Frederick at Oxford.

Satisfactory as, for some time, were the accounts of the general course of Frederick S——'s studies, by degrees rumours of a less pleasant nature reached the ears of some of his friends; to the vicarage, however, I have reason to believe they never penetrated. The good old Doctor was too well beloved in his parish for any one voluntarily to give him pain; and, after all, nothing beyond whispers and surmises had reached X——, when the worthy vicar was surprised on a sudden by a request from his grandchild, that he might be permitted to take his name off the books of the university, and proceed to finish his education in conjunction with his friend W—— at Leyden. Such a proposal, made, too, at a time when the period for his graduating could not be far distant, both surprised and grieved the Doctor; he combated the design with more perseverance than he had ever been known to exert in opposition to any declared wish of his darling boy before, but, as usual, gave way, when more strongly pressed, from sheer inability to persist in a refusal which seemed to give so much pain to Frederick, especially when the latter, with more energy than was quite becoming their relative situations, expressed his positive determination of not returning to Oxford, whatever might be the result of his grandfather's decision. My friend, his mind, perhaps, a little weakened by a short but severe nervous attack which he had scarcely recovered from, at length yielded a reluctant consent, and Frederick quitted England.

It was not till some months had elapsed after his departure, that I had reason to suspect, that the eager desire of availing himself of opportunities for study abroad, not afforded him at home, was not the sole,

or even the principal, reason which had drawn Frederick so abruptly from his *Alma Mater*. A chance visit to the university, and a conversation with a senior fellow belonging to his late college, convinced me of this ; still I found it impossible to extract from the latter the precise nature of his offence. That he had given way to most culpable indulgences, I had before heard hinted ; and, when I recollected how he had been at once launched, from a state of what might be well called seclusion, into a world where so many enticements were lying in wait to allure,—with liberty, example, every thing to tempt him from the straight road,—regret, I frankly own, was more the predominant feeling in my mind than either surprise or condemnation. But here was evidently something more than mere ordinary excess—some act of profligacy, perhaps, of a deeper stain, which had induced his superiors, who, at first, had been loud in his praises, to desire him to withdraw himself quietly, but for ever ; and such an intimation, I found, had, in fact, been conveyed to him from an authority which it was impossible to resist. Seeing that my informant was determined not to be explicit, I did not press for a disclosure, which, if made, would, in all probability, only have given me pain, and that the rather, as my old friend the Doctor had recently obtained a valuable living from Lord M——, only a few miles distant from the market town in which I resided, where he now was, amusing himself in putting his grounds into order, ornamenting his house, and getting everything ready against his grandson's expected visit in the following autumn. October came, and with it came Frederick : he rode over more

than once to see me, sometimes accompanied by the Doctor, between whom and myself the recent loss of my poor daughter Louisa had drawn the chords of sympathy still closer.

More than two years had flown on in this way, in which Frederick S—— had as many times made temporary visits to his native country. The time was fast approaching when he was expected to return, and finally take up his residence in England, when the sudden illness of my wife's father obliged us to take a journey into Lancashire, my old friend, who had himself a curate, kindly offering to fix his quarters at my parsonage, and superintend the concerns of my parish till my return.—Alas! when I saw him next he was on the bed of death!

My absence was necessarily prolonged much beyond what I had anticipated. A letter, with a foreign postmark, had, as I afterwards found, been brought over from his own house to my venerable substitute in the interval, and barely giving himself time to transfer the charge he had undertaken to a neighbouring clergyman, he had hurried off at once to Leyden. His arrival there was, however, too late. Frederick *was dead*!—killed in a duel, occasioned, it was said, by no ordinary provocation on his part, although the flight of his antagonist had added to the mystery which enveloped its origin. The long journey, its melancholy termination, and the complete overthrow of all my poor friend's earthly hopes, were too much for him. He appeared too,—as I was informed by the proprietor of the house in which I found him, when his summons at length had brought me to his bed-side,—to

have received some sudden and unaccountable shock, which even the death of his grandson was inadequate to explain. There was, indeed, a wildness in his fast-glazing eye, which mingled strangely with the glance of satisfaction thrown upon me as he pressed my hand ; —he endeavoured to raise himself, and would have spoken, but fell back in the effort, and closed his eyes for ever.—I buried him there, by the side of the object of his more than parental affection,—in a foreign land.

It is from the papers that I discovered in his travelling-case that I submit the following extracts, without, however, presuming to advance an opinion on the strange circumstances which they detail, or even as to the connection which some may fancy they discover between different parts of them.

The first was evidently written at my own house, and bears date August the 15th, 18—, about three weeks after my own departure for Preston. It begins thus :—

“Tuesday, August 15.—Poor girl!—I forget who it is that says, ‘the real ills of life are light in comparison with fancied evils ;’ and certainly the scene I have just witnessed goes some way towards establishing the truth of the hypothesis.—Among the afflictions which flesh is heir to, a diseased imagination is far from being the lightest, even when considered separately, and without taking into the account those bodily pains and sufferings which,—so close is the connection between mind and matter,—are but too frequently attendant upon any disorder of the fancy. Seldom has my interest been more powerfully excited than by poor Mary Graham. Her age, her appearance, her pale, melancholy features, the very contour of her countenance, all conspired to

remind me, but too forcibly, of one who, waking or sleeping, is never long absent from my thoughts,—but enough of this.

“A fine morning had succeeded one of the most tempestuous nights I ever remember, and I was just sitting down to a substantial breakfast, which the care of my friend Ingoldsby’s housekeeper, kind-hearted Mrs. Wilson, had prepared for me, when I was interrupted by a summons to the sick-bed of a young parishioner whom I had frequently seen in my walks, and had remarked for the regularity of her attendance at Divine worship.—Mary Graham is the elder of two daughters, residing with their mother, the widow of an attorney, who, dying suddenly in the prime of life, left his family but slenderly provided for. A strict though not parsimonious economy has, however, enabled them to live with an appearance of respectability and comfort; and from the personal attractions which both the girls possess, their mother is evidently not without hopes of seeing one, at least, of them advantageously settled in life. As far as poor Mary is concerned, I fear she is doomed to inevitable disappointment, as I am much mistaken if consumption has not laid its wasting finger upon her; while this last recurrence, of what I cannot but believe to be a most formidable epileptic attack, threatens to shake out, with even added velocity, the little sand that may yet remain within the hour-glass of time. Her very delusion, too, is of such a nature as, by adding to bodily illness the agitation of superstitious terror, can scarcely fail to accelerate the catastrophe, which I think I see fast approaching.

“Before I was introduced into the sick-room, he

sister, who had been watching my arrival from the window, took me into their little parlour, and, after the usual civilities, began to prepare me for the visit I was about to pay. Her countenance was marked at once with trouble and alarm, and in a low tone of voice, which some internal emotion, rather than the fear of disturbing the invalid in a distant room, had subdued almost to a whisper, informed me that my presence was become necessary, not more as a clergyman than a magistrate;—that the disorder with which her sister had, during the night, been so suddenly and unaccountably seized, was one of no common kind, but attended with circumstances which, coupled with the declarations of the sufferer, took it out of all ordinary calculations, and, to use her own expression, that ‘malice was at the bottom of it.’

“Naturally supposing that these insinuations were intended to intimate the partaking of some deleterious substance on the part of the invalid, I inquired what reason she had for imagining, in the first place, that anything of a poisonous nature had been administered at all; and, secondly, what possible incitement any human being could have for the perpetration of so foul a deed towards so innocent and unoffending an individual? Her answer considerably relieved the apprehensions I had begun to entertain lest the poor girl should, from some unknown cause, have herself been attempting to rush uncalled into the presence of her Creator; at the same time, it surprised me not a little by its apparent want of rationality and common sense. She had no reason to believe, she said, that her sister had taken poison, or that any attempt upon her life

had been made, or was, perhaps, contemplated, but that 'still malice was at work,—the malice of villains or fiends, or of both combined; that no causes purely natural would suffice to account for the state in which her sister had been now twice placed, or for the dreadful sufferings she had undergone while in that state; and that she was determined the whole affair should undergo a thorough investigation.' Seeing that the poor girl was now herself labouring under a great degree of excitement, I did not think it necessary to enter at that moment into a discussion upon the absurdity of her opinion, but applied myself to the tranquilizing her mind by assurances of a proper inquiry, and then drew her attention to the symptoms of the indisposition, and the way in which it had first made its appearance.

"The violence of the storm last night had, I found, induced the whole family to sit up far beyond their usual hour, till, wearied out at length, and, as their mother observed, 'tired of burning fire and candle to no purpose,' they repaired to their several chambers.

"The sisters occupied the same room; Elizabeth was already at their humble toilet, and had commenced the arrangement of her hair for the night, when her attention was at once drawn from her employment by a half smothered shriek and exclamation from her sister, who, in her delicate state of health, had found walking up two flights of stairs, perhaps a little more quickly than usual, an exertion, to recover from which she had seated herself in a large arm-chair.

"Turning hastily at the sound, she perceived Mary deady pale, grasping, as it were convulsively, each arm of the chair which supported her, and bending forward

in the attitude of listening; her lips were trembling and bloodless, cold drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead, and in an instant after, exclaiming in a piercing tone, 'Hark! they are calling me again! it is—*it is the same voice* ;—Oh no! no!—Oh my God! save me, Betsy,—hold me—save me!' she fell forward upon the floor. Elizabeth flew to her assistance, raised her, and by her cries brought both her mother, who had not yet got into bed, and their only servant girl, to her aid. The latter was despatched at once for medical help; but, from the appearance of the sufferer, it was much to be feared that she would soon be beyond the reach of art. Her agonized parent and sister succeeded in bearing her between them and placing her on a bed; a faint and intermittent pulsation was for a while perceptible; but in a few moments a general shudder shook the whole body; the pulse ceased, the eyes became fixed and glassy, the jaw dropped, a cold clamminess usurped the place of the genial warmth of life. Before Mr. I—— arrived, everything announced that dissolution had taken place, and that the freed spirit had quitted its mortal tenement.

"The appearance of the surgeon confirmed their worst apprehensions; a vein was opened, but the blood refused to flow, and Mr. I—— pronounced that the vital spark was indeed extinguished.

"The poor mother, whose attachment to her children was perhaps the more powerful, as they were the sole relatives or connections she had in the world, was overwhelmed with a grief amounting almost to frenzy; it was with difficulty that she was removed to her own room by the united strength of her daughter, and

medical adviser. Nearly an hour elapsed during the endeavour at calming her transports; they had succeeded, however, to a certain extent, and Mr. I—— had taken his leave, when Elizabeth, re-entering the bed-chamber in which her sister lay, in order to pay the last sad duties to her corpse, was horror-struck at seeing a crimson stream of blood running down the side of the counterpane to the floor. Her exclamation brought the girl again to her side, when it was perceived, to their astonishment, that the sanguine stream proceeded from the arm of the body, which was now manifesting signs of returning life. The half frantic mother flew to the room, and it was with difficulty that they could prevent her, in her agitation, from so acting as to extinguish for ever the hope which had begun to rise in their bosoms. A long-drawn sigh, amounting almost to a groan, followed by several convulsive gaspings, was the prelude to the restoration of the animal functions in poor Mary: a shriek almost preternaturally loud, considering her state of exhaustion, succeeded; but she did recover, and with the help of restoratives, was well enough towards morning to express a strong desire that I should be sent for,—a desire the more readily complied with, inasmuch as the strange expressions and declarations she had made since her restoration to consciousness, had filled her sister with the most horrible suspicions. The nature of these suspicions was such as would at any other time, perhaps, have raised a smile upon my lips; but the distress, and even agony of the poor girl, as she half hinted and half expressed them, were such as entirely to preclude every sensation at all approaching to mirth. Without endeavouring, there-

fore, to combat ideas, evidently too strongly impressed upon her mind at the moment to admit of present refutation; I merely used a few encouraging words, and requested her to precede me to the sick-chamber.

"The invalid was lying on the outside of the bed, partly dressed, and wearing a white dimity wrapping-gown the colour of which corresponded but too well with the deadly paleness of her complexion. Her cheek was wan and sunken, giving an extraordinary prominence to her eye, which gleamed with a lustrous brilliancy not unfrequently characteristic of the aberration of intellect. I took her hand; it was chill and clammy, the pulse feeble and intermittent, and the general debility of her frame was such, that I would fain have persuaded her to defer any conversation which, in her present state, she might not be equal to support. Her positive assurance that, until she had disburdened herself of what she called her 'dreadful secret,' she could know no rest either of mind or body, at length induced me to comply with her wish, opposition to which, in her then frame of mind, might perhaps be attended with even worse effects than its indulgence. I bowed acquiescence, and in a low and faltering voice, with frequent interruptions, occasioned by her weakness, she gave me the following singular account of the sensations which, she averred, had been experienced by her during her trance :—

" 'This, sir,' she began, 'is not the first time that the cruelty of others has, for what purpose I am unable to conjecture, put me to a degree of torture which I can compare to no suffering, either of body or mind, which I have ever before experienced. On a former occasion

I was willing to believe it the mere effect of a hideous dream, or what is vulgarly termed the nightmare ; but, this repetition, and the circumstances under which I was last *summoned*, at a time, too, when I had not even composed myself to rest, fatally convince me of the reality of what I have seen and suffered.

“ ‘ This is no time for concealment of any kind.—It is now more than a twelvemonth since I was in the habit of occasionally encountering in my walks a young man of prepossessing appearance, and gentlemanly deportment : he was always alone, and generally reading ; but I could not be long in doubt that these rencounters, which became every week more frequent, were not the effect of accident, or that his attention, when we did meet, was less directed to his book than to my sister and myself. He even seemed to wish to address us, and I have no doubt would have taken some other opportunity of doing so, had not one been afforded him by a strange dog attacking us one Sunday morning in our way to church, which he beat off, and made use of this little service to promote an acquaintance. His name, he said, was Francis Somers, and added that he was on a visit to a relation of the same name, resident a few miles from X——. He gave us to understand that he was himself studying surgery with the view to a medical appointment in one of the colonies. You are not to suppose, sir, that he had entered thus into his concerns at the first interview ; it was not till our acquaintance had ripened, and he had visited our house more than once with my mother’s sanction, that these particulars were elicited. He never disguised, from the first, that an attachment to myself was his

object originally in introducing himself to our notice; as his prospects were comparatively flattering, my mother did not raise any impediment to his attentions, and I own I received them with pleasure.

“Days and weeks elapsed; and although the distance at which his relation resided, prevented the possibility of an uninterrupted intercourse, yet neither was it so great as to preclude his frequent visits. The interval of a day, or at most of two, was all that intervened, and these temporary absences certainly did not decrease the pleasure of the meetings with which they terminated. At length a pensive expression began to exhibit itself upon his countenance, and I could not but remark that at every visit he became more abstracted and reserved. The eye of affection is not slow to detect any symptom of uneasiness in a quarter dear to it. I spoke to him, questioned him on the subject: his answer was evasive, and I said no more. My mother too, however, had marked the same appearance of melancholy, and pressed him more strongly. He at length admitted that his spirits were depressed, and that their depression was caused by the necessity of an early, though but a temporary, separation. His uncle, and only friend, he said, had long insisted on his spending some months on the Continent, with the view of completing his professional education, and that the time was now fast approaching when it would be necessary for him to commence his journey. A look made the inquiry which my tongue refused to utter. ‘Yes, dearest Mary,’ was his reply, ‘I have communicated our attachment to him, partially at least: and though I dare not say that the intimation was received as I could have wished, yet

I have, perhaps, on the whole, no fair reason to be dissatisfied with his reply.

“The completion of my studies, and my settlement in the world, must, my uncle told me, be the first consideration; when these material points were achieved, he should not interfere with any arrangement that might be found essential to my happiness; at the same time he has positively refused to sanction any engagement at present, which may, he says, have a tendency to divert my attention from those pursuits, on the due prosecution of which my future situation in life must depend. A compromise between love and duty was eventually wrung from me, though reluctantly; I have pledged myself to proceed immediately to my destination abroad, with a full understanding that on my return, a twelvemonth hence, no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of what are, I trust, our mutual wishes.”

“I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I received this communication, nor will it be necessary to say anything of what passed at the few interviews which took place before Francis quitted X—. The evening immediately previous to that of his departure he passed in this house, and, before we separated, renewed his protestations of an unchangeable affection, requiring a similar assurance from me in return. I did not hesitate to make it. ‘Be satisfied, my dear Francis,’ said I, ‘that no diminution in the regard I have avowed can ever take place, and though absent in body, my heart and soul will still be with you.’—‘Swear this,’ he cried, with a suddenness and energy which surprised, and rather startled me; ‘promise that you will be with me *in spirit*, at least, when I am far away.’ I gave him

my hand, but that was not sufficient. 'One of these dark shining ringlets, my dear Mary,' said he, 'as a pledge that you will not forget your vow!' I suffered him to take the scissors from my work-box and to sever a lock of my hair, which he placed in his bosom.—The next day he was pursuing his journey, and the waves were already bearing him from England.

"I had letters from him repeatedly during the first three months of his absence; they spoke of his health, his prospects, and of his love, but by degrees the intervals between each arrival became longer, and I fancied I perceived some falling off from that warmth of expression which had at first characterized his communications.

"One night I had retired to rest rather later than usual, having sat by the bedside, comparing his last brief note with some of his earlier letters, and was endeavouring to convince myself that my apprehensions of his fickleness were unfounded, when an undefinable sensation of restlessness and anxiety seized upon me. I cannot compare it to anything I had ever experienced before; my pulse fluttered, my heart beat with a quickness and violence which alarmed me, and a strange tremor shook my whole frame. I retired hastily to bed, in hopes of getting rid of so unpleasant a sensation, but in vain; a vague apprehension of I knew not what occupied my mind, and vainly did I endeavour to shake it off. I can compare my feelings to nothing but those which we sometimes experience when about to undertake a long and unpleasant journey, leaving those we love behind us. More than once did I raise myself in my bed and listen, fancying that I heard myself called,

and on each of these occasions the fluttering of my heart increased. Twice I was on the point of calling to my sister, who then slept in an adjoining room, but she had gone to bed indisposed, and an unwillingness to disturb either her or my mother checked me; the large clock in the room below at this moment began to strike the hour of twelve. I distinctly heard its vibrations, but ere its sounds had ceased, a burning heat, as if a hot iron had been applied to my temple, was succeeded by a dizziness,—a swoon,—a total loss of consciousness as to where or in what situation I was.

“A pain, violent, sharp, and piercing, as though my whole frame were lacerated by some keen-edged weapon, roused me from this stupor,—but where was I? Everything was strange around me—a shadowy dimness rendered every object indistinct and uncertain; methought, however, that I was seated in a large, antique, high-backed chair, several of which were near, their tall black carved-frames and seats interwoven with a lattice-work of cane. The apartment in which I sat was one of moderate dimensions, and from its sloping roof, seemed to be the upper story of the edifice, a fact confirmed by the moon shining without, in full effulgence, on a huge round tower, which its light rendered plainly visible through the open casement, and the summit of which appeared but little superior in elevation to the room I occupied. Rather to the right, and in the distance, the spire of some cathedral or lofty church was visible, while sundry gable-ends, and tops of houses, told me I was in the midst of a populous but unknown city.

“The apartment itself had something strange in its appearance; and, in the character of its furniture and

appurtenances, bore little or no resemblance to any I had ever seen before. The fire-place was large and wide, with a pair of what are sometimes called andirons, betokening that wood was the principal, if not the only fuel consumed within its recess; a fierce fire was now blazing in it, the light from which rendered visible the remotest parts of the chamber. Over a lofty old-fashioned mantelpiece, carved heavily in imitation of fruits and flowers, hung the half-length portrait of a gentleman in a dark-coloured foreign habit, with a peaked beard and mustaches, one hand resting upon a table, the other supporting a sort of *baton*, or short military staff, the summit of which was surmounted by a silver falcon. Several antique chairs, similar in appearance to those already mentioned, surrounded a massive oaken table, the length of which much exceeded its width. At the lower end of this piece of furniture stood the chair I occupied; on the upper, was placed a small chafing dish filled with burning coals, and darting forth occasionally long flashes of various-coloured fire, the brilliance of which made itself visible, even above the strong illumination emitted from the chimney. Two huge, black, japanned cabinets, with clawed feet, reflecting from their polished surfaces the effulgence of the flame, were placed one on each side the casement-window to which I have alluded, and with a few shelves loaded with books, many of which were also strewed in disorder on the floor, completed the list of the furniture in the apartment. Some strange-looking instruments, of unknown form and purpose, lay on the table near the chafing-dish, on the other side of which a miniature portrait of myself hung, reflected by a small oval mirror in

a dark-coloured frame, while a large open volume, traced with strange characters of the colour of blood, lay in front ; a goblet, containing a few drops of liquid of the same ensanguined hue, was by its side.

“‘But of the objects which I have endeavoured to describe, none arrested my attention so forcibly as two others. These were the figures of two young men, in the prime of life, only separated from me by the table. They were dressed alike, each in a long flowing gown, made of some sad-coloured stuff, and confined at the waist by a crimson girdle ; one of them, the shorter of the two, was occupied in feeding the embers of the chafing-dish with a resinous powder, which produced and maintained a brilliant but flickering blaze, to the action of which his companion was exposing a long lock of dark chestnut hair, that shrank and shrivelled as it approached the flame. But, O God !—that hair !—and the form of him who held it ! that face ! those features !—not for one instant could I entertain a doubt—it was He ! Francis !—the lock he grasped was mine, the very pledge of affection I had given him, and still, as it partially encountered the fire, a burning heat seemed to scorch the temple from which it had been taken, conveying a torturing sensation that affected my very brain.

“‘How shall I proceed ?—but no, it is impossible,—not even to you, sir, can I—dare I—recount the proceedings of that unhallowed night of horror and of shame. Were my life extended to a term commensurate with that of the Patriarchs of old, never could its detestable, its damning pollutions be effaced from my remembrance ; and oh ! above all, never could I forget the diabolical glee which sparkled in the eyes of my fiendish tormen-

tors, as they witnessed the worse than useless struggles of their miserable victim. Oh! why was it not permitted me to take refuge in unconsciousness—nay, in death itself, from the abominations of which I was compelled to be, not only a witness, but a partaker? But it is enough, sir; I will not further shock your nature by dwelling longer on a scene, the full horrors of which, words, if I even dared employ any, would be inadequate to express; suffice it to say, that after being subjected to it, how long I knew not, but certainly for more than an hour, a noise from below seemed to alarm my persecutors; a pause ensued,—the lights were extinguished,—and, as the sound of a footstep ascending a staircase became more distinct, my forehead felt again the excruciating sensation of heat, while the embers, kindling into a momentary flame, betrayed another portion of the ringlet consuming in the blaze. Fresh agonies succeeded, not less severe, and of a similar description to those which had seized upon me at first; oblivion again followed, and on being at length restored to consciousness, I found myself as you see me now, faint and exhausted, weakened in every limb, and every fibre quivering with agitation.—My groans soon brought my sister to my aid; it was long before I could summon resolution to confide, even to her, the dreadful secret, and when I had done so, her strongest efforts were not wanting to persuade me that I had been labouring under a severe attack of nightmare. I ceased to argue, but I was not convinced: the whole scene was then too present, too awfully real, to permit me to doubt the character of the transaction; and if, when a few days had elapsed, the hopelessness of imparting to others the conviction I

bore no slight resemblance to her own. I stated to her, that on my recovery from the fit of epilepsy, which had attacked me about two years since, just before my grandson Frederick left Oxford, it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade myself that I had not visited him, during the interval, in his rooms at Brazenose, and even conversed both with himself and his friend W——, seated in his arm-chair, and gazing through the window full upon the statue of Cain, as it stands in the centre of the quadrangle. I told her of the pain I underwent both at the commencement and termination of my attack,—of the extreme lassitude that succeeded; but my efforts were all in vain: she listened to me, indeed, with an interest almost breathless, especially when I informed her of my having actually experienced the very burning sensation in the brain alluded to, no doubt a strong attendant symptom of this peculiar affection, and a proof of the identity of the complaint; but I could plainly perceive that I failed entirely in shaking the rooted opinion which possessed her, that her spirit had, by some nefarious and unhallowed means, been actually subtracted for a time from its earthly tenement.”

* * * * *

The next extract which I shall give from my old friend's memoranda is dated August 24th, more than a week subsequent to his first visit at Mrs. Graham's. He appears, from his papers, to have visited the poor young woman more than once during the interval, and to have afforded her those spiritual consolations which no one was more capable of communicating. His patient, for so in a religious sense she may well be termed, had been sinking under the agitation she had

experienced ; and the constant dread she was under of similar sufferings, operated so strongly on a frame already enervated, that life at length seemed to hang only by a thread. His papers go on to say,

"I have just seen poor Mary Graham,—I fear for the last time. Nature is evidently quite worn out ; she is aware that she is dying, and looks forward to the termination of her existence here, not only with resignation, but with joy. It is clear that her dream, or what she persists in calling her 'subtraction,' has much to do with this. For the last few days her behaviour has been altered ; she has avoided conversing on the subject of her delusion, and seems to wish that I should consider her as a convert to my view of her case. This may, perhaps, be partly owing to the flippancies of her medical attendant upon the subject, for Mr. I—— has, somehow or other, got an inkling that she has been much agitated by a dream, and thinks to laugh off the impression,—in my opinion injudiciously ; but though a skilful, and a kind-hearted, he is a young man, and of a disposition, perhaps, rather 'too mercurial for the chamber of a nervous invalid. Her manner has since been much more reserved to both of us : in my case, probably because she suspects me of betraying her secret."

* * * * *

"August 26th.—Mary Graham is yet alive, but sinking fast ; her cordiality towards me has returned since her sister confessed yesterday that she had, herself, told Mr. I—— that his patient's mind 'had been affected by a terrible vision.' I am evidently restored to her confidence.—She asked me this morning, with much

earnestness, 'What I believed to be the state of departed spirits during the interval between dissolution and the final day of account!—And whether I thought they would be safe, in another world, from the influence of wicked persons employing an agency more than human?'—Poor child!—One cannot mistake the prevailing bias of her mind.—Poor child!"

* * * *

"August 27th.—It is nearly over; she is sinking rapidly, but quietly and without pain. I have just administered to her the sacred elements of which her mother partook. Elizabeth declined doing the same; she cannot, she says, yet bring herself to forgive the villain who has destroyed her sister. It is singular that she, a young woman of good plain sense in ordinary matters, should so easily adopt, and so pertinaciously retain, a superstition so puerile and ridiculous. This must be matter of future conversation between us; at present, with the form of the dying girl before her eyes, it were vain to argue with her. The mother, I find, has written to young Somers, stating the dangerous situation of his affianced wife; indignant, as she justly is, at his long silence; it is fortunate that she has no knowledge of the suspicions entertained by her daughter. I have seen her letter, it is addressed to Mr. Francis Somers, in the Hogewoert, at Leyden,—a fellow-student then of Frederick's. I must remember to enquire if he is acquainted with this young man."

* * * *

Mary Graham, it appears, died the same night. Before her departure, she repeated to my friend the singular story she had before told him, without any

material variation from the detail she had formerly given. To the last she persisted in believing that her unworthy lover had practised upon her by forbidden arts. She once more described the apartment with great minuteness, and even the person of Francis's alleged companion, who was, she said, about the middle height, hard featured, with a rather remarkable scar upon his left cheek, extending in a transverse direction from below the eye to the nose. Several pages of my reverend friend's manuscript are filled with reflections upon this extraordinary confession, which, joined with its melancholy termination, seems to have produced no common effect upon him. He alludes to more than one subsequent discussion with the surviving sister, and piques himself on having made some progress in convincing her of the folly of her theory respecting the origin and nature of the illness itself.

His memoranda on this, and other subjects, are continued till about the middle of September, when a break ensues, occasioned, no doubt, by the unwelcome news of his grandson's dangerous state, which induced him to set out forthwith for Holland. His arrival at Leyden was, as I have already said, too late. Frederick S—— had expired, after thirty hours' intense suffering, from a wound received in a duel with a brother student. The cause of the quarrel was variously related; but, according to his landlord's version, it had originated in some silly dispute about a dream of his antagonist's, who had been the challenger. Such, at least, was the account given to him, as he said, by Frederick's friend and fellow-lodger, W——, who had acted as second on the occasion, thus acquitting himself of an obligation of the

same kind due to the deceased, whose services he had put in requisition about a year before on a similar occasion, when he had himself been severely wounded in the face.

From the same authority I learned that my poor friend was much affected on finding that his arrival had been deferred too long. Every attention was shown him by the proprietor of the house, a respectable tradesman, and a chamber was prepared for his accommodation; the books, and few effects of his deceased grandson were delivered over to him, duly inventoried, and, late as it was in the evening when he reached Leyden, he insisted upon being conducted immediately to the apartments which Frederick had occupied, there to indulge the first ebullitions of his sorrow, before he retired to his own. Madame Müller accordingly led the way to an upper room, which, being situated at the top of the house, had been, from its privacy and distance from the street, selected by Frederick as his study. The Doctor entered, and taking the lamp from his conductress motioned to be left alone. His implied wish was of course complied with: and nearly two hours had elapsed before his kind-hearted hostess reascended, in the hope of prevailing upon him to return with her, and partake of that refreshment which he had in the first instance peremptorily declined. Her application for admission was unnoticed:—she repeated it more than once, without success; then, becoming somewhat alarmed at the continued silence, opened the door and perceived her new inmate stretched on the floor in a fainting fit. Restoratives were instantly administered, and prompt medical aid succeeded at length in restoring

him to consciousness. But his mind had received a shock from which, during the few weeks he survived, he never entirely recovered. His thoughts wandered perpetually: and though, from the very slight acquaintance which his hosts had with the English language, the greater part of what fell from him remained unknown, yet enough was understood to induce them to believe that something more than the mere death of his grandson had contributed thus to paralyze his faculties.

When his situation was first discovered, a small miniature was found tightly grasped in his right hand. It had been the property of Frederick, and had more than once been seen by the Müllers in his possession. To this the patient made continued reference, and would not suffer it one moment from his sight: it was in his hand when he expired. At my request it was produced to me. The portrait was that of a young woman, in an English morning dress, whose pleasing and regular features, with their mild and somewhat pensive expression, were not, I thought, altogether unknown to me. Her age was apparently about twenty. A profusion of dark chestnut hair was arranged in the Madonna style, above a brow of unsullied whiteness, a single ringlet depending on the left side. A glossy lock of the same colour, and evidently belonging to the original, appeared beneath a small crystal, inlaid in the back of the picture, which was plainly set in gold, and bore in a cipher the letters M. G. with the date 18—. From the inspection of this portrait, I could at that time collect nothing, nor from that of the Doctor himself, which also I found the next morning in Frederick's desk, accompanied by

two separate portions of hair. One of them was a lock, short, and deeply tinged with grey, and had been taken, I have little doubt, from the head of my old friend himself; the other corresponded in colour and appearance with that at the back of the miniature. It was not till a few days had elapsed, and I had seen the worthy Doctor's remains quietly consigned to the narrow house, that, while arranging his papers previous to my intended return upon the morrow, I encountered the narrative I have already transcribed. The name of the unfortunate young woman connected with it forcibly arrested my attention. I recollected it immediately as one belonging to a parishioner of my own, and at once recognised the original of the female portrait as its owner.

I rose not from the perusal of his very singular statement till I had gone through the whole of it. It was late,—and the rays of the single lamp by which I was reading did but very faintly illumine the remoter parts of the room in which I sat. The brilliancy of an unclouded November moon, then some twelve nights old, and shining full into the apartment, did much towards remedying the defect. My thoughts filled with the melancholy details I had read, I rose and walked to the window. The beautiful planet rode high in the firmament, and gave to the snowy roofs of the houses, and pendant icicles, all the sparkling radiance of clustering gems. The stillness of the scene harmonized well with the state of my feelings. I threw open the casement, and looked abroad. Far below me, the waters of the principal canal shone like a broad mirror in the moonlight. To the left rose the Burght, a huge round tower of remarkable appearance, pierced with embra-

sures at its summit; while a little to the right, and in the distance, the spire and pinnacles of the Cathedral of Leyden rose in all their majesty, presenting a *coup d'œil* of surpassing though simple beauty. To a spectator of calm, unoccupied mind, the scene would have been delightful. On me it acted with an electric effect. I turned hastily to survey the apartment in which I had been sitting. It was the one designated as the study of the late Frederick S——. The sides of the room were covered with dark wainscot; the spacious fireplace opposite to me, with its polished andirons, was surmounted by a large old-fashioned mantelpiece, heavily carved in the Dutch style with fruits and flowers; above it frowned a portrait, in a Vandyke dress, with a peaked beard and mustaches; one hand of the figure rested on a table, while the other bore a marshal's staff, surmounted by a silver falcon! and—either my imagination, already heated by the scene, deceived me,—or a smile as of malicious triumph curled the lip and glared in the cold leaden eye that seemed fixed upon my own. The heavy, antique, cane-backed chairs,—the large oaken table,—the book-shelves, the scattered volumes—all, all were there; while, to complete the picture, to my right and left, as half-breathless I leaned my back against the casement, rose, on each side, a tall, dark, ebony cabinet, in whose polished sides the single lamp upon the table shone reflected as in a mirror.

* * * * *

What am I to think?—Can it be that the story I have been reading was written by my poor friend here, and under the influence of delirium?—Impossible! Besides they all assure me, that from the fatal night of

his arrival he never left his bed—never put pen to paper. His very directions to have me summoned from England were verbally given, during one of those few and brief intervals in which reason seemed partially to resume her sway. Can it then be possible that——? W——! where is he, who alone may be able to throw light on this horrible mystery?—No one knows. He absconded, it seems, immediately after the duel. No trace of him exists, nor, after repeated and anxious inquiries, can I find that any student has ever been known in the University of Leyden by the name of Francis Somers.

“There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am largely indebted for the Saintly records which follow, was brought up by his father, a cadet of the family, in the Romish faith, and was educated at Douai for the church. Besides the manuscripts now at Tappington, he was the author of two controversial treatises on the connection between the Papal Hierarchy and the Nine of Diamonds.

From his well-known loyalty, evinced by secret services to the Royal cause during the Protectorate, he was excepted by name out of the acts against the Papists, became superintendent of the Queen Dowager's chapel at Somerset House, and enjoyed a small pension until his death, which took place in the third year of Queen Anne (1704), at the mature age of ninety-six. He was an ecclesiastic of great learning and piety, but

from the stiff and antiquated phraseology which he adopted, I have thought it necessary to modernize it a little: this will account for certain anachronisms that have unavoidably crept in; the substance of his narratives has, however, throughout, been strictly adhered to.

His hair-shirt, almost as good as new, is still preserved at Tappington,—but nobody ever wears it.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

“Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientie stimulis compunctus fuit, et execratio eum tantopere excarnificavit, ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem cibum aversaretur, nec amplius crocigaret; pennae praeterea ei defuebant, et alis pendulis omnes facetias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miserescent.” * * *

“Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolvent; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit, et pristinam sanitatem recuperavit.”

De Illust. Ord. Cantorc

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
 Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
 Through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about:
 Here and there,
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cakes,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall
 Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all
 With a saucy air,
 He perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
 And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 "We Two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
 Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd
 The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due,
 Two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through!
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white;

From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise:

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;

Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,

That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

* * * *

There's a cry and a shout,

And a deuce of a rout,

And nobody seems to know what they're about,

But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;

The friars are kneeling,

And hunting and feeling

The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew

Off each plum-color'd shoe,

And left his red stockings exposed to the view;

He peeps, and he feels

In the toes and the heels

They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—

They take up the poker and poke out the grates,

—They turn up the rugs,

They examine the mugs:—

But, no!—no such thing;—

They can't find THE RING!

And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,

He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head .
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright .
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying !—
Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn ;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay,
As on yesterday ;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT HIM !—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring !"
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way !"
Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door.



Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the *king*, in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !

—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd :
He grew sleek, and fat ;
In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !
His tail wagged more
Even than before ;

But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about
With a gait devout ;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,

That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw !"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more !"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw !"

He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;

And on newly made Saints and Popes as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.

"This holy child Dunstan was borne in y^e yere of our
 Horde ix. honored & xxv. that tyme regnyng in this londe
 Kinge Athelston, * * *

"When it so was that Saynt Dunstan was wery of
 prayer than used he to worke in goldsmithes werke with his
 owne handes for to eschewe ydelnes."

Golden Legend.

ST. DUNSTAN stood in his ivied tower,
 Alembic, crucible, all were there;
 When in came Nick to play him a trick,
 In guise of a damsel passing fair.
 Every one knows
 How the story goes:
 He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.
 But I beg that you won't for a moment suppose
 That I mean to go through, in detail, to you
 A story at least as trite as it's true;
 Nor do I intend
 An instant to spend
 On the tale, how he treated his monarch and friend,
 When, bolting away to a chamber remote,
 Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,
 Edwy left them all joking,
 And drinking, and smoking.
 So tipally grand, they'd stand nonsense from no King,
 But sent the Archbishop
 Their Sovereign to fish up,
 With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps,
 Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.

You must not be plagued with the same story twice,
 And perhaps have seen this one, by W. DYCK,
 At the Royal Academy, very well done,
 And mark'd in the catalogue Four, seven, one.

You might there view the Saint, who in sable array'd is,
 Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies;
 His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,
 His left shews the door, and he seems to say, "Sir King,
 Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking!
 Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn,
 Or, by Jingo,* ere morning, no longer alive, a
 Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva!"

No farther to treat
 Of this ungallant feat,
 What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint
 One particular fact in the life of the Saint,
 Which somehow, for want of due care, I presume,
 Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume,
 In recounting a miracle, both of them men, who a
 Great deal fall short of Jacques Bishop of Genoa,
 An Historian who likes deeds like these to record—
 See his *Aurea Legenda*, by ~~W. Perkyn~~ *de Werve*.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,
 Alembic, crucible, all complete;
 He had been standing a good half hour,
 And now he utter'd the words of power,
 And call'd to his broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power!—and what be they
 To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey!—
 Why,—'twere uncommonly hard to say,
 As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,

* St. Jingo, or Gengo (Gengulphus), sometimes styled "The Living Jingo," from the great tenaciousness of vitality exhibited by his severed members. See his Legend, as recorded hereafter in the present volume.

What they may be,
 But I know they are three,
 And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them:
 For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical
 Word, written thus, in what they call "a Pentacle."



However that be,
 You 'll doubtless agree
 It signifies little to you or to me,
 As not being dabblers in Grammarye;
 Still, it must be confess'd, for a Saint to repeat
 Such language aloud is scarcely discreet;
 For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,
 "A bird of the air may carry the matter;"
 And in sooth,
 From my youth
 I remember a truth
 Insisted on much in my earlier years,
 To wit, "Little Pitchers have very long ears!"
 Now, just such a "Pitcher" as those I allude to
 Was outside the door, which his "ears" appeared glued to.

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
 Five feet one in his sandal shoon,
 While the saint thought him sleeping
 Was listening and peeping,
 And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had pick'd out from his fellows,
 To look to his fire, and to blow with the bellows,
 To put on the Wall's-Ends and Lambtons whenever he
 Chose to indulge in a little *orfeverie*;

—Of course you have read,

That St. Dunstan was bred

A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade!
 The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—
 Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head;

Nor is it so long

Since a capital song

In his praise—now recorded their archives among—
 Delighted the noble and dignified throng
 Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,
 With cheers "pledged the wine-cup to Dunstan's renown,"
 When Lord Lyndhurst, THE Duke, and Sir Robert, were dining
 At the Hall some time since with the Prime Warden Twin-
 ing.—

—I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes
 One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes—
 A slight deviation's forgiven! but then this is
 Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,
 So I'll rein up my Pegasus sharp, and retreat, or
 You'll think I've forgotten the Lay brother Peter,

Whom the Saint, as I said,
 Kept to turn down his bed,
 Dress his palfreys and cobs,
 And do other odd jobs,—
 As reducing to writing
 Whatever he might, in

The course of the day or the night, be inditing.
 And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting;

*

Performing, in short, all those duties and offices
Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here
You'll perhaps think it queer
That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,
When he'd only to say
Those words,—be what they may,—
And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey,—
That's true but the fact is
'Twas rarely his practice
Such aid to resort to, or such means apply,
Unless he'd some "dignified knot" to untie,
Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he'd reversed it,
Old Horace's maxim "*Nec Broomstick intersit.*"—
—Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Heard all the Saint was saying within ;
Peter, the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,
Peep'd through the key-hole, and—what saw he there!—
Why, — A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A BUSH-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

What Shakspeare observes in his play of King John,
Is undoubtedly right,
That "ofttimes the sight
Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done."
Here's Peter, the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,
A good sort of man, only rather too eager
To listen to what other people are saying,
When he ought to be minding his business or praying,
Gets into a scrape,—and an awkward one too,—
As you'll find, if you've patience enough to go through
The whole of the story
I'm laying before ye,—
Entirely from having "the means" in his view
Of doing a thing which he ought not to do!

Still rings in his ear,
Distinct and clear,

Abracadabra! that word of fear
 And the two which I never yet happen'd to hear.
 Still doth he spy,
 With Fancy's eye,
 The Broomstick at work, and the Saint standing by;
 And he chuckles, and says to himself with glee,
 "Aha! that Broomstick shall work for *me*!"

 Hark!—that swell
 O'er flood and o'er fell,
 Mountain, and dingle, and moss-covered dell!
 List!—'tis the sound of the Compline bell,
 And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivied cell;
 Peter, I wot,
 Is off like a shot,
 Or a little dog scalded by something that's hot,
 For he hears his Master approaching the spot
 Where he'd listened so long, though he knew he ought not
 Peter remember'd his Master's frown—
 He trembled—he'd not have been caught for a crown;
 Howe'er you may laugh,
 He had rather, by half,
 Have run up to the top of the tower and jump'd down.
 * * * * *

The Compline hour is past and gone,
 Evening service is over and done;
 The monks repair
 To their frugal fare,
 A snug little supper of something light
 And digestible, ere they retire for the night.
 For in Saxon times, in respect to their cheer,
 St. Austin's Rule was by no means severe,
 But allowed, from the Beverley Roll 'twould appear,
 Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table-beer
 And even green peas, when they were not too dear;
 Not like the rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is
 Said to consist in its greater austerities;
 And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,

Ne'er are suffer'd to speak,
 Think only in Greek,
 And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws
 Astonish'd I am
 The gay Baron Geramb,
 With his head sav'ring more of the Lion than Lamb,
 Could e'er be persuaded to join such a set—I
 Extend the remark to Signor Ambrogetti.—
 For a monk of La Trappe is as thin as a rat,
 While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat;
 Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,
 With as good table-beer as ever was brew'd,
 Was all "caviare to the multitude,"
 Extending alone to the clergy, together in
 Hall assembled,—and not to Lay-brethren.
 St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,
 On what they say is
 Called a Dais,
 O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,
 And eating poach'd eggs with spinach and toast;
 Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,
 But where is the sixth?—Where's Peter!—Ay, WHERE?

'Tis an evening in June,
 And a little half moon,
 A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on,
 Gleaming and beaming,
 And dancing the stream in,
 Has made her appearance above the horizon;
 Just such a half moon as you see, in a play,
 On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,
 Or the fair Turk who weds with the "Noble Lord Bateman;"
 —*Vide* plate in George Cruickshank's memoirs of that great
 man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,
 A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,
 And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone.

Such a tower as a poet of no mean *calibre*
 I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,
 Assigns to oblivion*—a den for a She bear;

Within it are found,
 Strew'd above and around,

On the hearth, on the table, the shelves, and the ground,
 All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,
 To name which, and their uses, would puzzle the Schools
 And make very wise people look very like fools;

Pincers and hooks,
 And black-letter books,

All sorts of pokers, and all sorts of tongs,
 And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs
 To Goldsmith's work, chemistry, alchymy,—all,

In short that a Sage,
 In that erudite age,

Could require, was at hand, or at least within call.
 In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick!—and there
 A lay-brother sits in a rush-bottom'd chair!

Abracadabra, that fearful word,
 And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,

Are utter'd.—'Tis done!
 Peter, full of his fun,

Cries, "Broomstick! you lubberly son of a gun!
 Bring ale!—bring a flagon—a hogshead—a tun!

'Tis the same thing to you;
 I have nothing to do;

'And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue.

No doubt you've remark'd how uncommonly quick
 A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,
 Brings it back to his master, and gives it him—Well,

So potent the spell,

The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,

* And cold oblivion, midst the ruin laid,
 Folds her dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

So ran off like that puppy ;—some cellar was near,
 For in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer !
 Peter seizes the flagon ; but ere he can suck
 Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,
 The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck ;

Continues to run

At the rate it begun,

And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun !
 A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,
 Discomfiting much the astounded Lay-brother ;
 Who, had he possess'd fifty pitchers or stoups,
 They all had been too few ; for, arranging in groups
 The barrels, the Broomstick next *started the hoops* ;

The ale deluged the floor,

But, still, through the door,

Said Broomstick kept bolting, and bringing in more.

E'en Macbeth to Macduff

Would have cried "Hold ! enough !"

If half as well drench'd with such "perilous stuff,"

And, Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,

Cried lustily, "Stop !—That will do, Broomstick !—*Sufficeit !*"

But ah, well-a-day !

The Devil, they say,

'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.

Again and again

Peter roar'd out in vain

His Abracadabra, and t' other words twain :—

As well might one try

A pack in full cry

To check, and call off from their headlong career,

By bawling out "Yoicks !" with one's hand at one's ear.

The longer he roar'd and the louder and quicker,

The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew

Not on earth what to do—

He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two—

Worse and worse!—Like a dart
 Each part made a start,
 And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,
 For *both* now came loaded with Meux's entire;
 Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's—no stopping—
 Goding's, Charenton's, Whitbread's continue to drop in,
 With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.
 The firms differ'd then, but I can't put a tax on
 My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.
 To be sure the best beer
 Of all did not appear
 For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year
 The "Trinity Audit Ale" is not come-at-able,
 —As I've found to my great grief when dining at that table

Now extremely alarm'd, Peter scream'd without ceasing,
 For a flood of brown-stout he was up to his knees in,
 Which, thanks to the Broomstick, continued increasing;
 He fear'd he'd be drown'd,
 And he yell'd till the sound
 Of his voice, wing'd by terror, at last reach'd the ear
 Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finish'd *his* beer,
 And had put off his mitre, dalmatic, and shoes,
 And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter;
 He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.
 Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,
 He issued forthwith from his *Sanctum sanctorum*,
 And calling a few of the lay-brothers near him,
 Who were not yet in bed, and who happen'd to hear him,
 At once led the way,
 Without farther delay,
 To the tower where he'd been in the course of the day.
 Poor Peter!—alas! though St. Dunstan was quick,
 There were two there before him—Grim Death, and Old
 Nick!—

When they open'd the door out the malt-liquor flow'd,
 Just as when the great Vat burst in Tot'n'am Court Road;
 The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks
 In an instant, and swimming in strong double X;
 While Peter, who, spite of himself now had drank hard,
 After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,
 To the bottom had sunk,
 And was spied by a monk,
 Stone-dead, like poor Clarence, half drown'd and half drunk.

In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim, "*Vade retro
 Strongbeerum!*—*discede a Lay-fratre Petro!*"

Queer Latin, you'll say,
 That præfix of "*Lay*,"

And *Strongbeerum!*—I own they'd have call'd me a block
 head if

At school I had ventured to use such a Vocative
 'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query
 If you'll find it in Patrick, Morell, or Moreri;
 But, the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,
 And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried;
 The Brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,
 Quite as well as if talk'd to, in Latin much better,

By a grave Cambridge Johnian,
 Or graver Oxonian,

Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian.
 It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry;
 But, in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,
 And other means used by the faculty try.

When once a man's dead

There's no more to be said;

Peter's "Beer with an *e*" was his "Bier with an *i*!"

Moral.

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in
 The following maxims:—Beware of eaves-dropping!—
 Don't make use of language that isn't well scann'd!—
 Don't meddle with matters you don't understand!—

Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes
Is,—Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three XXXa.

I'Entoye.

In Goldsmith's Hall there's a handsome glass-case,
And in it a stone figure, found on the place,
When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one.
They pull'd it all down, and erected the present one.
If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists
A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.
It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature;
But it is not St. Dunstan,—so doubtless it's Peter.

Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country, "Jingo," was perhaps more in the mouths of the "general" than any other Saint, on occasions of adjuration (see note, page 216). Mr. Simpkinson from Bath had kindly transmitted me a portion of a primitive ballad, which has escaped the researches of Ritson and Ellis, but is yet replete with beauties of no common order. I am happy to say that, since these *Legenda* first appeared, I have recovered the whole of it.—*Vide infra*.

'A Franklyn's dogge leped ober a stile,
And hys name was litel Bynge
B with a B—B wpyh an N,—
N wpyh a G—G wpyh an O,—
They call'd him litte Bynge!
Oys Franklyn, Spys, he brewed goode aple,
And he call'd it Ware goode Stynge
S, G, B, N, G, O!
He call'd it Ware goode Stynge!
Nowe is notte thys a pretty song?
I thinke it is hys Bynge!
I wpythe a B—N, G, O—
I sweare yt is by Bynge!"

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

"Non multò post, Gengulphus, in domo suâ dormiens, occisus est à quodam clerico qui cum uxore suâ adulterare solebat. Cujus corpus dum, in fereto, in sepulturam portaretur, multi infirmi de tactu sanati sunt."

"Cum hoc illius uxori referretur ab ancillâ sua, scilicet dominum suum, quam martyrem sanctum, miracula facere, irridens illa, et subaurans, ait, 'Ita Gengulphus miracula faciat ut pulvinarium meum cantat,' &c. &c.

WOLFH MEMORAB.

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,
With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon;
Full many a day hath he been away,
Yet his lady deems him return'd full soon.

Full many a day hath he been away,
Yet scarcee had he crossed ayont the sea,
Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk
Had called on his Lady, and stopp'd to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,
Stay'd with that Lady, her revels to crown;
They laugh'd, and they ate and they drank of the best,
And they turn'd the old castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,
With that frolicksome Lady so frank and free,
Trying balls and plays, and all manner of ways,
To get rid of what French people call *Ennui*.

* * * * *

Now the festive board with viands is stored,
 Savoury dishes be there, I ween,
 Rich puddings and big, and a barbecued pig,
 And oxtail soup in a China tureen.

There's a flagon of ale as large as a pail—
 When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,
 While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking
 Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land!

"You must be pretty deep to catch weazels asleep,"
 Says the proverb: that is "take the Fair unawares;"
 A maid o'er the bannisters chancing to peep,
 Whispers, "Ma'am, here's Gengulphus a-coming upstairs."

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,
 With the flagon, pop under the sofa in haste,
 And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,
 As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh! what rapture, what joy was exprest,
 When "poor dear Gengulphus" at last appear'd!
 She kiss'd and she press'd "the dear man" to her breast,
 In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing! 'twas almost unpleasing,
 A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;*
 She was so very glad, that she seem'd half mad,
 And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid and the table-cloth's laid,
 And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout;
 On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton chops,
 And she mixes a stiff glass of "Cold Without."

Then again she began at the "poor dear" man;
 She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,
 And she brought a foot-pan, with hot water and bran,
 To comfort his "poor dear," travel-worn feet.

* *Ενι δακρυσι γελᾶσα.*—HOM.

"Nor night nor day since he'd been away,
 Had she had any rest" she "vow'd and declared."
 She "never could eat one morsel of meat,
 For thinking how 'poor dear' Gengulphus fared."

She "really did think she had not slept a wink
 Since he left her, although he'd been absent so long."
 He here shook his head,—right little he said,
 But he thought she was "coming it rather too strong."

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,
 Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,
 His weaken'd body, subdued by the toddy,
 Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log.

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair;
 He lifts up the legs, and she lifts up the head,
 And, between them, this most reprehensible pair
 Undress poor Gengulphus, and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,
 And his night-cap into his mouth they cram;
 And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,
 Till the "poor dear soul" goes off like a lamb.

* * * * *

And now they tried the deed to hide;
 For a little bird whisper'd, "Perchance you may swing;
 Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
 And a Medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing!"

So the Clerk and the wife, they each took a knife,
 And the nippers that nipp'd the loaf-sugar for tea;
 With the edges and points they sever'd the joints
 At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

Thus, limb from limb, they dismember'd him
 So entirely, that e'en when they came to his wrists,
 With those great sugar-nippers they nipp'd off his "flippers,"
 As the Clerk, very flippantly, term'd his fists.

When they 'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread
 Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,
 They determined to throw it where no one could know it,
 Down the well,—and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,
 And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,
 With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion
 That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contriv'd to pack up the trunk in a sack,
 Which they hid in an oier-bed outside the town,
 The Clerk bearing arms, legs, and all on his back,
 As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,
 And that in a manner the least expected!
 Who could surmise a man ever could rise
 Who'd been thus carbonado'd, out up, and dissected!

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's;
 I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—
 But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes
 If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos and Chinese,
 Or a Mussulman making his heathen *salaam*, or
 A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work
 When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

* * * * *

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,
 Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and
 urges his

Wish to receive a snug party to dine
 Of the resident clergy, the gentry, and burghesses

At a quarter past five they are all alive,
 At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in;
 And to every guest his card had express'd
 "Half past" as the hour for "a greasy chin."

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated
With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock ;
When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,
Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,
But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,
Ere Gengulphus's head, from the well's bottom, said
In mild accents, "Do help us out, that's a good girl!"

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head
In her bucket ;—with fright she was ready to drop :—
Conceive, if you can, how she roar'd and she ran,
With the head rolling after her bawling out "Stop!"

She ran and she roar'd, till she came to the board
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll
At her heels, on the table bounced up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,
As a well spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,
Straight a right leg steps in, all impediment scorns,
And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping
Behind,—for the left leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng,
While two hands assist, though nipp'd off at the wrist,
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,
For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,
As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,
Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
 Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene;
 Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side
 With the dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might at so novel a sight:
 No one utter'd a whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,
 But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright;
 And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,
 As he view'd the whole thrity, in jocular terms
 Said, "They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*
 Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

But what should they do!—Oh! nobody knew
 What was best to be done, either stranger or resident;
 The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through
 In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop mutter'd a curse, and a prayer,
 Which his double capacity hit to a nicety;
 His Princely, or Lay, half induced him to swear,
 His Episcopal moiety said "*Benedicite!*"

The Coroner sat on the body that night,
 And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour,—
 "That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to
 light—
 Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber."

They sent out Von Täinsend, Von Büرنie, Von Roe,
 Von Maine, and Von Rowantz—through chalets and cha-
 teaux,
 Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,
 And they stuck up placards on the walls of the *Stadthaus*.

"MURDER!!

WHEREAS, a dead Gentleman, surname unknown,
Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,
Rather shabbily drest in an Amice, or gown
In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket;

"And WHEREAS, there's great reason indeed to suspect
That some ill-disposed person, or persons, with malice
Aforethought, have kill'd, and begun to dissect
The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace;

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE!—Whoever shall seize,
And such person, or persons, to justice surrender,
Shall receive—such REWARD—as his Highness shall please,
On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

"And, in order the matter more clearly to trace
To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Biahop, further,
Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace
To all such as have *not* been concern'd in the murther.

"Done this day, at our palace,—July twenty-five,—
By Command,
(Signed)

Johann Von Rüssell.

Deceased rather in years—had a squint when alive;
And smells slightly of gin—linen mark'd with a G."

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,
Though a different version each managed to dish up;
Some said "the Prince Bishop had run a man through,"
Others said "an assassin had kill'd the Prince Bishop."

The "Ghent Herald" fell foul of the "Bruxelles Gazette,"
The "Bruxelles Gazette," with much sneering ironical,
Scorn'd to remain in the "Ghent Herald's" debt,
And the "Amsterdam Times" quizz'd the "Nuremberg
Chronicle."

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,
 Spite of "politics," "bias," or "party collision ;"
 Viz : to "give," when they'd "further accounts" of the deed,
 "Full particulars" soon, in "a later Edition."

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,
 Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiff,
 Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began
 To think it high time to "astonish the natives."

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,
 And supposed the most short-sighted woman in Holland,
 Found greater relief, to her joy and surprise,
 From one glimpse of his "squin" than from glasses by Dol
 lond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose,
 Meagrima, headache, and vapours were put to the rout ;
 And one single touch of his precious Great Toes
 Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatica,—sciatica,—tic-douloureux !
 Apply to his shin-bones—not one of them lingers ;—
 All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew,
 If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his thumbs ;
 When applied to the chest, they cured scantness of breathing,
 Sea-sickness, and colic ; or, rubb'd on the gums,
 Were "A blessing to Mothers," for infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his neck,
 Where the mark remain'd visible still of the knife,
 Notwithstanding east winds perspiration might check,
 Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute, and each chronic complaint
 Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,
 They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,
 So they lock'd him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown
As a first-rate physician kept daily increasing,
Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,
It seem'd as if "Wonders had never *done ceasing*."

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,
A sad falling off in their off'rings to find,
His feats were so many—still the greatest of any,—
In every sense of the word was—behind ;

For the German Police were beginning to cease
From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd
When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,
Unravell'd the whole by the help of—his beard !

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,
When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,
Had been stuff'd in the seat of a kind of settee,
Or double arm'd chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange
Itself in its place when the limbs join'd together ;
Perhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,
And constructed of good, strong, maroon-colour'd leather

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,
For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,
It should rest there, to aid some particular views,
Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, on the very first day
That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,
What occur'd almost frighten'd her senses away,
Beside scaring her handmaidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds
Of the new Saint, to whom all the Town said their orisons.
And especially how, as regards invalids,
His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

"The cripples," said they, "fling their crutches away,
 And people born blind now can easily see us!"—
 But she, (we presume, a disciple of Hume,)
 Shook her head, and said angrily, "*Credat Judarus!*"

"Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,
 To bring grist to their mill these devices have hit on.—
 He work miracles!—pooh!—I'd believe it of you
 Just as soon, you great Geese,—or the Chair that I sit on!"

The Chair,—at that word—it seems really absurd,
 But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins
 Distorted her face!—She sprang up from her place
 Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins!

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard
 Which she utter'd, of what was beneath her forgetful,
 Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,
 Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful.

That stout maroon leather, they pierced altogether,
 Like tenter-hooks holding when clench'd from within,
 And the maids cried "Good gracious! how very tenacious!"
 —They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin!—

She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain:
 In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—
 The cushion stuck fast!—From that hour to her last
 She could never get rid of that comfortless "*Bustle!*"

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death
 Of his King, heard "the very stones prate of *h* where
 abouts;"
 So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life
 Crying "Murder!" resound from the cushion,—or *where*
 abouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark
 As to what his fate was ; but I cannot imagine he
 Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be
 Both by Ribadaneira and Jacques de Voragine :

For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,
 And "History's Muse," still to prove it her pen holds,
 As you'll see, if you look in a rather scarce book,
 "*God's Revenge against Murder*," by one Mr. Reynolda

MORAL.

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,
 Like Ulysses of old,* (*vide* Homer and Naso,)
 Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day !
 And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so !

And you, learned Clerks, who're *not* given to roam,
 Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum ;
 Don't visit a house when the master's from home !
 Shun drinking,—and study the "*Vitæ Sanctorum* !"

Above all, you gay ladies, who fancy neglect
 In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail
 But remember Gengulphus's wife !—and reflect
 On the moral enforced by our terrible tale !

* Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE has laid claim to the next Saint as a countrywoman; and "Why wouldn't he!" when all the world knows the O'Dells were a fine coud, ancient family, sated in Tipperary

"Ere the Lord Mayor stole his collar of gowld,
And sould it away to a trader!" *

He is manifestly wrong; but, as he very rationally observes, "No matter for that—she's a Saint any way!"

* The "Inglorious Memory" of this coud ancient transaction is still, we understand, kept up in Dublin by an annual proclamation at one of the city gates. The jewel, which has replaced the abstracted ornament, is said to have been presented by King William, and worn by Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

ODILLE was a maid of a dignified race;
Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace;

Such an air, such a grace,
Such a form, such a face,

All agreed, 'twere a fruitless endeavour to trace
In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.
Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still
They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout, and, before she was nine,
Had "experienced a call" she consider'd divine,
To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.—
Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine
Came to seek her in marriage from both sides the Rhine.

But vain their design,
They are all left to pine,

Their oglings and smiles are all useless; in fine
Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,
Can draw "Ask my papa" from the cruel Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Herman,
A highly respectable man as a German,
Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a Merman,
Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman
Would soon make her bend,
And induce her to lend

An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.
He gain'd the old Count, who said, "Come, Mynheer, fill!—
Here's luck to yourself and my daughter Odille!"

The Lady Odille was quite nervous with fear
 When a little bird whispered that toast in her ear ;
 She murmur'd "Oh, dear !
 My Papa has got queer,
 I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer !
 He's so very austere, and severe, that it's clear
 If he gets in his 'tantrums,' I can't remain here ;
 But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near ;
 It were folly to stay,
 Pour prendre congé,
 I shall put on my bonnet, and e'en run away !"
 —She unlock'd the back door and descended the hill,
 On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.

—When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace
 At first turned remarkably red in the face ;
 He anathematized, with much unction and grace,
 Every soul who came near, and consign'd the whole race
 Of runaway girls to a very warm place ;
 With a frightful grimace
 He gave orders for chase ;
 His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,
 And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,
 Aak'd, "Pray have you seen anything of Odille !"

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting man,—
 That the "knowing-ones" call this by far the best plan,
 "Take the lead and then keep it!"—that is if you can.—
 Odille thought so, too, as she set off and ran,
 Put her best leg before,
 Starting at score,
 As I said some lines since, from that little back door.
 And not being miss'd until half after four,
 Had what hunters call "law" for a good hour and more ;
 Doing her best,
 Without stopping to rest,
 Like "young Lochinvar who came out of the West."

"'Tis done!—I am gone!—over briar, brook, and rill!
They 'll be sharp lads who catch me!" said young Miss Odille.

But you 've all read in *Æsop*, or *Phædrus*, or *Gay*,
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day;

How the hare, making play,
"Progress'd right slick away,"

As "them tarnation chaps" the Americans say;
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*
For racing, crawl'd straight on, without let or stay,
Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,

Till, ere noon's ruddy ray

Changed to eve's sober grey,

Though her form and obesity caused some delay,
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,
And she chased her fleet-footed "prayercursor" until
She o'ertook her at last;—so it fared with Odille!

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,
And show'd no inclination to pause, if she durst;
She at length felt opprest with the heat, and with thirst,
Its usual attendant; nor was that the worst,
Her shoes went down at heel; at last one of them burst.

Now a gentleman smiles

At a trot of ten miles;

But not so the Fair; then consider the stiles,
And as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill
Round the ankle, these stiles sadly bother'd Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,
She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack
In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,
Till she reach'd the Swartz Forest (in English the Black);

I cannot divine

How the boundary line

Was pass'd which is somewhere there form'd by the Rhine—

Perhaps she'd the knack

To float o'er on her back—

Or, perhaps, cross'd the old bridge of boats at Brisach,
 (Which Vauban, some years after, secured from attack
 By a bastion of stone which the Germans call "Wacke,")
 All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,
 Till, hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,
 On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on its "brow," but I should have said "crown,"
 For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren, and brown,
 And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down
 Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,
 That lay at its foot; but imagine the frown
 That contracted her brow, when full many a clown
 She perceived coming up from that horrid post-town.

They had follow'd her trail,
 And now thought without fail,

As little boys say, to "lay salt on her tail;"
 While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,
 Swore that Herman that evening should marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille! poor dear! what could she do!
 Her father's retainers now had her in view,
 As she found from their raising a joyous halloo;
 While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,
 In their snuff-colour'd doublets and breeches of blue,
 Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue—

What, indeed, *could* she do!

She very well knew

If they caught her how much she would have to go through;
 But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!
 And to go further on was impossible;—true
 She might jump o'er the precipice;—still there are few,
 In her place, who could manage their courage to screw
 Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu:—
 Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew;
 No Nassau balloon, with its wicker canoe,
 Came to bear her from him she loath'd worse than a Jew;
 So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,

Crying "Holy St. Ermengarde!

Oh, from these vermin guard

Her whose last hope rests entirely on you;—

Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint!—rather kil

At once, *sur le champ*, your devoted Odille!"

It's delightful to see those who strive to oppress

Get baulk'd when they think themselves sure of success.

The Saint came to the rescue!—I fairly confess

I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less

Than to get such a votary out of her mess.

Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address

When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,

Closed again, and secured her, within its recess,

In a natural grotto,

Which puzzled Count Otto,

Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.

'Twas her voice!—but 'twas *Vox et præterea Nil*!

Nor could any one guess what was gone with Odille!

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite

Eclipsed in its brilliance, the finest Bude light,

And there stood St. Ermengarde, drest all in white,

A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right;

While, with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnish'd bright,

A great many little boys' heads took their flight

Above and around to a very great height,

And seem'd pretty lively considering their plight,

Since every one saw,

With amazement and awe,

They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*—

All at the sight,

From the knave to the knight,

Felt a very unpleasant sensation, call'd fright;

While the Saint, looking down,

With a terrible frown,

Said, "My Lords, you are done most remarkably brown!—

I am really asham'd of you both;—my nerves thrill

At your scandalous conduct to poor dear Odille;

"Come, make yourselves scarce!—it is useless to stay,
 You will gain nothing here by a longer delay.
 'Quick! Presto! Begone!' as the conjurors say;
 For as to the Lady, I've stow'd her away
 In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay;
 And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day
 Till you faithfully promise no more to say 'Nay,'
 But declare, 'If she will be a nun, why she may.'
 For this you've my word, and I never yet broke it,
 So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it!—
 One hint to your vassals,—a month at 'the Mill'
 Shall be nuts to what they'll get who worry Odille!"
 The Saint disappear'd as she ended, and so
 Did the little boys' heads, which, above and below,
 As I told you a very few stanzas ago,
 Had been flying about her, and jumping Jim Crow;
 Though, without any body, or leg, foot, or toe,
 How they managed such antics, I really don't know;
 Be that as it may, they all "melted like snow
 Off a dyke," as the Scotch say in sweet Edinbro'.

And there stood the Count
 With his men, on the mount,
 Just like "twenty-four jackasses all on a row."
 What was best to be done!—'twas a sad bitter pill—
 But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore alter'd his plan,
 And said to himself, like a sensible man,
 "I can't do as I would,—I must do as I can;
 It will not do to lie under any Saint's ban,
 For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan;
 So Count Herman must pick up some Betsy or Nan,
 Instead of my girl,—some Sue, Polly, or Fan;—
 If he can't get the corn he must do with the bran,
 And make shift with the pot if he can't have the pan."

With such proverbs as these
 He went down on his knees,
 And said, "Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please—

They shall build a new convent,—I'll pay the whole bill,
(Taking discount,)—its Abbess shall be my Odille!"

There are some of my readers, I'll venture to say,
Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,
And others, 'tis likely may go there some day.
Now, if ever you happen to travel that way,
I do beg and pray,—'twill your pains well repay,—
That you'll take what the Cockney folks call a 'po-shay,
(Though in Germany these things are more like a dray,)
You may reach this same hill with a single relay,—

And do look how the rock,
Through the whole of its block,
Is split open, as though by some violent shock
From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock
From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock
Of a Germanized giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok:

And see how it rears
Its two monstrous great ears,
For when once you're between them such each side appears;
And list to the sound of the water one hears
Drip, drip, from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears,
—Odille's, I believe,—which have flowed all these years:
—I think they account for them so;—but the rill
I am sure is connected some way with Odille.

MORAL.

Now then, for a moral, which always arrives
At the end, like the honey bees take to their hives,
And the more one observes it the better one thrives.—
We have all heard it said in the course of our lives
"Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives,"
'Tis the same with a lady,—if once she contrives
To get hold of the ribands, how vainly one strives
To escape from her lash, or to shake off her gyves!
Then let's act like Count Otto, and while one survives,
Succumb to *our* She-Saints—videlicet wives!

(*Aside.*)

That is if one has not a "good bunch of fives."—
(I can't think how that last line escaped from my quill,
For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odilla.)

Now young ladies, to you!—

Don't put on the shrew!

And don't be surprised if your father looks blue
When you're pert, and won't act as he wants you to do!
Be sure that you never elope;—there are few,—
Believe me, you'll find what I say to be true,—
Who run restive, but find as they bake they must brew,
And come off at the last with "a hole in their shoe;"
Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,
Can produce enough saints to save *every* Odille.

"Nicholas, *επίσκοπος* of *ἡ πόλις** of *Πανκράτιος*, was borne of
εὐφροσύνη and *βοήθη* *ἡ* *κυνε*.

And *ἡ* *πατήρ* was named *Ἐπιφάνιος*, and *ἡ* *μητέρα* *Ἰωάννη*."

He was born on a cold frosty morning, on the 6th of December, (upon which day his feast is still observed,) but in what *anno Domini* is not so clear; his baptismal register, together with that of his friend and colleague, St. Thomas at Hill, having been "lost in the great fire of London."

St. Nicholas was a great patron of Mariners, and, saving your presence—of Thieves also, which honorable fraternity have long rejoiced in the appellation of his "Clerks." Cervantes's story of Sancho's detecting a sum of money in a swindler's walking-stick, is merely the Spanish version of a "Lay of St. Nicholas," extant "in choice Italian" a century before honest Miguel was born.

* *Parish*?

A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

"Sattim sacerdoti apparuit diabolus in specie puellæ pulchritudinis miræ, et ecce Divus, fide catholicâ, et cruce, et aquâ benedictâ armatus venit, et aspersit aquam in nomine Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, quam, quasi ardentem, diabolus, nequaquam sustinere valens, mugitibus fugit."

ROGER HOOVER.

"LORD ABBOT! Lord Abbot! I'd fain confess;
I am a-weary, and worn with woe;
Many a grief doth my heart oppress,
And haunt me whithersoever I go!"

On bended knee spake the beautiful Maid;
"Now lithe and listen, Lord Abbot to me!"—
"Now naye, Fair Daughter," the Lord Abbot said,
"Now naye, in sooth it may hard'y be;

"There is Mess Michael, and holy Mess John,
Sage Penitauncers I ween be they!
And hard by doth dwell, in St. Catherine's cell,
Ambrose, the anchorite old and grey!"

"—Oh, I will have none of Ambrose or John,
Though sage Penitauncers I trow they be;
Shrive me may none save the Abbot alone,
Now listen, Lord Abbot, I speak to thee.

"Nor think foul scorn, though mitre adorn
Thy brow, to listen to shrift of mine!
I am a Maiden royally born,
And I come of old Plantagenet's line.

"Though hither I stray, in lowly array,
I am a damsel of high degree;
And the Comte of Eu, and the Lord of Ponthieu,
They serve my father on bended knee!

"Counts a many, and Dukes a few,
A suitoring came to my father's Hall;
But the Duke of Lorraine, with his large domain,
He pleased my father beyond them all.

"Dukes a many, and Counts a few,
I would have wedded right cheerfullie;
But the Duke of Lorraine was uncommonly plain,
And I vow'd that he ne'er should my bridegroom be!

"So hither I fly, in lowly guise,
From their gilded domes and their princely halls;
Fain would I dwell in some holy cell,
Or within some Convent's peaceful walls!"

—Then out and spake that proud Lord Abbot,
"Now rest thee, Fair Daughter, withouten fear;
Nor Count nor Duke but shall meet the rebuke
Of Holy Church an he seek thee here:

"Holy Church denieth all search
Midst her sanctified ewes and her saintly rams;
And the wolves doth mock who would scathe her flock,
Or, especially, worry her little pet lamba.

"Then lay, Fair Daughter, thy fears aside,
For here this day shalt thou dine with me!"—
"Now naye, now naye," the fair maiden cried;
"In sooth, Lord Abbot, that scarce may be!

"Friends would whisper, and foes would frown,
Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree,
And ill mote it match with thy fair renown
That a wandering damsel dine with thee!

There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
 With beans and lettuces fair to see;
 His lenten fare now let me share,
 I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie!"

—"Though Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
 To our patron Saint foul shame it were
 Should wayworn guest, with toil oppress'd,
 Meet in his abbey such churlish fare.

"There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
 And Roger the Monk shall our convives be;
 Small scandal I ween shall then be seen;
 They are a goodly companie!"

The Abbot hath donn'd his mitre and ring,
 His rich dalmatic, and maniple fine;
 And the choristers sing, as the lay-brothers bring
 To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine, they are done to a nicety;
 Liver, and gizzard, and 'l are there;
 No'er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*
 Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave he, no *Pater* or *Ave*
 Pronounced, as he gazed on that maiden's face:
 She ask'd him for stuffing, she ask'd him for gravy
 She ask'd him for gizzard;—but not for Grace!

Yet gaily the Lord Abbot smiled, and press'd,
 And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup fill'd;
 And he help'd his guest to a bit of the breast,
 And he sent the drumsticks down to be grill'd.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,
 Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright;
 And aye, as he drain'd off his cup with a smack,
 He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as Lady ought not to drink;
And he press'd her hand 'neath the table thrice,
And he wink'd as Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
Sat each with a napkin under his chin;
But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed and they tuck'd him in!

The lay-brothers gazed on each other, amazed;
And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,
As he peep'd through the key-hole, could scarce fancy real
The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—
He could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about "Cole," and "jolly old Soul,"
And "Fiddlers," and "Punch," and things quite as profane.

Even Porter Paul, at the sound of such revelling,
With fervour himself began to bless;
For he thought he must somehow have let the Devil in,—
And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

The Accusing Buyers * "flew up to Heaven's Chancery,"
Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern;
The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he
Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne).

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
When, after a lapse of a great many years,
They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
And blotted the fine out again with their tears!

* The Prince of Peripatetic Informers, and terror of Stage Coachmen,
when such things were. Alack! alack! the Railroads have ruined his
"vested interest."

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint!
His senses at first were well-nigh gone;
The beatified Saint was ready to faint
When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on!

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen
There before, from the time that most excellent Prince
Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other Commanders,
Had built and endowed it some centuries since.

—But hark!—'tis a sound from the outermost gate!
A startling sound from a powerful blow.—
Who knocks so late!—it is half after eight
By the clock,—and the clock's five minutes too slow.

Never, perhaps, had such loud double raps
Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before;
All agreed "it was shocking to keep people knocking,"
But none seem'd inclined to "answer the door."

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,
And the gate on its hinges wide open flew;
And all were aware of a Palmer there,
With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown
By toil and time on his brow were traced;
And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,
And his rosary dangled below his waist.

Now seldom, I ween, is such costume seen,
Except at a stage-play or masquerade;
But who doth not know it was rather the go
With Pilgrims and Saints in the second Crusade!

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide
Across that oaken floor;
And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump
Against the Refectory door!

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view
The Lord Abbot they all mote see;
In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up,
“Here’s the Pope’s good health with three!”

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,
“Huzza! huzza! huzza!”
And one of the party said, “Go it, my hearty!”
Wæen outspake the Pilgrim grey—

“A boon, Lord Abbot! a boon! a boon!
Worn is my foot and empty my scrip;
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath passed my lip.

“And I am come from a far countree,
And have visited many a holy shrine;
And long have I trod the sacred sod
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine!”

“An thou art come from a far countree,
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.

“Arede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,
And a cup o’ the best shall thy guerdon be!”

“Oh! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight;
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I see this night!

“To see a Lord Abbot, in rochet and stole,
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle!—
O’er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,
And hob-nobbing away with a Devil from Hell!”



He felt in his gown of ginger brown,
And he pull'd out a flask from beneath;
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,
But he drew it at last with his teeth.

O'er a pint and a quarter of holy water
He made the sacred sign;
And he dash'd the whole on the *soi-disant* daughter
Of old Plantagenet's line!

Oh! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,
With a wild unearthly scream;
And fizz'd, and hiss'd, and produced such a mist,
They were all half-choked by the steam.

Her dove-like eyes turn'd to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,
Her hands to paws, with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in, and her tail came out.

On her chin there appear'd a long Nanny-goat's beard,
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell;
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs
'Twas a frightful Fiend from the nethermost Hell!

The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,
His hat and his cockle; and, plain to sight,
Stood St. Nicholas' self, and his shaven crown
Had a glow-worm halo of heavenly light.

The Fiend made a grasp, the Abbot to clasp;
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick
On his elderly Namesake, he made him let go.

And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack,
And caught the foul demon about the spot
Where his tail joins on to the small of his back.

And he bounded away, like a foot-ball at play,
Till into the bottomless pit he fell slap,
Knocking Mammon the meagre o'er purey Belphegor,
And Lucifer into Beëlzebub's lap.

Oh! happy the slip from his Succubine grip,
That saved the Lord Abbot,—though, breathless with fright,
In escaping he tumbled, and fractured his hip.
And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right!

* * * * *

On the banks of the Rhine, as he's stopping to dine,
From a certain Inn-window the traveller is shown
Most picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,
Some miles up the river, south-east of Cologne.

And, while "*sour-kraut*" she sells you, the Landlady tells you
That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,
One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,
On filling a *ci-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How a *ci-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but
Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes,
(His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing
Laid aside,) in yon Cave lived a pious recluse ;

How he rose with the sun, limping "dot and go one,"
To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,
Where a Prior and a Friar, who lived somewhat higher
Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together ;

How a thirsty old codger, the neighbours called Roger,
With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine!
What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,
Swigging as though he would empty the Rhine!

And how, as their bodily strength fail'd, the mental man
Gain'd tenfold vigour and force in all four ;
And how, to the day of their death, the "Old Gentleman"
Never attempted to kidnap them more.

And how, when at length, in the odour of sanctity,
All of them died without grief or complaint ;
The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous
Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey, no one was so shabby
As not to say yearly four masses a head,
On the eve of that supper, and kick on the crupper
Which Satan received, for the souls of the dead !

How folks long held in reverence their reliques and memories,
How the *ci-devant* Abbot's obtain'd greater still,
When some cripples, on touching his fractured *os femoris*,
Threw down their crutches, and danced a quadrille !

And how Abbot Simon, (who turn'd-out a prime one,)
These words, which grew into a proverb full soon,
O'er the late Abbot's grotto, stuck up as a motto,
"Who suppes with the Beville sholke hafe a long spoone!!"

Rohesia, daughter of Ambrose, and sister to Sir Everard Ingoldsby, was born about the beginning of the 16th century, and was married in 1526, at St. Giles's Cripplegate in the City of London. The following narrative contains all else that is known of

THE LADY ROHESIA.

THE Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed !

So said the doctor,—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters ;—besides, Doctor Butts was the Court Physician : he carried a crutch-handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony,—*raison de plus !*

“ Is there no hope, Doctor ? ” said Beatrice Grey.

“ Is there no hope ? ” said Everard Ingoldsby.

“ Is there no hope ? ” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.
—He was the Lady Rohesia’s husband ;—he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head : he looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass ;—its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. “ *Ars longa, vita brevis !* ” said Doctor Butts.

“ I am very sorry to hear it, ” quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall ; but he was no scholar.

“ Alas ! my poor Sister ! ” sighed Ingoldsby.

“ Alas ! my poor Mistress ! ” sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed ; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, Doctor—?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Doctor Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady; he pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church—" suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the Confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket pertly, as she tripped down stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic;—"in the pantry, I warrant me."—The bowerwoman was not wont to be in the wrong;—in the pantry was the holy man discovered,—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" retorted Doctor Butts:—he was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin,—and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop, indeed, or even a mitred Abbot;—but a miserable Franciscan!

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" returned the Leech.

Doctor Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band; drew his short sad-coloured cloak closer around him; and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment. Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose: as he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might. It was a capital contrivance that same passing-bell:—which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it is a query; but, whoever he was, he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we, their degenerate children, conceit them to have been. The passing bell! a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity: the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water, as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing, and leave the way open to Paradise. Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might, and St. Peter began to look out for a customer.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia: she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips,—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival."

Now the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal; and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said—"

"If she did, I'll be shot!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"—A thousand marks!" continued the Confessor, fixing his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on heedless of the interruption;—"a thousand marks! and as many *Aves* and *Paters* shall be duly said—as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like "Don't you wish you may get it?"

* * * * *

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for Extreme Unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down stairs.

"A thousand thanks!" said the latter.

"A thousand marks!" said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded: his brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed: his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast; his eyes were filled with tears; the dim rays of the fading watch-light gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head,—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders.

but that not much : his complexion was somewhat florid,—especially about the nose ; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

“Bim ! bome !” went the bell. The knight groaned audibly ; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines ; there was a moment’s pause,—a moment of intense affliction ; she let it fall,—all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy ; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud : “So kind a lady !” said Beatrice Grey.—“So excellent a wife !” responded Sir Guy.—“So good !” said the damsel.—“So dear !” said the knight.—“So pious !” said she.—“So humble !” said he.—“So good to the poor !”—“So capital a manager !”—“So punctual at matins !”—“Dinner dished to a moment !”—“So devout !” said Beatrice.—“So fond of me !” said Sir Guy.—“And of Father Francis !”—“What the devil do you mean by that ?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

* * * * *

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing Lady, like the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellencies came under review :—She would drown a witch, drink lambs’-wool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dumps’s boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday ! A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was

not altogether lost on her,—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

“She was too good for earth!” continued Sir Guy.

“Ye-ye-yes!” sobbed Beatrice.

“I did not deserve her!” said the knight.

“No-o-o-o!” cried the damsel.

“Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?”

“Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!” responded Beatrice Grey; “that is, not *just* such another!” Her voice still faltered, but her accents on the whole were more articulate; she dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments stedfastly on the face of his lady. The single word “Another!” fell from his lips like a distant echo; it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary.

“Bim! bome:” went the bell. Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour; he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

“Beatrice Grey!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, “what’s to be done? What’s to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery,—and the servants? And what—what’s to become of *me*, Beatrice Grey?” There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. “I’ll turn monk myself!” said Sir Guy.

“Monk?” said Beatrice.

“I’ll be a Carthusian!” repeated the knight, but in a

tone less assured : he relapsed into a reverie. Shave his head !—he did not so much mind that,—he was getting rather bald already ; but, beans for dinner,—and those without butter—and then a horse-hair shirt !

The knight seemed undecided : his eye roamed gloomily around the apartment : it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not ; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance : it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathising damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased ; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil's tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round,—he seated himself on the edge of the bed ; and, placing his hand beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice ; but what's to become of me ? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged man than I am ! No one to comfort, no one to care for me !" Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips. "'Pon my life !" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow !"

"Oh ! don't say so, Sir Guy !" sighed Beatrice ; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—and Father Francis—"

"Pish !" cried Sir Guy testily.

"And—there's your favourite old bitch."

"I am not thinking of old bitches !" quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Another pause ensued: the knight had released her chin, and taken her hand; it was a pretty little hand, with long taper fingers and filbert-formed nails, and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the knight, thoughtfully; "you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child." Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand; but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bed-post.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other; in such an attitude, what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing; "if, indeed, I could find such another!" He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him.

"There's Madam Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager—"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight, "stop one moment!" He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of—" his voice sank into a most seductive softness,—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out: the knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously; and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of, found itself,—nobody knows how,—all at once, encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice. The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables. They were,—“Oh, Sir Guy!” The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met; Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically: when the eyes meet,—at least, as theirs met,—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss—nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Doctor Butts and his *repetatur haustus*,—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him: he was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*. Doubtless the adage,

“There is many a slip
Twixt the cup and the lip,”

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*,—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe,—it was a “Whack!”

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started

upon hers : but a single glance to the rear reversed her position,—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone. I was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia—there she sat bolt upright!—her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel ; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff,—a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance ; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught ; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. “A husband oftentimes makes the best physician,” says the proverb ; he was a living personification of its truth. Still it was whispered he had been content with Dr. Butts ; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led !

The Lady Rohesia mended apace ; her quinsy was cured ; the bell was stopped ; and little Hubert, the sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry. St. Peter opened his wicket, and looked out ;—there was nobody there ; so he flung-to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health ; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to

enter the *porte-cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him ; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble ; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood ; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age—

“*Prate for ye soules of ye Lady Rousst,
And for all Christen soules !*”

The date is illegible ; but it appears that she survived King Henry the Eighth, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks. As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was alive in 1559, and then had virginity enough left to be a maid of Honour to “good Queen Bess.”

It was during the "Honey (or, as it is sometimes termed, the "Treacle,") Moon," that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth passed through London. A "goodnatured friend," who dropped in to dinner, forced them in the evening to the theatre for the purpose of getting rid of him. I give Charles's account of the Tragedy, just as it was written, without altering even the last couplet—for there would be no making "Egerton" rhyme with "Story."

THE TRAGEDY.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.—VIRGIL.

CATHERINE of Cleves was a Lady of rank,
 She had lands and fine houses, and cash in the Bank;
 She had jewels and rings,
 And a thousand smart things;
 Was lovely and young,
 With a *rather* sharp tongue,
 And she wedded a Noble of high degree
 With the star of the order of *St. Esprit*;
 But the Duke de Guise
 Was, by many degrees,
 Her senior, and not very easy to please;
 He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,
 And a frown on his brow,—and he look'd like a Guy,—
 So she took to intriguing
 With Monsieur St. Megrin,
 A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth,
 But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth;
 He would sing, fence, and dance
 With the best man in France,
 And took his rappee with genteel *nonchalance*;
 He smiled, and he flatter'd, and flirted with ease,
 And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.

Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know
 If the Lady approved of his passion or no;

So without more ado,
 He put on his *surtout*,
 And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,
 One Signor Ruggieri,
 A Cunning-man near, he
 Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,
 Perform tricks on the cards, and Heaven knows what besides,
 Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon,
 And was thought to be thick with the Man in the Moon.

The sage took his stand
 With his wand in his hand,
 Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command,
 Saying solemnly—" *Presto !—Hey, quick !—Cock-a-Lorum ! !* "
 When the Duchess immediately popp'd up before 'em.

Just then a Conjunction of Venus and Mars,
 Or something peculiar above in the stars,
 Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,
 Who "bolted," and left him alone with his deary.—
 Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees,
 And the Duchess shed tears large as marrow-fat peas,

When,—fancy the shock,—
 A loud double knock,
 Made the Lady cry "Get up, you fool!—there's De Guise!"—
 'Twas his Grace, sure enough;
 So Monsieur, looking bluff,
 Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff,
 While, unseen by either, away flew the Dame
 Through the opposite key-hole, the same way she came:

But, alack! and alas!
 A mishap came to pass,
 In her hurry she, somehow or other, let fall
 A new silk *Bandana* she'd worn as a shawl;
 She had used it for drying
 Her bright eyes while crying,
 And blowing her nose, as her Beau talk'd of dying!"

Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her,
 And knew the great C with the Crown in the corner

The instant he spied it, smoked something amiss,
And said, with some energy, "D—— it! what's this!"

He went home in a fume,
And bounced into her room,

Crying, "So, Ma'am, I find I've some cause to be jealous!
Look here!—here's a proof you run after the fellows!
—Now take up that pen,— if it's bad choose a better,—
And write, as I dictate, this moment a letter

To Monsieur—you know who!"

The Lady look'd blue;

But replied with much firmness—"Hang me if I do!"

De Guise grasped her wrist

With his great bony fist,

And pinch'd it, and gave it so painful a twist,

That his hard, iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in,—

She did not mind death, but she could not stand pinching;

So she sat down and wrote

This polite little note:—

"Dear Mister St. Megrin,
The Chiefs of the League in
Our house mean to dine
This evening at nine;
I shall, soon after ten,
Slip away from the men,

And you'll find me upstairs in the drawing-room then;
Come up the back way, or those impudent thieves
Of Servants will see you; Yours

CATHERINE OF CLEVES."

She directed and sealed it, all pale as a ghost,
And De Guise put it into the Twopenny Post.

St. Megrin had almost jumped out of his skin
For joy that day when the post came in;

He read the note through,

Then began it anew,

And thought it almost too good news to be true—

He clapp'd on his hat,

And a hood over that,

With a cloak to disguise him, and make him look fat ;
 So great his impatience, from half after Four
 He was waiting till Ten at De Guise's back door.
 When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime
 He ran up the back staircase six steps at a time.

He had scarce made his bow,
 He hardly knew how,
 When alas ! and alack !
 There was no getting back,
 For the drawing-room door was bang'd to with a whack ;—
 In vain he applied
 To the handle and tried,
 Somebody or other had locked it outside !
 And the Duchess in agony mourned her mishap,
 " We are caught like a couple of rats in a trap."

Now the Duchess's Page,
 About twelve years of age,
 For so little a boy was remarkably sage ;
 And, just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,
 Popp'd the Gas-lighter's ladder close under the casement.
 But all would not do,—

Though St. Megrin got through
 The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew.
 And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin
 Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing ;

He thrust *carte* and *tierce*
 Uncommonly fierce,
 But not Beelzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce ;

While his doublet and hose,
 Being holiday clothes,
 Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his
 nose.

Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him
 From pistol and sword was sufficient to save him,

But when beat on his knees,
 That confounded De Guise
 Came behind with the "fogle" that caused all this breeze,

Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and, when backward he'd
jerk'd him,
The rest of the rascals jumped on him and Burked him.
The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but
Was served the same way,
And was found the next day
With his heels in the air, and his head in the water-butt;
Catherine of Cleves
Roar'd "Murder!" and "Thieves!"
From the window above
While they murder'd her love;
Till, finding the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter,
She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter!

MORAL.

Take warning, ye Fair, from this tale of the Bard's,
And dont go where fortunes are told on the cards,
But steer clear of Conjurors,—never put query
To "Wise Mrs. Williams," or folks like Ruggieri.
When alone in your room shut the door close, and lock it;
Above all,—**KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF SAFE IN YOUR POCKET!**
Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he
Be call'd on,—sad poet!—to tell your sad story!

It was in the summer of 1838 that a party from Tappington reached the metropolis with a view of witnessing the coronation of their youthful Queen, whom God long preserve!—This purpose they were fortunate enough to accomplish by the purchase of a peer's ticket, from a stationer in the Strand, who was enabled so to dispose of some, greatly to the indignation of the hereditary Earl Marshal. How Mr. Barney managed to insinuate himself into the Abbey remains a mystery: his characteristic modesty and address doubtless assisted him, for there he unquestionably was. The result of his observations was thus communicated to his associates in the Servants' Hall upon his return, to the infinite delectation of *Mademoiselle Pauline* over a *Cruiskeen* of his own concocting.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

Air—"The Groves of Blarney."

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare!
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and Miss O'Gradya,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With Giniral Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how aisy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the
line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydora,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All joo'ls from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
 To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame;
 And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,
 (They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name,)
 Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
 And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffa.
 Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave;
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
 Oonly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,
 Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the boord of Works;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
 "I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
 In her purple garaments and her goulden Crown;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young Ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
 And Sir George Smart! Oh! he play'd a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,

Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vio-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"
Then his Riverence, retrating, discoursed the mating;
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior crathur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and gowlden chain.
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Ah! then, thank ye all for me!"—
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle, was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling
To think that his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
And wine, and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears,—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly old Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"—
—Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!—

278 MR. MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

And now I have ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry!

As a *pendant* to the foregoing, I shall venture to insert Mr. Simpkinson's lucubrations on a subject to him, as a *Savant* of the first class, scarcely less interesting. The aerial voyage to which it alludes took place about a year and a half previously to the august event already recorded, and the excitement manifested in the learned Antiquary's effusion may give some faint idea of that which prevailed generally among the Sons of Science at that memorable epoch.

THE "MONSTRE" BALLOON.

Oh! the balloon, the great balloon
 It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
 And every one said we should hear of it soon
 With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
 But very soon after folks changed their tune;
 "The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon;—
 It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—
 It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon—
 They ought to have put off their journey till June;
 Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon
 Would go up in November in any balloon!"

Then they talk'd about Green—"Oh! where's Mister Green
 And where's Mister Hollond who hired the machine?
 And where is Monk Mason, the man that has been
 Up so often before—twelve times or thirteen—
 And who writes such nice letters describing the scene?
 And where's the cold fowl, and the ham and poteen?
 The press'd beef, with the fat cut off—nothing but lean,
 And the portable soup in the patent tureen?
 Have they got to Grand Cairo, or reach'd Aberdeen?
 Or Jerusalem—Hamburg—or Ballyporeen?
 No! they have not been seen! Oh! they haven't been
 seen!"

Stay! here's Mister Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye—
 "At Paris," says he, "I've been up very high,
 A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,
 A cockstride the Tuilleries' pantiles, to say.

With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
 And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
 But I could see nothing at all but the sky ;
 So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try
 Any longer : and, feeling remarkably dry
 From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
 I came down again, and—you see—here am I ! ”

But here's Mr. Hughes !—What says young Mr. Hughes !—
 “ Why, I'm sorry to say we've not got any news
 Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
 Which gave the mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
 As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
 Over Dover ; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
 At Squier's bazaar, the same evening, in crews—
 Politicians, news-mongers, town-council, and blues,
 Turks, Heretics, Infidels, Jumpers, and Jews,
 Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews ;
 But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
 And my father and I are in terrible stew,
 For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose ! ”—

Here's news come at last !—Here's news come at last !—
 A vessel's come in which has sail'd very fast ;
 And a gentleman serving before the mast,—
 Mister Nokes—has declared, that “ the party has past
 Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast
 As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
 To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
 And it caught in his waistband, and there it stuck fast ! ”—
 Oh ! fie ! Mister Nokes,—for shame, Mr. Nokes !
 To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—
 Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
 And such jesting your malice but scurvily cloaks ;
 Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
 And we know very well your whole story's a hoax !—

“ Oh ! what shall we do !—Oh ! where will it end !—
 Can nobody go !—Can nobody send

To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend !
 Can't you go there yourself!— Can't you write to a friend,
 For news upon which we may safely depend !"—

Huzza ! huzza ! one and eight-pence to pay
 For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
 They descended at Weilburg, about break of day ;
 And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay,
 And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,
 And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
 With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay !
 And the Landgraves, and Margraves, and Counts beg and
 pray

That they won't think, as yet, about going away ;
 Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
 But pack up the balloon in a wagon, or dray,
 And pop themselves into a German "*po-shay*,"
 And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay ;
 Where they holdly declare, any wager they'll lay
 If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
 Such a sum as must force them at once to say "*Nay*."
 They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs-Élysées,
 And be back again here the beginning of May,—
 Dear me ! what a treat for a Juvenile *fête* !
 What thousands will flock their arrival to greet !
 There'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,
 For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
 And you'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
 For this all preceding attraction must beat :
 Since they'll unfold, what we want to be told,
 How they cough'd,—how they sneez'd,—how they shiver'd
 with cold,—

How they tippled the "*cordial*" as racy and old
 As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
 And how they all then felt remarkably bold :
 How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in
 gold ;
 And how Mr. Green was beginning to scold

Because Mr. Mason would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd!

And there they'll be seen—they'll be all to be seen!
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen!
With the tight-ropes, and fire-works, and dancing between
If the weather should only prove fair and serene,
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
In the middle you'll see a large picture of Green,
Mr. Hollond on one side, who hired the machine,
Mr. Mason on t'other, describing the scene;
And Fame, on one leg, in the air, like a queen,
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean;
While Envy, in serpents and black bombazin,
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin!

Then they'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon;
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon
The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,
The six-foot life-guardsmen, and little gossoon,
Will all join in three cheers for the "Monstre" Balloon.

It is much to be regretted that I have not as yet been able to discover more than a single specimen of my friend "Sucklethumbkin's" Muse. The event it alludes to, probably the *euthanasia* of the late Mr. Greenacre, will scarcely have yet faded from the recollection of an admiring public. Although, with the usual diffidence of a man of fashion, Augustus has "sunk" the fact of his own presence on that interesting occasion, I have every reason to believe, that, in describing the party at the *auberge* hereafter mentioned, he might have said, with a brother Exquisite, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*"

HON. MR. SUCKLETHUMBKIN'S STORY.

THE EXECUTION.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

Mr Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
 It was half after two,
 He had nothing to do,
 So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
 Was clean of limb,
 His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
 With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
 And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
 Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
 He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
 And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
 "Pray, did your Lordship please to ring!"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
 And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
 "Malibran's dead,
 Duvernay's fled,
 Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
 Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
 What may a Nobleman find to do!"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
 He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
 And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
 He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
 He let go the handle, and thus he said,
 As the door, released, behind him bang'd :
 "An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
 "Run to M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues
 Rope-dancers a score
 I've seen before—

Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more :
 But to see a man swing
 At the end of a string,

With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
 Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;
 Through street, and through square,
 His high-trotting mare,
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace ;
 She produced some alarm,
 But did no great harm,
 Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay
 Two urchins at play,

Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
 And upsetting a stall
 Near Exeter Hall,

Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall,
 But eastward afar,
 Through Temple Bar,

My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car ;

Never heeding their squalls,
 Or their calls, or their bawls,
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey,
 Where in front of the gaol, he
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
 Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump!"

* * * * *

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met;
 The tables are set;

There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"
 Ale-glasses and jugs,
 And rummers and mugs,
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
 Cold fowl and cigars,
 Pickled onions in jars,
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws.—
 And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
 And there is M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
 All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
 Supper is done,
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
 Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Is drinking gin-toddy,
 And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—
 The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
 —"Who so merry, so merry as we!"
 Save Captain M'Fuze,
 Who is taking a snooze,

While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!—
Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die
Alack! that ever so fair a Sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—

List to that low funeral bell :
 It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !—
 And see !—from forth that opening door
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more !
 —God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
 That pale wan man's mute agony,—
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
 The path of the Spirit's unknown career ;
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
 Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer ;
 That heaving chest !—Enough—'tis done !
 The bolt has fallen !—the spirit is gone—
 For weal or for woe is known but to One !—
 —Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight !—Ah me !
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.
 Again that clock ! 'tis time, tis time !
 The hour is past ;—with its earliest chime
 The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
 By "dungeon villains" is borne away :
 Nine !—'twas the last concluding stroke !
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke !
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose :
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say

"Hollo ! Hollo !

Here's a rum Go !

Why, Captain !—my Lord !—Here's the devil to pay !
 The fellow's been cut down and taken away !—

What's to be done ?

We've missed all the fun !—

Why they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown !—

What *was* to be done !—'twas perfectly plain
 That they could not well hang the man over again :

What *was* to be done!—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

The following communication will speak for itself:—

“On their own actions modest men are dumb!”

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY,

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, LIEUT.
SEAFORTH, H.P. LATE OF THE HON. E.L.C.'S 2ND
REGT. OF BOMBAY FENCIBLES.

"The play's the thing!"—*Hamlet*

Tavistock Hotel, Nov. 1838.

DEAR CHARLES,

—In reply to your letter, and Fanny's,
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn't dead,—though Queen Anne is;
Twas a "plot" and a "farce"—you hate farces you say—
Take another "plot," then, viz. the plot of the Play.

* * * * *

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,
As a lady possess'd of an earldom in fee,
Was imprudent enough, at fifteen years of age,
—A period of life when we're not over sage,—
To form a *liaison*—in fact, to engage
Her hand to a Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Page.

This put her Papa—

She had no Mamma—

As may well be supposed, in a deuce of a rage.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was wont to repeat,
In his budget of proverbs, "Stol'n kisses are sweet!"

But they have their alloy—

Fate assumed, to annoy

Miss Arundel's peace, and embitter her joy,
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When, through the "young Stranger," her secret took wind,
The Old Lord was neither "to hand nor to bind."

FIRST SERIES.

13

He bounced up and down,
 And so fearful a frown
 Contracted his brow, you'd have thought he'd been blind.
 The young lady, they say,
 Having fainted away,
 Was confined to her room for the whole of that day;
 While her beau—no rare thing in the old feudal system—
 Disappear'd the next morning, and nobody miss'd him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn't, it seems
 Form'd the slightest idea, not ev'n in his dreams,
 That the pair had been wedded according to law,
 Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas*;
 So he bribed at a high rate

A sort of a Pirate

To knock out the poor dear young gentleman's brains,
 And gave him a handsome *douceur* for his pains.
 The page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns
 His attention at once to the Lady's concerns;
 And, alarm'd for the future,

Looks out for a suitor,

One not fond of raking, nor giv'n to "the pewter,"
 But adapted to act both the husband and tutor—
 Finds a highly respectable, middle-aged widower,
 Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he's rid of her.

Relieved from his cares,

The old Peer now prepares

To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs :
 Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,
 Sickens,—takes to his bed,—and sets out on his journey.

Which way he travell'd

Has not been unravell'd;

To speculate much on the point were too curious,
 If the climate he reach'd were serene or sulphureous.
 To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare
 One item,—the Page—was an awkward affair;
 But *per contra*, he'd lately endow'd a new Chantry
 For Priests, with ten marks, and the run of the pantry.

Be that as it may,
 It's sufficient to say
 That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,
 Built of Bethersden marble—a dark bluish grey.
 The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,
 Some cleanly churchwarden has cover'd with plaster;
 While some Vandal or Jew,
 With a taste for *virtu*,
 Has knock'd off his toes, to place, I suppose,
 In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose;
 From his belt and his sword
 And his *misericorde*
 The enamel's been chipp'd out, and never restored;
 His *ci-git* in old French is inscribed all around,
 And his head's in his helm, and his heel's on his hound
 The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,
 Are joined and upraised o'er his bosom—But stay!
 I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play.

* * * * *

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,
 Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,
 But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,
 Another remarkably "fine little boy."
 As novel connections
 Oft change the affections,
 And turn all one's love into different directions,
 Now to young "Johnny Newcome" she seems to confine hers,
 Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse;
 Nay, far worse than that,
 She considers "the brat"
 As a bore—fears her husband may smell out a rat.
 For her legal adviser
 She takes an old Miser,
 A sort of "poor cousin." She might have been wiser;
 For this arrant deceiver,
 By name Maurice Beever,
 A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,
 By the law of the land stands the next in entail;

So, as soon as she ask'd him to hit on some plan
 To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran
 To that self-same unprincipled sea-faring man;
 In his ear whisper'd low ***—"Bully Gausseen" said "Done!—
 I Burked the papa, now I'll Bishop the son!"

'Twas agreed; and, with speed
 To accomplish the deed,

He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.

By long cock-and-bull stories
 Of Candish and Noreys,

Of Drake, and bold Raleigh, (then fresh in his glories,
 Acquired 'mongst the Indians, and Rapparee Tories,)

He so work'd on the lad,
 That he left, which was bad,

The only true friend in the world that he had,
 Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,
 Who in childhood had furnish'd his pap and his broth,
 At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp

Took the foolish young imp

On board of his cutter so trim and so jimp,
 Then, seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp,
 Twirl'd him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion
 And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean;

This was off Plymouth Sound,

And he must have been drown'd,

For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,

If "A very great Warman,
 Call'd Billy the Norman,"

Had not just at that moment sail'd by, outward bound.

A shark of great size,

With his great glassy eyes,

Sheer'd off as he came, and relinquish'd the prize;

So he pick'd up the lad,* swabbed and dry-rubb'd, and
 mopp'd him,

And, having no children, resolved to adopt him.

* An incident very like one in Jack Shepard—

A work some have lauded, and others have pepper'd—

Full many a year
 Did he hand, reef, and steer,
 And by no means consider'd himself as small beer,
 When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate,
 With lots of pistoles in his coffer to rig it.
 A sailor ne'er moans ;
 So, consigning the bones
 Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,
 For England he steers.—
 On the voyage it appears
 That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers ;
 And at length reach'd the Sussex coast, where in a bay
 Not a great way from Brighton, most cosey-ly lay
 His vessel at anchor, the very same day
 That the Poet begins,—thus commencing his play :

ACT I.

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beevor,
 And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,
 By saying the boy, whom he took out to please him,
 Is come back a Captain on purpose to tease him.—
 Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen
 Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,
 Dissembles—observes, It's of no use to fret,—
 And hints he may find some more work for him yet ;
 Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.
 That the boy they had ten years ago sent away
 Is return'd a grown man, and, to come to the point,
 Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint ;
 But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,
 If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Ex.

Where a Dutch pirate kidnaps, and tosses Thames Darrell
 Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel,—
 On the coast, if I recollect rightly, it's flung whole,
 And the hero, half-drown'd, scrambles out of the bung-hole.
 [It aint no sich thing!—the hero aint bung'd in no barrel at all.—He's
 picked up by a Captain, just as Norman was arterwards.—PAINT. DAY.]

"Oh! take it," she cries; "but secure every document."
 "A bargain," says Maurice,—*"including the stock you meant!"*—

The Captain, meanwhile,
 With a lover-like smile,

And a fine cambric handkerchief, wipes off the tears
 From Miss Violet's eyelash, and hushes her fears.
(That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers.)
 Now arises a delicate point, and this is it—
 The young lady herself is but down on a visit

She's perplex'd; and, in fact,
 Does not know how to act.

It's her very first visit—and then to begin
 By asking a stranger—a gentleman, in—
 One with moustaches too—and a tuft on his chin—
 She "really don't know—"
 He had much better go,—

Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says "No!—
 Fair sir, you are welcome. Do, pray, stop and dine—
 You will take our pot-luck—and we've decentish wine."
 He bows, looks at Miss,—and he does not decline.

ACT II.

After dinner the Captain recounts, with much glee,
 All he's heard, seen, and done since he first went to sea,
 All his perils and scrapes,
 And his hair-breadth escapes,
 Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions, and apes,
 And fierce "Bengal Tigers," like that which, you know,
 If you've ever seen any respectable "Show,"
 "Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro."
 Then, diverging a while, he adverts to the mystery
 Which hangs, like a cloud, o'er his own private history—
 How he ran off to sea—how they set him afloat,
(Not a word, though, of barrel or bung-hole—See Note);
 —How he happen'd to meet
 With the Algerine fleet,

And forced them, by sheer dint of arms, to retreat,
Thus saving his Violet—(One of his feet
Here just touch'd her toe, and she moved on her seat,)—

How his vessel was batter'd—

In short, he so chatter'd,

Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flatter'd,
That the ladies much marvell'd a person should be able
To "make himself," both said, "so very agreeable."

Captain Norman's adventures were scarcely half done
When Percy, Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,

In a terrible fume,

Bounces into the room,

And talks to his guest as you talk'd to your groom,
Claps his hands on his rapier, and swears he'll be through
him—

The Captain does nothing at all but "pooh! pooh!" him.—

Unable to smother

His hate of his brother,

He rails at his cousin, and blows up his mother.—

"Fie! fie!" says the first.—Says the latter, "In sooth,
This is sharper by far than a keen serpent's tooth!"

(A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years
ago,

When he ask'd for his Knights, and his Daughter said,
"Here's a go!")—

This made Ashdale ashamed;

But he must not be blamed

Too much for his warmth, for, like many young fellows, he

Was apt to lose temper when tortur'd by jealousy,

Still speaking quite gruff,

He goes off in a huff;

Lady A., who is now what some call "up to snuff,"

Straight determines to patch

Up a clandestine match

Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch,

And Miss,—whom she does not think any great catch

For Ashdale;—besides, he won't kick up such shindies
Were she once fairly married and off to the Indies.

ACT III.

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone;
She agrees to meet Norman "by moonlight alone,"

And slip off to his bark,

"The night being dark,"

Though "the moon," the Sea-Captain says, rises in Heaven
"One hour before midnight," i. e. at eleven.

From which speech I infer,

—Though perhaps I may err—

That, though weatherwise, doubtless, midst surges and surf
he

When "capering on shore" was by no means a Murphy

He starts off, however, at sunset, to reach
An old chapel in ruins, that stands on the beach,
Where the Priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a
Paper to prove his name, "birthright," &c.

Being rather too late,

Gausson, lying in wait,

Gives poor Father Onslow a knock on the pate,
But bolts, seeing Norman, before he had wrested
From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,
The marriage certificate duly attested.—

Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,
And begs he won't die till he's told him his story.

The Father complies,

Re-opens his eyes,

And tells him all how and about it—and dies!

ACT IV.

Norman, now call'd Le Mesnil, instructed of all,
Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,
Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,
And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother
The fact any longer—he knows she's his Mother!

His Pa's wedded Spouse,—
 She questions his *vows*,
 And threatens to have him turn'd out of the house.—
 He still perseveres,
 Till in spite of her fears,
 She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,
 And he gives her the papers all "blister'd with tears,"
 When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke
 Takes his hat and his cloak,
 Just as if in a joke,
 Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,
 And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it
 's time for the rendezvous fixed with Miss Violet.—
 —Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore
 At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,
 Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,
 And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.

ACT V.

Now comes the catastrophe!—Ashdale, who's wrapt in
 The cloak, with the hat and the plume of the Captain,
 Leads Violet down through the grounds to the chapel
 Where Gaussen's conceal'd—he springs forward to grapple
 The man he's erroneously led to suppose
 Captain Norman himself, by the cut of his clothea,
 In the midst of their strife
 And just as the knife
 Of the Pirate is raised to deprive him of life,
 The Captain comes forward, drawn there by the squeals
 Of the Lady, and, knocking Giles head over heels,
 Fractures his "nob,"
 Saves the hangman a job,
 And executes justice most strictly, the rather,
 'Twas the spot where that rascal had murder'd his father.
 Then in comes the mother,
 Who finding one brother
 Had the instant before saved the life of the other

Explains the whole case.

Ashdale puts a good face

On the matter; and, since he's obliged to give place,
Yields his coronet up with a pretty good grace;
Norman vows he won't have it—the kinsmen embrace,—
And the Captain, the first in this generous race,

To remove every handle

For gossip and scandal,

Sets the whole of the papers alight with the candle;
An arrangement takes place—on the very same night, all
Is settled and done, and the points the most vital
Are, N. takes the personals;—A., in requital,
Keeps the whole real property, Mansion, and Title.—
V. falls to the share of the Captain, and tries a
Sea-voyage, as a Bride, in the "Royal Eliza."
Both are pleased with the part they acquire as joint heirs,
And old Maurice Beevor is bundled down stairs!

MORAL.

The public, perhaps, with the drama might quarrel
If deprived of all epilogue, prologue, and moral;
This may serve for all three then:—

"Young Ladies of property,

Let Lady A.'s history serve as a stopper t'ye;
Don't wed with low people beneath your degree,
And if you've a baby, don't send it to sea!

"Young Noblemen! shun every thing like a brawl;
And be sure when you dine out, or go to a ball,
Don't take the best hat that you find in the hall,
And leave one in its stead that's worth nothing at all!

"Old Knights, don't give bribes!—above all, never urge a man
To steal people's things, or to stick an old Clergyman!

"And you, ye Sea-Captains! who've nothing to do

But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all's blue,
And tell us tough yarns, and then swear they are true,
Reflect, notwithstanding your sea-faring life,
That you can't get on well long, without you've a wife;
So get one at once, treat her kindly and gently,
Write a Nautical novel,—and send it to Bentley!"

It has been already hinted that Mr. Peters had been a "traveller" in his day. The only story which his lady would ever allow "her P." to finish—he began as many as would furnish an additional volume to the "Thousand and One Nights"—is the last I shall offer. The subject, I fear me, is not over new, but will remind my friends

"Of something better they have seen before."

MR. PETERS'S STORY.

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Stant littore Puppiet!—VIREN.

It was a litter, a litter of five,
 Four are drowned and one left alive,
 He was thought worthy alone to survive;
 And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,
 To eat of his bread, and to drink of his cup,
 He was such a dear little cock-tail'd pup!

The Bagman taught him many a trick;
 He would carry, and fetch, and run after a stick,
 Could well understand
 The word of command,
 And appear to doze
 With a crust on his nose
 Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand:
 Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
 As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.
 Never was puppy so *bien instruit*,
 Or possess'd of such natural talent as he;
 And as he grew older,
 Every beholder
 Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker, and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog,
 Wends steadily still with onward jog,
 And the cock'd-tail'd puppy's a curly-tail'd dog!

When, just at the time
 He was reaching his prime,
 And all thought he'd be turning out something sublime,
 One unlucky day,
 How, no one could say,
 Whether some soft *liaison* induced him to stray,
 Or some kidnapping vagabond coar'd him away,
 He was lost to the view,
 Like the morning dew ;—
 He had been, and was not—that's all that they knew !
 And the Bagman storm'd, and the Bagman swore
 As never a Bagman had sworn before ;
 But storming or swearing but little avails
 To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square,
 Stands a mansion, old, but in thorough repair,
 The only thing strange, from the general air
 Of its size and appearance, is how it got there ;
 In front is a short semicircular stair
 Of stone steps,—some half score,—
 Then you reach the ground floor,
 With a shell-pattern'd architrave over the door.
 It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan
 Of a Gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne ;
 Which is odd, for, although,
 As we very well know,
 Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show
 Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below,
 Yet that fashion soon after induced them to go
 From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary-le-Bow,
 To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.—
 Be this as it may,—at the date I assign
 To my tale,—that's about Seventeen Sixty Nine,—
 This mansion, now rather upon the decline,
 Had less dignified owners,—belonging in fine,
 To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne—
 A respectable House in the Manchester line.

There were a score
 Of Bagmen, and more,
 Who had travell'd full oft for the firm before ;
 But just at this period they wanted to send
 Some person on whom they could safely depend—
 A trustworthy body, half agent, half friend—
 On some mercantile matter as far as Ostend ;
 And the person they pitch'd on was Anthony Blogg,
 A grave, steady man, not addicted to grog,—
 The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

* * * *

"The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!—
 That is the place where we all wish to be,
 Rolling about on it merrily!"—
 So all sing and say
 By night and by day,
 In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,
 In a sort of coxcombical roundelay ;—
 You may roam through the City, transversely or straight,
 From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,
 And every young Lady who thrums a guitar,
 Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,
 With affected devotion,
 Promulgates his notion,
 Of being a "Rover" and "child of the Ocean"—
 Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,
 They all of them long for the "Wide, Wide Sea!"
 But however they dote,
 Only set them afloat
 In any craft bigger at all than a boat,
 Take them down to the Nore,
 And you'll see that, before
 The "Wessel" they "Woyage" in has made half her way
 Between Shell-Ness Point and the pier at Herne Bay,
 Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,
 They'll be all of them heartily sick of "the Sea!"

* * * *

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size
 Inferior far to that described by Byron,
 Where "palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,—"
 —That too's a stone one, this is made of iron—
 And little donkey-boys your steps environ,
 Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,
 Vaunting its excellence; and, should you hire one,
 For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,
 The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres—and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,
 I've stood, and turn'd my gaze upon the pier,
 And seen the crews, that did embark so gay
 That self same morn, now disembark so queer;
 Then to myself I've sigh'd and said, "Oh dear!
 Who would believe yon sickly-looking man's a
 London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer!—"
 But hold, my Muse!—for this terrific stanza
 Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

* * * * *

"So now we'll go up, up, up,
 And now we'll go down, down, down,
 And now we'll go backwards and forwards,
 And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'!"—
 —I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,
 Gentle Reader, that here the discarding the *d*
 Is a fault which you must not attribute to me;
 Thus my Nurse cut it off, when, "with counterfeit glee,"
 She sung, as she danced me about on her knee,
 In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three:—
 All I mean to say is, that the Muse is now free
 From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,
 And no longer like Filch, midst the felons and debtors
 At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.
 Resuming her track,
 At once she goes back
 To our hero, the Bagman—Alas! and Alack!

Poor Anthony Blogg

Is as sick as a dog,

Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog,
By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea,
With the sands called the Goodwin's a league on her lee.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity
To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,

And talking of "caulking,"

And "quarter-deck walking,"

"Fore and aft,"

And "abaft,"

"Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft,"

(At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught,)

Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom call'd the spanker,—

The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor ;

Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,

Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,

And "Shiver my timbers !" and other odd phrases

Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces ;—

Of the expletives seafaring Gentlemen use,

The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews ;

How the Sailors, too, swear,

How they cherish their hair,

And what very long pigtails a great many wear.—

But, Reader, I scorn it—the fact is, I fear,

To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear

As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,

Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear

Of the "Nauticals," just at the end of the year

Eighteen thirty-nine—(how Time flies !—Oh, dear !)—

With a well written preface to make it appear

That his play, the "Sea-Captain," 's by no means small beer

There !—"brought up the rear"—you see there's a mistake

Which none of the authors I've mentioned would make,

I ought to have said, that he "sail'd in their wake."—

So I'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher

The more my poor hero continued to suffer,

Till the Sailors themselves cried, in pity, "Poor Buffer !"

Still rougher it grew,
 And still harder it blew,
 And the thunder kick'd up such a halliballoo,
 That even the Skipper began to look blue;
 While the crew, who were few,
 Look'd very queer, too,
 And seem'd not to know what exactly to do,
 And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,
 "Wind N. E.—blows a hurricane—rains cats and dogs."
 In short it soon grew to a tempest as rude as
 That Shakspeare describes near the "still vext Bermudas,"*
 When the winds, in their sport,
 Drove aside from its port
 The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,
 And swamp'd it to give "the King's Son, Ferdinand," a
 Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda,
 While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em
 For unhandsomely doing him out of his Dukedom.
 You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,
 As so many have done, and in colours so warm;
 Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,
 Mr. Ainsworth more gravely,—see also Lucretius,
 —A writer who gave me no trifling vexation
 When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.—
 Suffice it to say
 That the whole of that day,
 And the next, and the next, they were scudding away
 Quite out of their course,
 Propell'd by the force
 Of those flatulent folks known in Classical story as
 Aquilo, Liba, Notus, Auster, and Boreas,
 Driven quite at their mercy
 "Twixt Guernsey and Jersey,
 Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the
 shallows
 In West longitude, One, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes;

* See Appendix.

There you will not be surprised
 That the vessel capsize,
 Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions,
 His specifical gravity less than the Ocean's,
 Should go floating away,
 Midst the surges and spray,
 Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower,
 Runs down Holborn-hill about nine knots an hour.
 You've seen, I've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair,
 Gentle Reader,—that is, if you've ever been there,—
 With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair
 Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,
 Skipping, and dipping
 Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,
 Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,
 In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,
 That bobs up and down in the water whenever
 They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour ;—
 Exactly as Poets say,—how, though, they can't tell us,—
 Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.
 —Stay !—I'm not clear,
 But I'm rather out here ;
 'Twas the water itself that slipp'd from him, I fear ;
 Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.—
 No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,
 Sneezing out the salt-water, and gulping and sobbing,
 Just as Clarence, in Shakspeare, describes all the qualms he
 Experienced while dreaming they'd drown'd him in Malmsey
 “O Lord,” he thought, “what pain it was to drown !”
 And saw great fishes with great goggling eyes,
 Glaring as he was bobbing up and down,
 And looking as they thought him quite a prize ;
 When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,
 A something seized him with its jaws !—A shark !—
 No such thing, Reader :—most opportunely for Blogg,
 'Twas a very large, web-footed, curly-tail'd Dog !
 * * * * *

I'm not much of a traveller, and really can't boast
 That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast,
 But I've often heard say
 That e'en to this day,
 The people of Granville, St. Maloe, and thereabout
 Are a class that society doesn't much care about;
 Men who gain their subsistence by contraband dealing,
 And a mode of abstraction strict people call "stealing;"
 Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech,
 Above all to a stranger who comes within reach;
 And they were so to Blogg,
 When the curly-tail'd Dog
 At last dragg'd him out, high and dry on the beach.
 But we all have been told,
 By the proverb of old,
 By no means to think "all that glitters is gold;"
 And, in fact, some advance
 That most people in France
 Join the manners and air of a *Maitre de Danse*,
 To the morale—(as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—
 Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,
 Much addicted to flirting, and dressing in red.—
 Be this as it might.
 It embarrassed Blogg quite
 To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer perhaps might have traced
 The *petites soins*, tender'd with so much good taste,
 To the sight of an old-fashioned pocket-book, placed
 In a black leather belt well secured round his waist,
 And a ring set with diamonds, his finger that graced,
 So brilliant, no one could have guess'd they were paste.
 The group on the shore
 Consisted of four;
 You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more;
 But the fact is they've not, in that part of the nation,
 What Malthus would term, a "too dense population."
 Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation

Was merely a single
 Rude hut, in a dingle
 That led away inland direct from the shingle,
 Its sides clothed with underwood, gloomy and dark,
 Some two hundred yards above high-water mark;
 And thither the party,
 So cordial and hearty,
 Viz. an old man, his wife, and two lads made a start, he
 The Bagman proceeding,
 With equal good breeding,
 To express, in indifferent French, all he feels,
 The great curly-tail'd Dog keeping close to his heels.—
 They soon reach'd the hut, which seem'd partly in ruin,
 All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, *Mon-Dieu-ing*,
 Grimacing, and what sailors call *parley-voing*.
 * * * * *
 Is it Paris, or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts
 You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
 To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
 A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?
 (Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one
 Call, at the Garrick, "a c—d Committee one,"
 An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)
 However, it's clear
 That, with sound table beer,
 Such a mess as I speak off is very good cheer;
 Especially too
 When a person's wet through,
 And is hungry, and tired, and don't know what to do.
 Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage
 Was smoking away when they enter'd the cottage,
 And casting a truly delicious perfume
 Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnish'd room;
 "Hot, smoking hot,"
 On the fire was a pot
 Well replenish'd, but really I can't say with what;
 For, famed as the French always are for ragouts,
 No creature can tell what they put in their stews.
 Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes;

Notwithstanding, when offer'd I rarely refuse,
 Any more than poor Blogg did, when, seeing the reeky
 Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he
 In ecstasy mutter'd "By Jove, Cocky-leeky!"

In an instant, as soon

As they gave him a spoon,
 Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he
 No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly,
 But fell tooth and nail on the soup and the *bowilli*.

* * * *

Meanwhile that old man standing by,
 Subducted his long coat-tails on high,
 With his back to the fire, as if to dry
 A part of his dress which the watery sky
 Had visited rather inclemently.—
 Blandly he smil'd, but still he look'd sly,
 And a something sinister lurk'd in his eye.
 Indeed, had you seen him his maritime dress in,
 You'd have own'd his appearance was not prepossessing;
 He'd a "dreadnought" coat, and heavy *sabots*
 With thick wooden soles turn'd up at the toes,
 His nether man cased in a striped *quelque chose*,
 And a hump on his back, and a great hook'd nose,
 So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose
 That the person before them was Punch in plain clothes.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present,
 And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.

The old woman, too,

Made a mighty ado,

Helping her guest to a deal of the stew;
 She fish'd up the meat, and she help'd him to that,
 She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
 And it look'd like Hare—but it might have been Cat.

The little *garçons*, too, strove to express
 Their sympathy towards the "Child of distress"
 With a great deal of juvenile French *politesse*;

But the Bagman bluff

Continued to "stuff"

Of the fat, and the lean, and the tender and tough,
Till they thought he would never cry "Hold, enough!"
And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,
Sounding like *peste!* and *sacre!* and *diable!*

I've seen an old saw, which is well worth repeating,

That says,

"Good Eating

Bestbeth good Drinking."

You'll find it so printed by Caron, or ~~Caron~~,
And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.

Blogg thought so too;—

As he finish'd his stew,

His ear caught the sound of the word "*Morbleu!*"

Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.

Now, not knowing what she could mean by "Blue Death!"

He conceiv'd she referr'd to a delicate brewing

Which is almost synonymous,—namely, "Blue Ruin."

So he purs'd up his lip to a smile, and with glee,

In his cockney'd accent, responded "Oh, *Vee!*"

Which made her understand he

Was asking for brandy;

So she turn'd to the cupboard, and, having some handy,

Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,

An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it;

In fact you perceive her mistake was the same as his,

Each of them "reasoning right from wrong premises;"—

—And here by the way,

Allow me to say,

Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—

'Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing,

So inferior to us in the science of cursing:

Kick a Frenchman down stairs,

How absurdly he swears!

And how odd 'tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly,

Roar out, in a passion, "Blue Death!" and "Blue Belly!"

"To return to our sheep" from this little digression:—

Blogg's features assumed a complacent expression

As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one;

Too little he heeded

How fast they succeeded,

Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did;

For when once Madam Fortune deals out her hard rape,

It's amazing to think

*

How one "cottons" to Drink!

At such times, of all things in nature perhaps,

There's not one that is half so seducing as *Schnaps*.

Mr. Blogg, beside being uncommonly dry,

Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,

— "Did not like to deny"—

"Felt obliged to comply"

Every time that she ask'd him to "wet t'other eye;"

For 'twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,

Though before she had seem'd so to grudge him the soup.

At length the fumes rose

To his brain; and his nose

Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,

And a yearning to seek "horizontal repose."—

His queer-looking host,

Who, firm at his post,

During all the long meal had continued to toast

That garment 'twere rude to

Do more than allude to,

Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views

Of his guest were directed to "taking a snooze:"

So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,

With (as Blogg used to tell it) "*Mounseer, swivvy man!*"

And "marshall'd" him so

"The way he should go,"

Upstairs to an attic, large, gloomy, and low,

Without table or chair,

Or a moveable there,

Save an old-fashion'd bedstead, much out of repair,

That stood at the end most remov'd from the stair.—

With a grin and a shrug
 The host points to the rug,
 Just as much as to say, "There!—I think you 'll be snug!"
 Puts the light on the floor,
 Walks to the door,
 Makes a formal *Salaam*, and is then seen no more;
 When just as the ear lost the sound of his tread,
 To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread,
 The great curly-tail'd Dog crept from under the bed!—

—It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright,
 And thinks matters all wrong, to find matters all right;
 As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night
 Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white,
 Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,

To find that the Ghost

Is merely a post,

Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most;
 Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin
 To close, or, as some people call it, "draw in,"
 And some undefined form, "looming large" through
 haze,

Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,
 Inducing a dread

Of a knock on the head,

Or a sever'd carotid, to find that, instead
 Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men
 It's your uncle, or one of the "Rural Policemen;"—

Then the blood flows again

Through artery and vein:

You're delighted with what just before gave you pain,
 You laugh at your fears—and your friend in the fog
 Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg
 Now bestow'd on *his* friend—the great curly-tailed Dog.

For the Dog leap'd up, and his paws found a place
 On each side his neck in a canine embrace,
 And he lick'd Blogg's hands, and he lick'd his face,

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And he waggled his tail as much as to say,
 "Mr. Blogg, we've foregather'd before to-day!"
 And the Bagman saw; as he now sprang up,
 What, beyond all doubt,
 He might have found out
 Before, had he not been so eager to sup,
 'Twas Sancho!—the Dog he had reared from a pup —
 The Dog who when sinking had seized his hair,—
 The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—
 The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square!!

 It's passing sweet,
 An absolute treat,
 When friends, long sever'd by distance, meet,—
 With what warmth and affection each other they greet!
 Especially too, as we very well know,
 If there seems any chance of a little *cadous*,
 A "Present from Brighton," or "Token," to show,
 In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet, or so,
 That our friends don't forget us, although they may go
 To Ramagate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.
 If some little advantage seems likely to start,
 From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,
 It's surprising to see how it softens the heart,
 And you'll find those whose hopes from the other are
 strongest,
 Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.
 But, it was not so here;
 For, although it is clear,
 When abroad, and we have not a single friend near,
 E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear,
 And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog
 Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,
 Yet he, first of all, ceased
 To encourage the beast,
 Perhaps thinking "Enough is a good as a feast;"
 And besides, as we've said, being sleepy and mellow,
 He grew tired of patting, and crying "Poor fellow "

So his smile by degrees harden'd into a frown,
And his "That's a good dog!" into "Down, Sancho! down!"

But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing,
Who, in fact, seem'd resolved to prevent his undressing,
Using paws, tail, and head,
As if he had said,

"Most beloved of masters, pray, don't go to bed;
You had much better sit up, and pat me instead!"
Nay, at last, when determined to take some repose,
Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clothea,
Spite of all he could do,
The Dog jump'd up too,
And kept him awake with his very cold nose;
Scratching and whining,
And moaning and pining,
Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in
Thus breaking his rest; above all, when at length
The dog scratch'd him off from the bed by sheer strength

Extremely annoy'd by the "tarnation whop," as it
's call'd in Kentuck, on its head and its opposite,
Blogg show'd fight;
When he saw, by the light
Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite
Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright,
Certain dark-colour'd stains, as of blood newly spilt,
Reveal'd by the dog's having scratched off the quilt
Which hinted a story of horror and guilt!—
"Twas "no mistake,"—
He was "wide awake"
In an instant; for, when only decently drunk,
Nothing sobers a man so completely as "funk."

And hark!—what's that!—
They have got into chnt
In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at!—

There's the ugly old Fisherman scolding his wife—
And she!—by the Pope! she's whetting a knife!—

At each twist

Of her wrist,

And her great mutton fist,

The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder!—

The fierce kitchen fire

Had not made Blogg perspire

Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.—

It ceases—all's silent!—and now, I declare

There's somebody crawls up that rickety stair.

* * * *

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like, creeping;—

He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,

And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping!

For Blogg, when he'd once ascertain'd that there was some
"Precious mischief" on foot had resolv'd to play 'Possum;—

Down he went, legs and head,

Flat on the bed,

Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead;

While, though none who look'd at him would think such a
thing,

Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.

Then, just as the villain

Crept, stealthily still, in,

And you'd not have in-ur'd his guest's life for a shilling,

As the knife gleam'd on high, bright and sharp as a razor,

Blogg, starting upright, "tipped" the fellow "a facer;"

—Down went man and weapon.—Of all sorts of blows,

From what Mr. Jackson reports, I suppose

There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now, had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer,

(Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,

And say the first person

Was call'd James M'Pherson,

While, as to the second, they stoutly declare

He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where,)

Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer

Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter

For the last twenty years,

By the lively young Peers,

Who, doffing their coronets, collars, and ermine, treat

Boxers to "Max," at the One Tun in Jermyn Street;—

—I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,

More skill'd than my meek one in "fibblings" and bruises,

I'd describe now to you

As "prime a Set-to,"

And "regular turn-up," as ever you knew;

Not inferior in "bottom" to aught you have read of

Since Cribb, years ago, half knock'd Molyneux' head off.

But my dainty Urania says, "Such things are shocking!"

Lace mittens She loves,

Detesting "The Gloves;"

And turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,

From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking

So, as far as I can see,

I must leave you to "fancy"

The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,

And the taps, and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns,

That pass'd twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog,

As Blogg roll'd over them, and they roll'd over Blogg;

While what's called "The Claret"

Flew over the garret:

Merely stating the fact,

As each other they whack'd,

The Dog his old master most gallantly back'd;

Making both the *garçons*, who came running in, sheer off,

With "Hippolyte's" thumb, and "Alphonse's" left ear off;

Next, making a stoop on

The buffeting group on

The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's *jupon*;

Then the old man turn'd up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's

Tore out the whole seat of his striped Calimancoes.—

Really, which way

This desperate fray

Might have ended at last, I'm not able to say,
 The dog keeping thus the assassins at bay :
 But a few fresh arrivals decided the day ;
 For bounce went the door,
 In came half a score

Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more
 Who had aided the party in gaining the shore !

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—
 Since I spent a short time in the old *Courageux* ;—

 I think that they say

 She had been, in her day,

A First-rate,—but was then what they term a *Rasée*,—
 And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay
 (Captain Wilkinson held the command by the way.)
 In her I pick'd up, on that single occasion,
 The little I know that concerns Navigation,
 And obtained, *inter alia*, some vague information
 Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,
 Is adopted on shipboard—I think it's call'd "Cobbing."
 How it's managed exactly I really can't say,
 But I think that a Boot-jack is brought into play—
 That is, if I'm right ;—it exceeds my ability

 To tell how 'tis done ;

 But the system is one

Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility.
 And, from all I can learn, I'd much rather be robb'd
 Of the little I have in my purse, than be "cobb'd ;"

 That's mere matter of taste :

 But the Frenchman was placed—

I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we've traced—

In such a position, that, on this unmasking,

His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.

 The old woman, too,

 Was obliged to go through,

With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew,

Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them,

"Cobb'd" the whole party,—ay, "every man Jack of them."

Moral.

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say
Farewell for the present, and wish you good day,
Attend to the moral I draw from my lay!—

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,
Be wary of strangers!—don't take too much grog!—
And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog!—
Above all—carry with you a curly-tail'd Dog!

Lastly, don't act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing.
Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing;
But still on these words of the Bard keep a fix'd eye,
INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI!!!

L' Envoye.

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him,
I never once thought to enquire what became of him
If *you* want to know, Reader, the way I opine
To achieve your design,—
—Mind, it's no wish of mine,—
Is,—(a penny will do't,)—by addressing a line
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne

APPENDIX.

*

SINCE penning this stanza, a learn'd Antiquary
 Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary,
 By writing an essay to prove that he knows a
 Spot which, in truth, is
 The *real* "Bermoothes,"

In the Mediterranean,—now called Lampedosa;
 —For proofs, having made, as he further alleges, stir
 An entry was found in the old Parish Register,
 The which at his instance the excellent Vicar ex-
 tracted: viz. "Caliban, base son of Sycorax."

—He had rather, by half,
 Have found Prospero's "Staff;"
 But 'twas useless to dig, for the want of a pick or axe,—
 Colonel Pasley, however, 'tis everywhere said,
 Now he's blown up the old Royal George at Spithead,
 And the great cliff at Dover, of which we've all read,
 Takes his whole apparatus, and goes out to look
 And see if he can't try and blow up "the Book."
 —Gentle Reader, farewell!—If I add one more line,
 "He'll be, in all likelihood, blowing up *mine*!"

* See page 306.

THE END.

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